

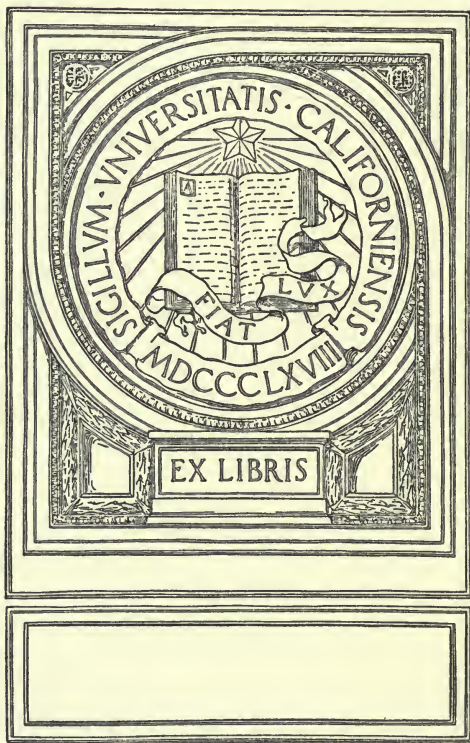
"EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE"

"Twenty Years in Hell with the Beef Trust"

"FACTS, NOT FICTION"

BY  
ROGER R. SHIEL

HARRY A. BUSKIRK,



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INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

1909



## INTRODUCTION.

There are many important questions before the American people. Two of them touch in some degree all the people. One of these two is the importance of government encouragement to live stock raisers to induce them to improve the grade of their stock, in order, first, to make stock raising more profitable to the breeder, and, second, that the people may get the very best that can be produced, especially of the stock utilized for food. The other question is the importance of compelling slaughterers, packers and butchers to be honest and supply to the people as first class only what is first class, and not palm off on them an inferior grade at first-class prices. Added to this question is the one of making unlawful any combination between buyers, slaughterers or packers for the forcing of prices upward on the product to the consumer, and downward to the producer.

A discussion before the people of these important questions ought always to be by one who has ample knowledge of the subject and not by a mere theorist. Anybody can theorize, and theories are too often like dreams, having nothing more substantial for a basis than a bad digestion. The following pages were prepared by Mr. Roger R. Shiel. Among live stock raisers and among live stock buyers, such as the owners of the great meat shops of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago and Washington, and among the packing houses, both large and small, there is no more familiar name than that of Roger R. Shiel, better known as "Rhody." For forty years or more he has been

one of the largest buyers of cattle, hog and sheep in the United States, especially of high grade stock. He never dealt in the poorer grades. He has had very much to do with inducing hog, sheep and cattle raisers to improve their stock, and has been an ardent preacher of the doctrine that only high grades should be permitted to be raised by the farmers and ranchmen. He has earnestly advocated active interference of the government in this matter, by following the example of Denmark, France and other European countries.

While Mr. Shiel is familiarly known to all live stock producers and all live stock buyers, his name is not so well known to all the people, and not knowing him they may be led to doubt some of the startling facts he now gives to the public, especially those in relation to the despotism of the Beef Trust. Hence, it is proper to say that Mr. Shiel has spent more than three hundred thousand dollars in fighting this gigantic oppressor, a fight he carried on for more than twenty years.

While engaged in a business where he bought from two million to five million dollars' worth of live stock annually, Mr. Shiel has found time to take an active interest in politics. At every Republican National convention, beginning with that of 1868, when General Grant was nominated the first time, Mr. Shiel has been a familiar figure, and he has campaigned in Indiana with almost every one of the great Republican orators who have visited that State, including such men as Allison, Hawley, Cullom, Fry, General Coggs-well, Hoar, General Gibson, Sherman, Foraker, Bradley, Harlan, Gen. George F. Sheridan, John Finnerty, John Scanlon and Corporal Tanner, and has always been highly regarded by those men for his sterling worth.

Mr. Shiel began life as a farmer boy, as he tells in this little book. Soon after the war between the States began he entered the army of the Union, at the age of eighteen, and remained until its close. He fought in nearly every battle of the Army of the Cumberland from Shiloh to Bentonville. At one period of his army service he was an orderly for General Sheridan, and afterward for Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, and those two gallant officers held him in high esteem until their death. It was the advice of General Kilpatrick which led Mr. Shiel, on his return from the army, to abandon active farm life and engage in commercial pursuits. The close of the war found young Shiel, like most of the soldiers, with little ready cash, as there was but small chance to save out of the pittance of sixteen dollars a month. Full of energy and of confidence in himself, and following the advice given him by his friend, General Kilpatrick, he invested his little capital in the purchase of eight head of cattle at Strawtown in his native county, took them to Indianapolis and sold them to such advantage that he had a profit of \$80. Thus he began his career as a dealer in cattle, hogs and sheep, a business that grew, under his intelligent management to gigantic proportions.

All his life Mr. Shiel has been a sterling and loyal son of the Roman Catholic church, but has never been a bigot. His heart and his purse have always been open to every deserving object, and there has not, possibly, been a church of any denomination built in Indianapolis during his more than forty years' residence in that city, to which he has not liberally contributed. Every hospital, every charitable, benevolent or educational institution has found a liberal friend in him. Very recently he gave \$2,000 to the Y. M.

C. A. of Indianapolis, and several hundred dollars to the Y. W. C. A. of the same city, and to Butler University.

I mention these things not in the way of boasting of what Mr. Shiel has done, or of the friendship felt for him by many of the great men of the nation, but simply to show the readers of this little book that his statements are worthy of credence and may be accepted by them as true. So far as a very busy life would permit he has been a close student of economics, and his studies have led him to the conclusion that the welfare of the country depends upon the welfare of the producer and the honesty of those who supply the people with their food products. Hence he has always fearlessly exposed the wrong doings of the packers, and the oppressions of the Beef Trust that have made those wrong doings possible. He is always earnest, always ardent, always hopeful, and fully believes the time will come when the strong hand of the government will crush out all trusts operated in the constraint of trade and give all the people an equal chance.

I have known Mr. Shiel practically all his life, having been born in the same county, and served in the army with him. For thirty years I have known him intimately, and have had personal knowledge of his fight against the Beef Trust, and of his untiring efforts to promote the breeding of the highest grade of stock by the farmers of the West, and of the proportions to which his business had grown from his first little venture of eight head of cattle at Strawtown. I write this introduction to his little book to bear willing testimony to his worth as I have known it.

W. H. SMITH.

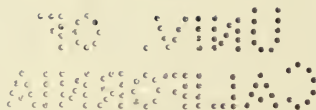




ROGER R. SHIEL.







## Biography of Roger R. Shiel

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I came from an old, well known family in Ireland. My great-great-uncle Richard Lalor Shiel, was one of the best known men back in the early days. Anyone can find in any library a book of his speeches, he having been one of the greatest orators Ireland ever produced. He died about 1835. My great-uncle Michael Shiel was born in Cork county, Ireland, and came to America some time early in 1820. He first settled in Pennsylvania and acquired the title of General from being connected with militia at that time. In about 1825 he settled in the wilderness of Indiana and laid off a town and postoffice, afterwards known as Shielville. It retained that name until recently. It is now called Atlanta. The railroad missed it about a mile and named the station for Shielville, Buenavista. There being a contention between Buenavista and Shielville about the postoffice being called Shielville, the name of the town changed a few years ago to that of Atlanta, and the same name was given to the postoffice. Shielville is situated on the line of Tipton and Hamilton counties, a part of the farm was in each of the two counties. He was the first justice of the peace in that section of the country, and started the first general store in that section. He married and reared a large family; his oldest son, James, died a few years ago at the age of about ninety years. In about 1850 James took his father's place as justice of the peace and continued to

hold that office for a number of years. He settled practically all the estates in that section, and the Shiel family maintained the Catholic Church at Tipton until it has grown to be a very large one.

My father, Patrick Shiel, was the oldest of his father's children. He was born on a farm near Clonmell, Ireland, in the county of Cork. He married Alice Casey about 1826, a native of Tipperary county. Both my parents were born in 1805. My mother used to tell me that their parents made the match as parents did in those days. There was considerable emigration at that time. So father sold his interest in the farm, or rather his father took it and gave him about \$3,000, and my mother's father gave her a like amount. They sailed for America, coming over in about forty-five days. They had one child at that time, John. They landed in New York and, like most people who have money, spent a large part of their first fortunes in sight-seeing. They then went to Pittsburg for awhile, and then to Cincinnati, where they remained till their money was about all gone. They were both well educated.

My father finally hunted up his uncle, the General, who lived at Shielville about ten miles from Strawtown. My father bought a small tract of land, about thirty acres being clear, with a log cabin on it in which I was born; shortly afterwards he built a hewed log house and plastered it with lime, a new thing in that country at that time. He soon got to be a contractor, constructing mill-dams and other general public work, but was a poor farmer and neglected the education of all his children. In fact the nearest school was two or three miles, to

attend which we had to go through a dense wood and had to blaze the trees to find our way from my father's house. My parents had twelve children born to them, three of whom died as infants; there were five boys, John, who died in the Mexican War, James K., who recently died at the age of sixty-nine, myself, Roger R., William, who died ten years ago and Terrence M. the baby, who is still living and is fifty-eight years old. James K. and myself and brother William served in the Union Army. There were four girls, Ellen and Catherine, who are dead, and Margaret and Lizzie, who are still living.

It is hard to get the ages of the Shiel family. They are like women in that respect, they don't want to give their ages. My great-uncle, the General, has two children living, but they do not know their ages, and do not want to know them. He had four sons, James, Thomas, John and Michael, and four daughters, Bridget, Catherine, Margaret and Victoria. He gave all his children a good education.

I often heard my mother speak of the Caseys being a fighting family, always being against England. A cousin of hers has recently been one of the Irish leaders in Parliament for several years. She was a devout and earnest member of the Catholic Church. Every night at about nine o'clock she had all her children repeat the rosary, and about nine o'clock on each Sunday morning she called the family in and had morning service with their catechism. In this she never failed. At that time there were no priests nearer than Fort Wayne, which was about 100 miles distant. I was two years old before I was baptized. There had been no priest in that part of

the State for more than two years. The priest, when he visited that section, always stopped with the General, and celebrated mass at his house. On his periodical visits all the children for many miles around would be taken there to be baptized. My mother said there were about fifty or sixty baptized when I was. The Shiel family, with very few exceptions, have been loyal to the faith.

The following personal estimate of me appeared in a previous pamphlet edition of much of the matter reproduced here over the signature of the publishers. As to the facts I would state them myself, since they are correct, but since the words expressing them are more appropriate than I might use I here present the sketch in its entirety:

“The undersigned publishers of this ‘brief,’ or pamphlet, feel that, in the strictest propriety, they owe no apology for making personal mention of the inspirer and collector of the very valuable information which fills its pages. On the contrary, they are convinced that they would be derelict were they to fail to make at least passing reference to Mr. Shiel, and especially now since he is in South America on his vacation.

“And yet what to say is a harder matter to decide than is the question of the fitness of saying something. For over forty years in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Kentucky the familiar phrase “Rhody Shiel” has been a name to conjure by in politics, in business and in the high order of patriotism which characterizes the public-spirited citizen and the brave soldier. The thousands of his personal acquaintances and friends who have been and are among the first citizens of the country, from the days of Presi-

dent Grant to those of President Harrison, President McKinley, and our own President Roosevelt—these are they who have heard and yet hear of Mr. Shiel as ‘a diamond in the rough,’ but who recognize the diamond just the same.

“All such men bow before the unselfish spirit which has animated Mr. Shiel in other public matters as well as in the collection of the material here presented in aid of the work to be accomplished by President Roosevelt’s ‘Commission on Country Life’; and every citizen, whether on the farm, in the workshop or in the counting room, owes a debt of gratitude to our “Rhody,” not alone for the deed, but also for the will with which he sets about its accomplishment.

“From the History of the Republican National Convention of 1908 we take and subjoin the following:

“ ‘Mr. Shiel was formerly one of the largest live stock brokers in the United States, but now is retired. He was one of the strongest supporters of Mr. Taft in the Convention, and was always a picturesque figure in the Convention and about the hotel lobbies. He resides in Indianapolis, and has had an eventful career. He was a strong supporter of Governor Morton in 1876, of President Grant in 1880, of President Arthur in 1884 and of President Harrison in 1888 and 1892, at which times he was a delegate. He was nominated for Treasurer of State with Mr. Blaine in 1884 and for Treasurer of Marion county and the City of Indianapolis in 1892, on the ticket with General Harrison.

“ ‘He was born at Strawtown, Indiana, August 19th, 1843, of Irish parents, who came to this country from Ire-



land in 1826. He enlisted in the Union army at the age of eighteen, and went through the War of the Rebellion honorably. He was in the Thirty-ninth Indiana Mounted Infantry, later the Eighth Indiana Cavalry. He was Orderly for General Sheridan around Tullahoma, was wounded at Chickamauga on Sunday at the Widow Glenn's house, and was in the Rusaw raid at Montgomery, Alabama, and the McCook raid around Atlanta. He also served as Kilpatrick's Orderly around Atlanta, and marched to the sea with General Sherman. He was with the escort that went out to meet General Johnson the day of the surrender to Sherman. He was also in the battle of Shiloh and the battle of Perryville, being taken prisoner on the latter occasion. He was in the battle of Stone River, the battles around Atlanta, and all of the engagements in which Kilpatrick was engaged on the march to the sea and through the Carolinas.

“ ‘At the close of the War he returned to Indianapolis and engaged in the live stock business. During his life he has probably done business to the extent of a hundred million dollars in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky.

“ ‘As he expressed it to the writer of this sketch,’ “ ‘I have always been a contributor and active worker in politics, but this time I attended the Convention largely to meet my old-time friends, and to render any service that I might toward the nomination of Mr. Taft.’ ”

“ ‘He is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, which he thinks is good enough for any patriot.

“ ‘In Indianapolis, in 1882, he married Julie Elizabeth Pope, who has borne him four children—Alice Julia, 24; Walter Roger, 23; Edna Winnifred, 20, and Erwin Harrison, 16.’ ”



## PREFACE

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All my manhood life I have been dealing with farmers. Hence I became greatly interested in the efforts of President Roosevelt to better the conditions of the farming community, and I took the liberty to address him a letter, commending his efforts and pointing out some ways in which I thought the good work he was interested in could be more effectually accomplished. That letter he referred to the Country Life Commission.

The Commission replied by asking me to give them some additional information along the same line. This request reached me four days before I was to start on a trip through South America and Cuba, so I had but a few days to prepare the data asked for, but I complied with their request as best I could.

On my return to the United States I found a number of letters on the subject awaiting me, together with other letters referring to oppressions of the Beef Trust and the impure character of much of the meats and provisions they were supplying to the people. With these letters before me I thought it best to add materially to my first reply to the request of the Commission, and go further and explain some of the things that had been done to the farmers, and also to take up the agitation at this time regarding the tariff. In order to do this I have had to show what the tariff has done in helping to build up the Trusts—all the gigantic Trusts, more or less, have been made by the tariff. While I am not

a free trader and never have been, still I cannot see why the rich should be protected and made richer and the poor neglected.

Now, of course, all of this is in a way rambling, as I have had only about three weeks to prepare the same. There is a considerable repetition in it, which you will readily see, but there is no real repetition even in the speeches that I made. You will find that there is lots of new meat in it. I expect at a later date during the summer to amend this brief and put it in a book form, with probably as much as three or four hundred pages, and give it the widest circulation possible, but I can see the necessity now of getting this out during this pendency of the tariff bill, as I may be able to turn some light on some of the members of the Senate and House, as I believe I understand the tariff thoroughly so far as the workings of the Trusts, in this particular line. I have been dealing directly on this subject, and many members of the House and Senate do not appear to have much real knowledge of the working of the Trusts on this point.

You understand, you will have to read each article with great care in order to get intelligently the ideas I want to convey. I want to particularly call your attention to the Denmark part, which was obtained by me at considerable cost, as I employed the ablest men in the country to obtain this information accurately for me. Also note what I have to say about the business men, and what the business men have to say in reply to my inquiries. It is well to read every letter in this brief. These are the very best men in the country, and in the next book I expect to strengthen it with many others who have had experience dating back for

fifty years in business and have been successful in their various pursuits.

I want you to read what the Squires have done, and it would be well if every school in every township of the United States would take up and teach the life and works of Richard Webber of New York. He was one of the greatest benefactors that ever lived in this country. He had no place for anything but the purest of foods in his house. Neither he nor Squire ever let anything go out of his house unless it had been thoroughly cured. I also want you to note what I have had to say about George B. Wilson and his balance sheet. This is a very essential thing, and ought to be taught in the schools. They ought to teach economy to the young, teach them a way to know whether they are economizing or not, and that is by having them keep a strict and accurate account of all their expenditures.

I required all my children, two sons and two daughters, to keep an accurate account of their expenditures, and make me out a monthly balance sheet. If their balance sheet was not correct I deducted \$2. from their next monthly allowance. I began making each of my children a regular allowance for their own use at a very early age. My oldest son was very accurate and his balance sheet was always correctly made out. I never found an occasion to deduct anything from his allowance. He went to Purdue University and after a course of three years graduated as a Civil Engineer. He was a thorough student and applied himself all the time and always lived within his allowance. During his vacations I made him more liberal allowances and he traveled a great deal, as I considered traveling to be a liberal educator itself. With him it was always get up early.

My younger son was hard to put to bed and was hard to get up again in the morning. He was not as close and as accurate in his balance sheet as his brother. My two daughters both graduated and tried to live inside of their allowance, but I think they sometimes worked their mother on the side. They always made a very correct balance sheet. If every school would teach the method and importance of a balance sheet it would be much better than German or French. It would be better to require the boys to count the apples on the trees and to prune the trees and vines than to go fishing. Application is the successful rule of life.

In the stock yards where I have done business there were practically none of the firms there that kept books accurately or got out a balance sheet. When the days' work was done they would rush out, and maybe they would be 50 dollars or 50 cents short, or even in their cash, sometimes 100 dollars or 100 cents short of the money that was paid in or the money that was paid out, as the case might be; and of course there being no balance sheet there was no way of telling how the business stood at the end of the day. I have seen my bookkeepers work till twelve and one o'clock at night trying to find a discrepancy of ten cents, or even a cent, in order to get an accurate balance sheet. All first-class business men will insist on having a balance sheet.

I regret that I have not space enough to mention each individual who has furnished a letter, and to comment on them.

Note: Thirty-five or forty years ago business men were known by their first names—John P. Squire was known as John P.; Timothy Eastman as Tim; Richard Webber as

Dick; Joe Rawson as Joe; Isaac Loder as Ike; Train Caldwell as Train; Simon Muld as Si; Nelson Morris as Nelse; Philip Armour as Phil; Samuel Allerton as Sam, and Aldrich was not known at all in the trade, the particulars of which you will notice in the book.

You will see I have put some politics in the book. The fact is, legislation is practically controlled by one party or another, or by the caucus of one party or another, which to my mind is a thing that should be wiped out. A legislator who permits his party caucus, either in the Senate or in the House, to control his vote on things that he knows are not right, or are not to the best interests of the community where he lives, or in fact for the whole country, should not be there. May I ask you if that is not so? That is why there are some political speeches in this, and why I am showing how the Beef Trust had me twenty years in *hell*. Had I seen when they commenced on me more than twenty years ago what it was going to lead to, I would have abandoned my chosen line of business and gone into something else, but I did not realize their strength at the time. John P. Squire and I talked about it. He left an estate worth millions, and left millions that the Trust or anybody else could not get hold of, as he was a very large real estate holder in Boston and East Cambridge. He incorporated his packing house. He said to me one day that something might happen; they would want to break that house also, so he fixed it, sometime in the '90's, into a corporation, and all his large real estate holding in trust in charge of his family—thereby his estate could not be impaired by the failure of his corporation. The fact is the corporation was solvent, had money enough to pay off everybody, but all the



banks doubled on him and made a run on two of the banks which were large lenders to the Squire people. This was at the time when the packing house, an eight-story building, was filled with pork, lard and provisions, from cellar to garret, and when they were slaughtering from 5,000 to 6,000 hogs daily. The Trust knew all this and took the opportunity to attempt to crush him, and it did force his company into the hands of a receiver, a man of their own selection. The Beef Trust finally reorganized the company with a majority of the directors taken from their own men and took the concern out of the hands of the receiver. Much more can be said on this, but I will not say any more at this time.

I want to say that if I have said anything in this brief about any corporation or any individual that is not true, I am perfectly responsible and challenge them to bring suit against me, and I will convince the public by substantiating any statements I have made.

Note: I am a very superstitious man, and I have mentioned in the brief a number who were burned to death, but in the next brief I will show that while they had me in hell, I saw something happening to each and every individual engaged in the conspiracy to put me out of business and break me up. There have been all kinds of suicides, all kinds of divorces, all kinds of deaths happening to the chief conspirators against me.

I have seen a man who often sat in the same pew in my church and at the same time was feeding from 500 to 600 hogs on slop it was said he obtained surreptitiously from the penitentiary of which he was warden, the slops being properly the property of the State. At one time he was very

much interested in securing a franchise for a street railway and it was charged that a great deal of bribery was going on. It was said that while he was handing out the bribery money he wore a mask in order that no one could swear to his identity. Another man who was engaged at the same time in this work of handing out money to the bribed wore a mask, but afterwards went blind. These two men both died, one poor and the other it was said worth five million or six million dollars.

Night after night I walked the floor while in this hell, and had two doctors, a lawyer and a priest. They thought I was going to die, but the "Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." My health is now better than it has been for twenty-five years—it has returned to me in the last two years, since I abandoned this fight, and since they put me out of business at Kankakee, Illinois (I am not as old by ten years as my father was, or within 25 of what my mother was when they died). I have not tried to do any business in the stock yards; in fact I could not. I intended to open up a local house some place, but I find that they are following me yet. I have at least twenty years of the best part of my life remaining, so far as money making is concerned, in the line of any business I may enter upon. Of course I have made money on real estate and otherwise, but for six or eight years I was confined to my home half the time on account of my health being all broken down because of the persecutions of this damnable Meat Trust.

I want to call your especial attention to Chief Chemist Wiley. When he dies there will be a monument erected to him. He has saved millions of lives by educating the peo-



ple against adulterated foods and liquors. There is no greater fraud than by taking one barrel of whiskey and making twenty barrels out of it, which was the case in Louisville and has been the case in many other places. They caught a Jew in Louisville once, an Irishman at some other place doing this. The Jew and the Irish, when they go wrong, go very wrong. Adulterated liquors poison the mind probably more than adulterated food. The American people, especially in the cities, are getting nothing in the way of high grade meats.

Mr. Smith, who has edited this brief, has been connected with the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette as its correspondent for many years. It was Murat Halstead's paper and probably the best in Cincinnati. He has written a history of Indiana and also Vice-President Fairbanks's history. He has known me since a boy. He is one of the best posted men in the country as to what is going on.

I trust I have made it clear who I am and what I have done.

Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, George Ade, Maurice Thompson, Charles Major and George Barr McCutcheon are all noted authors; they were all friends of mine. Their writings were all fiction—dreams or freaks of imagination. There is no fiction—no dreams in "Early to Bed and Early to Rise," and Twenty Years in Hell.

THE  
Lack of Improvement in Agriculture

LIVE STOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

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A COMPARATIVE DISCUSSION FOR THE  
"COMMISSION ON COUNTRY LIFE"

BY  
MR. R. R. SHIEL

of Indianapolis

AND OTHER WELL-INFORMED MEN

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MR. R. R. SHIEL'S LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

*Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President, Washington, D. C.:*

My Dear Sir—Please note the enclosed clipping from the Cincinnati Enquirer of the 14th, regarding your "Country Life Commission's" session at Lexington, Ky., which will explain itself. I think this Commission ought to deal more particularly with the mountain country—canebrakes in the South. Lexington is in an old, well settled and established country. The betterment should go on in the interior and help build up and develop there where it is needed the most.

From observations in my recent travels in Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee, Middle Tennessee, Northern Georgia, Northern Alabama, Arkansas and Southern Missouri, I want to call your attention to a matter which I have had in mind a long time, and that is, the improvement of the live

stock and poultry, especially in the South, and in many States in the hilly and mountainous parts of the North.

I spent a day in the Louisville stockyards before going South and I saw the same old canebrake and mountain cattle there—steers, three and four years old, weighing 500, 600 and 700 pounds, and the same kind of sheep that I saw during the war and which we used to forage in the mountains of Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina, sheep with no wool on their bellies and weighing only sixty to seventy pounds.

While on my travels, noticing them from the railroad, I could see no difference in the grade of live stock, except in Middle Tennessee and the better parts of Kentucky, from the kind we saw there during the war.

I can remember sixty years back in Strawtown, Hamilton county, Indiana, thirty-five miles north of here on my father's farm, we had the old razor-back hogs and kept them a year and a half and two years before they matured, and we had the same old-fashioned cattle and poultry.

Then there was a farmer by the name of David Cornelius, who came from Wayne County, which is Governor Morton's and Dudley Foulke's county, and one of the earliest settled counties in the State. He bought a good river farm in my father's township. He brought with him a thoroughbred bull and a number of thoroughbred cattle, hogs and poultry. Later I worked on his farm for two years at \$8.00 per month. The adjoining farmers soon began to breed to his thoroughbred cattle, hogs and poultry, and in a few years it extended throughout the township.

In that township today there is not a bull that is not a thoroughbred, nor a sheep that is not a half-breed or a

thoroughbred, nor a hog raised that is not a half-breed or a thoroughbred, and the poultry the same. This same thing can be done in any of the canebrake or mountain townships of the Southern States. Five Hereford short horned bulls or Polled Angus bulls at a cost of \$50 per head would change the character of the cattle in four years and make them at least half thoroughbred; five to ten bucks, at a cost of \$8.00 to \$10.00 each, would change the character of the sheep in two years; twenty boars, at the cost of \$10.00 each would change the character of the hogs; five hundred dozen of eggs, at a cost of fifty cents a dozen, would change all the chickens; five hundred dozen of turkey eggs, at a cost of sixty cents a dozen, would change all the turkeys; and the same could be done with the ducks and geese.

I see a great future, especially in the mountain belts along the rivers, for the improvement and expansion of the chickens, turkeys and geese. An acre or two of alfalfa or of millet on the sides of a mountain or hill, where tobacco, corn or wheat can not be produced, together with what they will pick up in the way of beech nuts and other mast, such as they have in the mountainous districts, would furnish sufficient amount of feed to support the poultry. The fact is it does not take any more to feed the high grades than it takes to feed the inferior.

There is a vast difference whether you have an old-fashioned turkey hen weighing seven to nine pounds dressed, or a high grade turkey hen weighing ten to fifteen pounds dressed; whether you have a hen chicken a year old, weighing two and one-half to three pounds dressed, or one weighing five to seven pounds; whether you have a yearling steer or a two-year-old, weighing four to six hun-

dred pounds alive, or one weighing nine to twelve hundred; whether you have a hog at the age of two years weighing two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, or whether you have a hog at the age of six or eight months weighing two hundred and fifty pounds.

I have bought thousands of hogs coming from the township where I was reared, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds at the age of six or eight months, and thousands of cattle with the difference in the weights described above, and I have bought them also from every township of Joseph Cannon's district.

During the years from '68 to '71 the firm of Stafford & Shiel was possibly the second or third largest of the shippers of live stock in the United States. Stafford lived in New Carlisle, Ohio, near Springfield. I am the Shiel, living in Indianapolis. Thirty-five or forty years ago I frequently sold a train load of cattle in a day at Hoboken, and I have sold as many as two train loads a day of live stock at Albany, New York, as these places were the stock markets for New York and New England. The hogs went principally to John P. Squire & Co., Boston; Charles P. North & Co., Boston; White, Pevey & Dexter, Worcester, and S. E. Merwin & Co., New Haven. I have bought as much as a train load of Texas cattle at a time—the long-horned kind. The fact is, I bought the first cattle that came through this city. I have also bought hundreds of boat loads and train loads of the best cattle out of central Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and many from Kentucky for export. In truth, I bought the first export cattle for Mayer Goldsmith and Timothy Eastman, of New York, and Nelson Morris, as they were the first exporters of cattle.



Later I saw the West was coming to the front with improved stock, the same as they did in Hamilton County, and I bought car load after car load of thoroughbred Shorthorn, Hereford and Polled Angus bulls to ship to the West to go on the ranches. I encouraged Fowler & Venetta, at Fowler and Lafayette, Indiana, who were the largest Hereford breeders possibly in the country thirty years ago, to cultivate the Western breed and get their thoroughbreds and half-breeds West to build up the Texas cattle. Some thirty years ago they shipped a boat load of their Herefords to South America to find a market for their surplus.

I need not say much to you on this, for you have been West and know what they were, and ought to know what they are now. It has not been more than twenty-five or thirty years since General Wadsworth commenced to ship the Herefords West, and now his sons have no other kind on their ranches in Texas and other States.

There can be much said on this and much done with it. I find the State of Indiana paying salaries to twenty-five or thirty men to look after the fish and game, and I find many other States and also the Government spending large sums of money on that line. Nothing, to my mind, would be farther reaching than the forcing of better live stock into sections that have been neglected on this point. I suggested this to President Harrison after he was elected and before he went to Washington, and took it up with him and Secretary Rusk after he got to Washington, and the meat inspection law came through Secretary Rusk and President Harrison largely from our conferences.

There is no greater fraud known than meat. Note, there is not five per cent. of the cattle that are anywhere

near the first grade, especially when feed is as high as it is now. There isn't fifteen per cent. that are second grade, or, in other words, there are not fifteen cars out of a hundred that will sell first or second. The medium and low grade cattle are selling now for practically what they have been selling for for years—possibly a half a dollar higher. There is where the dressed beef men make their big profit; making the people believe that they are selling them fine quality meat when they are getting only a low grade. You cannot get a high grade of meat out of a low grade stock. The same will apply to poultry of all kinds.

Let me cite you to an actual fact. While attending the Army of the Cumberland reunion at Chattanooga in October, Secretary of the Association O. A. Sommers took his wife, daughter and myself in an automobile to go over the Chickamauga battlefield. To my astonishment I saw then the same old-fashioned cattle as were there in 1863. Upon our return, about eight miles out of Chattanooga, near Rossville, and within a hundred yards of the boulevard, we came upon a farmer who had shot down a steer which looked like it weighed about five hundred pounds. He had hung it up between two trees by having his wife sit upon the long end of the pole, holding the steer up while two men were skinning it. They had it about half skinned. I said to Mr. Sommers that it reminded me of Grant's Memoirs, where Lincoln said to him when he went to the White House to get his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, "I kind of like your way of fighting; you make them skin or hold a leg." They had the old lady holding up the bullock while the men skinned it. It reminded me of sixty years ago at Strawtown, and yet it was going on within



eight miles of Chattanooga with the same old cattle such as they had in Strawtown sixty years ago.

I have never been much of a hunter, such as you have been, but I killed a wild turkey near Strawtown when I was about twelve years old. The woods were full of them then. I brought it home and the folks tried to make me believe I had found the turkey dead, and didn't want to cook it. I never had the courage to go hunting afterwards.

Some twenty-five to thirty years ago I had more than a hundred customers in Lancaster, Chester and Burke counties, Pennsylvania, to whom I furnished stock cattle to feed. These three counties have more cattle on feed than the whole State of Indiana. They have a market at Lancaster, which has been established in the last fifteen or twenty years, for stock cattle, many of them coming from Canada, which has better stock. In fact, Buffalo forwards many stock cattle to Lancaster that come from Canada. But the canebrake or knot-head or "penny royal," old-fashioned cattle come to St. Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati, and are forwarded on to be sold to the farmers in Pennsylvania and also to Buffalo to be sold to the New York farmers. It is a great fraud to sell these old-fashioned cattle, which won't take on the weight or make first or even third-class meat after they are fed, to the Pennsylvania and New York farmers, when they could be bred up in a few years and the farmers in Pennsylvania and New York would get better stock. Now as many as two hundred to three hundred cars of stock cattle are sold in Lancaster per week in the Summer and Fall of the year when the farmers take on their feeding cattle, where twenty years ago there was no market.

Of course I could say the same of the number of custom-

ers I had in New York State, in the interior and New York City, and also in Baltimore and throughout Maryland. At one time, twenty or thirty years ago, in the anthracite coal country, I furnished practically all of the cattle and hogs to the butchers in fifteen or twenty cities and towns, such as Pottsville, Shamokin, Scranton, Girardville and Schuylkill. They took the very highest grades, and up to this time the dressed beef people have not been able to do any good there, as they kill their own cattle and they get their supplies from the New York and Pennsylvania feeders. They pay the best prices for the best stock. The miners want good meat, and you cannot palm off an old Jersey cow or bull or half-fatted stock on them.

I bought for more than twenty years for the best butcher in the United States, Richard Webber, at One-hundred-and-twenty-third Street and Third Avenue, New York City. He took nothing but the highest grade stock that came to market. He never had a poor piece of meat in his shop.

Pardon me for writing this long letter, but I think I understand this business. I have been thoroughly educated in it, while my book learning was neglected when a boy. I am a great reader of facts, but a poor reader of fiction. I never found I could do any good reading fiction.

I believe that the Pure Food Law, which you had passed, is the greatest law that has ever been enacted. Thousands of people have been poisoned by adulterated meats, foods and medicine. Your improvement of the Meat Inspection Law is also a great benefit. These two laws will add more renown to your administration than any others, while there are many excellent ones.

Yours very truly,

R. R. SHIEL.

November, 1908.

COMMISSION'S LETTER TO MR. SHIEL.

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COMMISSION ON COUNTRY LIFE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

K. H. BAILEY, Chairman.

HENRY WALLACE.

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

K. L. BUTTERFIELD.

WALTER H. PAGE.

NORVAL D. KEMP, Secretary to the Chairman.

ITHACA, N. Y., November 25, 1908.

*R. R. Shiel, Shiel Apartment House, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

My Dear Sir—Your letter of the 21st addressed to William Loeb, Jr., Secretary to the President, enclosing a letter to the President has been forwarded to the Commission on Country Life. We are very much interested in your discussion of the lack of progress made in the production of live stock and poultry in the South Central States. Can you make a similar comparative discussion of the quality of production in Indiana and Ohio, addressing it to this Commission at this office? We will appreciate your co-operation.

Yours very truly,

NORVAL D. KEMP.

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MR. SHIEL'S LETTER TO THE COMMISSION.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND., December, 1908.

*Commission on Country Life, Washington, D. C.:*

Gentlemen—In reply to your request that I furnish you with a comparative discussion of the lack of progress in the

production of high-class live stock and poultry in Indiana and Ohio, I have prepared a brief on this subject, made up largely of letters which I have received from the most intelligent and best-informed men of my personal acquaintance in the localities in which they live. Many of them I have done business with, dating from 1865, and I know absolutely that they thoroughly understand the business and that their statements are facts, and, moreover, that they are as well versed on this subject as any farmers in Indiana, Illinois or Ohio. Many of them are college graduates.

I wish I could take up this question with over a thousand men whom I have known and with whom I have done business in the States mentioned; but the majority of them are dead, and I am now dealing with the living men among the very best farmers.

The parties who have furnished me these facts are men of high character. I have bought hundreds of carloads of stock of them and others, and in every case I would rather they would weigh the stock than I, for they did business in a "Missouri" way, while today it is quite different. I always knew what I was getting and that I was receiving the correct weight, because I knew the men. I did not have to drive out and see the stock I was buying—it was just as good one year as another, and it would be just the same the year after. The stock was all bred alike and fattened alike, and was all high-grade, with no Jerseys sandwiched in.

First, before taking up the different States and the letters which cover the conditions in each, I want to call your attention to a statement of the conditions in the breeding of stock in other countries, and how like conditions might

be changed and improved by a similar process in our own. Much could be done with this. By all means thoroughbred live stock of all kinds should be put on the free list. This information I obtained at a very considerable cost to myself, aided by the services of the brightest man in the meat trade I ever knew. He spent over a year in thoroughly looking into this matter. In fact, he has been in all of these countries twice, dealing with the most reliable and substantial people there.

This takes us back to my first letter to President Roosevelt, where I speak about Fowler & Venetta, of Lafayette, Indiana, exporting Hereford cattle into South America, and my advice to them to go West, which they did.

#### LIVE STOCK IN DENMARK AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

A few years ago the Danish Government took up the matter of improving the quality of the hogs raised in that country, as it was its intention to have the farmers engage in the pork slaughtering business and supply fresh and cured pork, principally to Great Britain.

The Danish breed of hogs was not satisfactory, and the authorities looked about to find where they could get the best breeds, or better breeds than they had, that would bring the most money when cured.

They visited several countries and finally settled upon England as being the place to get hogs that suited them best. They purchased a large number of good males and females of the same breed, but at different places. Then they forced the male hogs to be changed every year to other sections, so they would not be interbred. Furthermore, they had veterinary surgeons and other inspectors go



through the whole of Denmark and sterilize, at a very young age, all animals that were not calculated to be bred from; at the same time instructing the people what to do and how to do regarding the breeding, feeding and proper care of the stock.

They strictly prohibited the farmers from breeding their own old-style stock and took every precaution to get away from the old breed and to introduce the new. This they have done very satisfactorily; so much so that they are now and have been for several years supplying a large amount of very superior meat to Great Britain, and getting the very best prices—generally higher prices than any meat from the United States or Canada—and almost as high as the finest Irish pork from Limerick, Waterford, Cork and Belfast.

The Government took particular pains also to see that the small packing establishments were properly managed by first-class men who were experienced in curing, and that co-operative pork factories were established. The fact is, some of these pork factories are now run in connection with dairies, where butter and cheese are made. In addition, it was arranged that the farmers could be supplied with feeding stuffs at very reasonable rates from the depots where they delivered their hogs and milk. In fact, everything was done to foster the manufacture of a superior grade of pork, butter, eggs, cheese, etc.

Danish meats are now regularly quoted in English papers in such cities as London, Liverpool, Hull and in many other large cities in Great Britain.

France has done much in the improvement of its stock; in fact, they have all their horses sterilized except those re-



served for breeding purposes, and the Government has an option on all male colts for army use, but nothing like what has been done in Denmark, for the Danes completely changed their entire breed in four or five years.

The people in Uruguay, South America, and especially the province of Montevideo, have been within the last few years importing the same class of hogs that the Danes did from England, principally from Mr. Sanders Spencer in the midlands of England.

It can be readily seen, then, that our neighbors in South America intend to produce a superior quality of pork, which will undoubtedly, in due time, be an important competitor with other countries.

It is a noteworthy fact that South America has shipped more dressed beef of a very superior grade into Great Britain in the last few years than has the United States and Canada or any other country.

#### CONDITIONS IN OHIO.

I have not dealt much in Ohio in the last thirty-two years, especially since I established a stock yards in Indianapolis; yet I have done considerable business in parts of Ohio, as I operated a stock yards in Cleveland some six or eight years ago. My knowledge of Ohio, however, is fairly good. The country there is not the same as it was thirty or forty years ago, particularly the northern part. The stock in northern Ohio is not nearly so good as in the central or southern sections.

There is not a foot of land in Ohio that will not produce blue grass—even on the mountain or hillside—if properly cleared and ditched. In southern Ohio sheep will graze on

every foot of land if the scrub trees were cut down so that the shade would not deter the growth of the blue grass. It is a great waste to undertake to produce timber that will smother out enough blue grass to pay for the trees every few years. It will take forty years to produce a good tree, and a scrub beech, elm or oak would probably not be good in fifty years.

While hogs and cattle in northern Ohio are much better than they were twenty-five to forty years ago, owing in part to ditching and other improvements on the farm, yet, as I have just said, they are not as good as in the central or southern parts of the State. Hogs from northern Ohio shrink two or three per cent. from gross to net weight—which runs five to eight pounds to the head—more than in central or southern Ohio. The fact is the stock is not the same, and there is a different character of feeding. The Michigan hogs are not as good as those of central Indiana, Illinois or central Ohio, as they will not produce by three per cent. as much meat.

Forty years ago in passing through on what was known then as the "Bee" Line, now the "Big Four," and the Panhandle, which is now the Pennsylvania road, I could see the sides of the hills covered in many places with little Merino sheep weighing from sixty to ninety pounds, some possibly weighing up to a hundred pounds. They were bred solely for wool, as they made a superior quality, but there was no profit in them for meat. In fact, they did not get fat enough to make good meat. At that time there were a great many swamps and sloughs on the lines of these roads, and they were all filled with wild grass where it was dry enough for grass to grow.

I now see the same hills covered with practically as many or more sheep of new breeds, weighing, as a yearling or a two-year-old, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty pounds. The lambs of the old-fashioned ewes, at five and six months old, would weigh forty to fifty pounds, and the lambs of the new kind now will weigh at the same age something like seventy to eighty pounds.

There is not, I repeat, a foot of land in Ohio that will not produce blue grass, and it is produced there now where the land has been properly drained and the hills and mountains cleared of the timber. Blue grass, as is well understood, will not grow under the shade of trees. Sheep will fatten on blue grass, and in fact will keep fat on it in the winter if the snow does not cover it so they cannot get to it; but with cured alfalfa in the winter you can keep them fat all the year around.

The same can be said of the sheep in Indiana, and also of the blue grass. Forty years ago Indiana had the old-fashioned kind of sheep, long wool, but of a much larger kind than those in Ohio, the kind that we sent to New Jersey for breeding early lambs. Thirty-two years ago, when we opened the Indianapolis stock yards, we received more sheep than in Indianapolis, coming from southern Indiana, and in fact southern Illinois and Kentucky, than were received in Chicago. There is nothing that has expanded faster than the production of sheep, and there is nothing more profitable to grow. They can graze on land where you cannot produce anything but blue grass or alfalfa. It is marvelous the wonderful expansion of sheep raising in the West in the last twenty years.

Thirty or thirty-five years ago it was an unknown thing

to export a sheep. I believe Hollis Bros., of Boston, were the first exporters of sheep. They buy space in a vessel for sheep and cattle, and can export a bullock weighing 1,700 pounds at the same freight rates as one weighing 800 pounds, and a sheep weighing one hundred and forty or one hundred and sixty pounds at the same freight as one of the old-fashioned kind weighing ninety pounds.

There is no more profitable crop grown than blue grass, where it is properly cared for. In the South I could see all kinds of possibilities with blue grass and alfalfa, as the sheep can live on either in Winter without any other feed whatever, and the grass will grow all the year round. There is no other meat that is as wholesome as mutton, and it cannot be adulterated and put into cans as is done with a Jersey or the poorest kind of beef, and palmed off for the very best. One don't have to keep mutton in a refrigerator for a week or ten days to get it tender enough to eat. It is ready to eat the next day after it is killed. The expansion in this trade has been marvelous, but it is just beginning.

One of the greatest projects that is being promoted in the interest of the farmers in Ohio who find a market for their live stock at the Cleveland stock yards, is the Belt Railroad which is now being built and which will encircle the city of Cleveland. It will connect with all railroads which bring stock into Cleveland, thereby obviating delays in the handling and delivery of the farmers' live stock, and the great loss to them in the way of deaths of animals and big shrinkage. It will also inure to their benefit in getting their stock early on the market, thereby gaining advantage of the best prices. This delay under the existing circumstances has heretofore been unavoidable.

I promoted this belt road about Cleveland, Ohio, a thing which I had been trying to do for twenty or thirty years, as I saw the necessity of it. I had a charter for it. All the shipments had to cross the two or three turn bridges on the Cuyahoga River at the lake in Cleveland, and I have had thousands of deaths in the shipping of live stock on account of the poor handling and the three to six hours detention, waiting to get through the turn bridges, which also caused a big shrinkage.

It was said that a belt railroad could not be built around Cleveland. Having driven over the ground many times, and knowing the absolute necessity to Cleveland that such a line should be built, I concluded to make the effort; and, to that end, I employed Mr. Morris DeFrees, who was the civil engineer in charge during the construction of the Belt Railroad we built around Indianapolis thirty-two years ago—the first belt railroad ever built in this country.

Mr. DeFrees reported that the project was not feasible, owing to the excessive grades that would be encountered. His report did not discourage me. I then employed Mr. Joshua Abbott, a civil engineer of ability and large experience.

After making a number of surveys, Mr. Abbott reported that the desired grade of three-tenths of one per cent. (the grade insisted on by the railroads who would use the belt) could be secured at enormous cost, by building through East Cleveland and crossing the Cuyahoga River and valley at an elevation of about one hundred fifty feet.

We organized the Cleveland Belt Railroad, made our surveys, and furnished our maps and profiles to the railroads, all of which were entirely satisfactory to them. We



thought we had the matter cinched, having negotiated for the money to build the line; but the "powers" got onto it and concluded to take advantage of our efforts. We were ruled out, and the four-track belt line road around Cleveland is now nearly completed, and on the line we had adopted.

The "powers" became conscience-stricken, and gave us back the money which we had expended in our successful efforts in demonstrating the feasibility of a belt road around Cleveland.

It will, I hope, be a pardonable digression for me to say that as regards Mr. Tom L. Johnson, one of the "powers," I "raised" him in my precinct at the Grand Hotel in Indianapolis when he came here from Louisville with his father and bought the Indianapolis street railway line for \$25,000. He was a Democrat. As to Mr. Tom Taggart, I "raised" him also in my precinct. He used to be a Republican. He came here as a waiter in the hotel and finally got to be manager of the Depot restaurant.

Mr. E. O'Day, whose letter will explain itself, is the only man now living with whom I transacted business years ago at Mt. Sterling, Ohio, and who is now located at London, Ohio. My first partner, James Flanders, who owned two thousand acres of land at Strawtown, came from Mt. Sterling, Ohio, and he was a very large dealer in stock during the war.

#### CONDITIONS IN INDIANA.

The Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern starts out of Cincinnati and runs to St. Louis. All south of that line in our Hoosier State, which takes in about ten or fifteen counties, is not near as good in the way of live stock as it



was forty years ago, with the exception possibly of two or three counties in the Pocket. The land is hilly and the bottoms are wet and there has been little or no ditching.

Spencer county, where the Nancy Hanks monument is and where Abraham Lincoln was brought up, is very little if any better now than it was then. There is not a foot of land in that county that will not grow blue grass and fruit if it is properly drained and cultivated. There is scarcely a county in the State that has made less progress than this county. The farmers have put in very few ditches; there are lots of wild woods where you can see the old-fashioned cows and sheep with bells on them running practically uncared for—wild, I might say. There is not much difference in the progress in southern Indiana south of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern, with the exception of a few counties in the Pocket; and in two or three counties north of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern very little, if anything, has been done to better the conditions of fifty years ago.

Note what the Grahams say of Jefferson county, where everybody went to market in Madison sixty years ago. Also what Mr. Dean says of the fruit growing. Graham's father and Mr. Dean served in the army with me.

The College at Hanover, in that county, has made no progress whatever. This is the school that the late Vice-President Hendricks attended, but did not graduate.

The fact is, in southern Indiana, along with the old-fashioned sheep, old-fashioned cattle and old-fashioned swine and poultry, there are too many of the old-fashioned farmers; that is, boys who were reared on the farms, whose fathers and grandfathers were farmers and perhaps early settlers—who have inherited the old-fashioned views con-

cerning the old-fashioned farming implements, the old-fashioned stock and poultry—men who still have the sheep and the cattle with bells on; who have never taken advantage of up-to-date agricultural colleges; who have farms where they raise corn fifty to seventy bushels to the acre and do not gather it until March or April.

I have seen the same kind of farmers in Ohio, and in Illinois, but not so many in Illinois, for Western farmers are more progressive. This Fall and Winter, however, up to this time there are thousands of acres of corn in Indiana, Ohio and Illinois that has not yet been cribbed. These farmers go fishing and hunting when they ought to be gathering the corn and improving their land. Many of them buy very expensive farm machinery—sometimes on payments—and do not build a shed or any other covering over them, but leave them out in the weather until they are almost ruined before the purchaser has finished paying for them.

The men who sit around all day fishing are not doing any good. My average night's sleep has not exceeded six hours in the last forty-three years, or since I have been in business, and I have been putting in hard work on an average of fifteen to eighteen hours a day every day in the year except Sundays. Always try to get to church on Sunday.

The average farmer works fifteen hours a day during a few months, and only about three hours a day to feed the stock during the remainder of the year. Many of them let the fences go down, and allow the briers to grow in the fence corners. Let me cite you a fact: My brother, three years older than I, and myself were at a reunion, the 47th anniversary of the enlistment of our Company at Cicero,

Indiana, which is four miles from Strawtown—and let me say in passing that Strawtown is the place where the blue grass grew “belly deep to a horse,” as referred to by Mr. Lockridge. This territory is on the line of White River, where they talked of having large sums of money appropriated in an attempt to make White River navigable—a river which, for three fourths of the year, does not have water enough to carry away the sewage, and which parallels steam and electric lines. The distance is one hundred and fifty miles from Strawtown to Vincennes. Strawtown is one of the towns that the railroads missed, and there is not twenty per cent. of the people living there today there were forty years ago. But getting back. We took a ride in a buggy and went out past the old home. I had not been there in thirty-five years. We came across a place covering about sixty to eighty acres, about a half mile from the farm where I was born. I asked my brother, who lived there. “Why,” he said, “that man married this farm.” He was a fisherman. He had built a frame house of some four or five rooms about six or eight years before, which had never been painted—not even primed. He had cleared up a few acres and the other sixty had old wild blackberries growing on it, and underbrush, worse than it was in the bleakest part of Indiana sixty years ago. Every acre of this land would yield at least seventy-five to one hundred bushels of corn—land as fine as any land in the United States. It would sell for from \$125.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

The next place to it was owned by James Hill, who is about seventy years old and was reared on an adjoining farm to my father’s. He owns two hundred and sixty acres. His farm is in as high a state of cultivation as any place in

Indiana. This shows the difference in the conditions near Strawtown. We drove by the old home which is now owned by one of the Newbys, the greatest family I ever knew, and who own one-fourth of the township. I asked my brother what became of the little old sour apple tree that I planted on the side of the hill sixty years ago. He said the tree was gone and the hill all leveled down. Live people had gotten hold of my father's farm, while a fisherman had married the brier patch and is still keeping it a brier patch and living on fish.

Forty years ago I bought hogs weighing two hundred and forty to two hundred and fifty pounds, average, at six months old, as many as one hundred at a time, of Frank Newby, who is now about eighty years old, and was the best feeder in the township at that time. He never allowed a pig to squeal for feed. He fed them right from the start all that they would eat.

The Newby family came from Virginia about 1814 and settled in Marion county, about ten miles north of this city. They moved up to Strawtown in the Spring of 1836. The head of the family was named John, and in my time, forty-three years ago, when I had a store at Strawtown, he was known as "Old John." He had a son whom we called "Young John," also three other sons—Squire, Bill and Frank. Each had a son John whom we called "Squire's John," "Bill's John" and "Frank's John." There were also four daughters who married and had families, with a "John" in each family. They all have Roosevelt families. This family owns practically one-fourth of the best township in the State of Indiana. All were farmers with the exception of "Squire's John," who became a doctor.



I have not seen "Squire's John," the doctor—who, I understand, is president of a bank there and who has an excellent practice—with the exception of one time in 1896 when I was traveling on the hind-end of a train with J. B. Foraker, Senator from Ohio. When the train stopped at Sheridan, Indiana, which is in the next township to Strawtown, I introduced Mr. Foraker to the crowd. Newby got on the train there and introduced himself to me.

In 1892 I went out from Indianapolis with McKinley, when he made his famous tin-plate speech at Elwood, Indiana. While he was out looking at the tin-plate works, I had to speak in the opera house for an hour while the crowd was waiting for him to come back. This is a matter of record, at least in the minds of those who have survived.

I went out with President Harrison into James Whitcomb Riley's county and made three speeches. I spoke after Mr. Harrison in the afternoon of the same day and then had to go on to Fortville in the northern part of the county, on the Big Four, to hold the crowd until the General came in. It was the hardest day's work of my life. Mr. Harrison was billed to arrive at Fortville at nine o'clock and I started to speak at eight o'clock, and he didn't get in until eleven o'clock. I had four or five thousand people waiting for him, and I think I told them everything I knew—and then some.

Two brothers by the names of Timothy and Thomas O'Mahoney originally owned the Cornelius farm at Strawtown, which I mentioned in my first letter, and where I received my first education in practical farming and raising thoroughbred live stock. They were offered a big price by the live man who came from Wayne County. Timothy

married after he came to this country, a first cousin to my father, Catherine Shiel, daughter of Mike Shiel, a Justice of the Peace generally known as General Shiel, at Shielville, Indiana, and who had the first general merchandise store there.

The O'Mahoney brothers heard of the cheap lands in Illinois and went West to seek a new home. Timothy bought some three or four hundred acres, a mile or two west of Lake Forrest; he also bought seventy acres on the Lake at \$1.25 per acre—timber land which he bought mostly for fire wood. Thomas went some three miles west of Waukegon, and bought prairie land. It all looked alike to them, but would not produce twenty bushels of corn to the acre. It was grass land, and not the best of that kind of land. They were hunting for locations close to the Church—most of these families are strong in the Church and now several of them are in convents. They all sent their children to colleges. My cousin's oldest son Thomas was for a number of years Professor of Languages in Notre Dame University, Indiana, and has been a member of the Legislature in Colorado.

Now, this farm land which they bought is not worth much more at the present time than it was years ago. It can be used only for dairy purposes; while the seventy acres of timber land, originally bought for fire wood, near Lake Forest, the O'Mahoney heirs sold for \$70,000.00, and then at a sacrifice. Had they drifted into the prairies of central Illinois, Iowa, Kansas or Nebraska, and bought lands there, the land would be worth today \$125.00 to \$150.00 per acre; but the early O'Mahoneys could not see the value of the blue grass land that they owned near Strawtown.



Back during the years '73 and '74 the grasshoppers were a godsend, in a way, to the people of southern Indiana, southern Illinois, Kentucky and also Ohio. The same year the grasshoppers cleaned out Kansas; that is, ate all of the vegetation in Kansas. The farmers had to get rid of all their stock in some way, and I presume that I handled as many as eight or ten thousand head and sold as many as ten thousand to twenty thousand head to go into southern Indiana and Ohio. The crops of corn were very heavy that same year in southern Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio. The stock was all of the highest grade, from big hogs weighing three hundred pounds to pigs weighing five pounds. It was a remarkable fact that there was no cholera that year. The farmers drove off everything they had on the farms and put them in the cars, billing them to me at Indianapolis, and to others who were engaged in the same commission business, and the farmers for one hundred and fifty miles around here would come in to get them for stockers. We classified them. Some would buy the little pigs, others would buy the big old brood sows, and in that way they bettered the stock and did away with the razor-backs that they had, especially in southern Indiana, Illinois and Ohio. The same may be said of Kentucky.

Kansas was settled after the War with the live men who had been in the army, and who did not buy anything but thoroughbred stock; and this will explain why Kansas as a State is equal to or better than any other State in the Union in the production of live stock.

Note what Mr. S. F. Lockridge, former State Senator, has to say in regard to Indiana Colleges and their lack of facilities, with the exception of Purdue, for the education of scientific farmers and stock raisers. Bloomington Col-

lege, the Indiana University, educates lawyers, doctors and ministers and has no bearing whatever on farming or agriculture.

Asbury, or what is now DePauw University—note what Mr. Lockridge says on this college. He is a little prejudiced, as he graduated there some forty years ago.

Wabash College, Montgomery county, is a similar character of college. That county went clear ahead, notwithstanding.

St. Joseph's College in Jasper county is a classical and theological institution and therefore does not aim to educate for farming and stock raising.

Notre Dame University is one of the very best, yet they have no agricultural department, as they ought to have.

Earlham College, which is a Quaker institution, in Dudley Foulke's county, while a very good college, has not made much progress in the last thirty years.

Purdue College is up-to-date and should be encouraged. To my astonishment, when I attended the Commencement last fall, the Board of Directors, half of them old-timers, "plowing with the old wooden mold-board," had a meeting. They said that they were paying their President \$5,000 a year. I asked them what kind of a man they could get for \$5,000 a year, and they said that they had no more money to pay with. I said that the President of a college, where twenty-two hundred students were educated in the most essential education that could possibly be given them, ought to be paid more than \$5,000. But I found that all of the other instructors in this college received salaries in proportion. I said it was wonderful how they could get such results as they are getting without paying more for

them. They said the State would not appropriate more for their support.

To my mind, the Government could not do a better thing than to appropriate some support to such a college as Purdue, and help to establish other similar universities. The fact is, every county ought to have one like it, to educate the farmer to know the kind of stock (just as Cornelius educated me at Strawtown), to know how much meat you can get out of a bullock, hog or sheep; what kind of seed to plant; what kind of fruits to grow. Teach the boy who spends his time fishing to give part of his time to taking care of the trees, grapevines, chickens, ducks and geese, and encourage the farmers who send their sons to college to have them educated in practical and scientific farming, rather than attempt to make doctors and lawyers out of all of them.

Purdue College is the only college that is really placing the farmer in the class where he belongs. There is an overproduction of the other professions from the other colleges. Purdue has no support outside of the little that the State gives it. It is a fact that the lawyers and doctors of the other colleges are better lobbyists in the Legislature than are the farmers.

The fact is, that it is a great ambition for the farmer with a hundred or hundred and sixty acres of land and who has made some money, to make a doctor, lawyer or minister out of his son, rushing him off to that kind of a college, where he is vaccinated in the profession, but in nine cases out of ten the vaccination does not "take," and he is a failure; while if he had been educated in farming and taught the motto "Early to bed and early to rise," he would have probably made a much better and more successful man, a

credit to his father and to his community. There is not one doctor out of a hundred who really succeeds in his profession; not one out of a hundred lawyers succeeds, and the same might be said of the ministers.

Many of these sons of wealthy farmers, thrown in contact at the college with sons of the rich men from the cities, who are sent there to become doctors or lawyers, become extravagant and careless, depending upon their father's wealth to keep them. They may, perhaps, gamble in Chicago options until, in other words, the sons break the fathers. But the men whom I will mention in this brief, have got the original land that their fathers left them, and have hung on to it. None of them ever dealt in Chicago options. Pity the foolish man who goes up against "three-card monte," or against another man's game, and thinks because there is a failure of crops in his immediate neighborhood, that the prices are going up, or, if he has a big crop, they are going down and sells or buys on what the market is going to be, in his judgment of the crops.

Right here I want you to note that the Graham family is a notable exception to this—the father has made the sons, and the sons have not ruined the father. Their father was one of the very best friends I ever had, and I often talked to him about his four boys. They have succeeded in the line of their profession and are right up-to-date, all four of them. They were "vaccinated" and the vaccination "took."

Thomas Graham was a successful business man and he made thorough business men out of two of his sons and professional men of the other two, who are now at the head of the column. There is no man whom I knew better in busi-

ness life than Thomas Graham; one of the noblest works of God—"an honest man;" and he taught his four sons to live the same kind of life that he lived.

It will not be expected that I spend much time on the men whom I am naming in this brief, but all of them are of the same high character. I mention Mr. Graham especially as a man who had two of his sons take up a profession and make a success of it, while there are hundreds, yes, thousands of high-class, successful business men who have put their sons into professions and those sons have not made a success of it.

I have often heard Thomas Graham say "Early to bed and early to rise" is the secret of his success, and the boys all say that their father had them up at five o'clock breakfast; and all of them, even the minister, now that their father is dead, continue to get up early, having formed the habit. He is one of the best ministers in Dudley Foulke's town. They do not know much farming, but they do know much about the business and profession to which they have applied themselves.

Now I want to invite attention to the progress that has been made, and can still be made, with the proper support and appropriations in the way of ditching, drainage and reclaiming of otherwise worthless lands in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio. Note particularly what Judge Timothy E. Howard has said about the Kankakee lands. He is one of the ablest men Indiana has produced. He is now about seventy years old. He was a good soldier during the War, and since the War has been a Professor at Notre Dame University, has twice held a seat on the bench of the Supreme



Court of Indiana and has been a member of both the House and Senate.

Another man about whom I wish to make special mention is Franklin Landers. He was one of the original farmers owning several thousand acres of land in Morgan county, the next county to this. In '74 he was one of the very best farmers Indiana had produced on White River, some fifteen miles below Indianapolis; but he got into politics, and into the National House of Representatives (he having run for Congress against General John Coburn, one of the ablest congressmen this district ever had, and beat him). This ruined Landers, and diverted him somewhat from farming; yet when he died, a few years ago, he left his heirs one thousand acres of the best river bottom land, which he had protected with a levee of about two miles. If this land had not been so protected, it would be worthless for farming, as it would have been all cut up by the river breaking through it.

The channel of White River in Indianapolis has changed in the forty years that I have been here. Unless protected by levees, rivers change their course often. Mr. Landers was one of those who made the fight in the Legislature, at the time Judge Howard speaks about, for an appropriation to drain the Kankakee. He owned at that time 5,000 acres of Kankakee land.

Note what Mr. Smith says about reclaiming land in Greene county. Note, also, Morgan and Putnam counties, the latter of which is Senator Beveridge's county. There is one ditch in Putnam and adjoining counties which cost \$80,000, built in the last few years, which reclaimed and improved fifty thousand acres, while fifteen thousand acres



were assessed for the benefits. A number of men have been benefited by these ditches, who will not allow their names to be used, as they say that it would put land which they had bought for \$2.00 or \$10.00 per acre, up to \$100 and \$150 per acre, and they do not want their names mentioned, as their tax assessment would be raised accordingly.

Levees, ditching, cutting down elm and beech trees that shade the blue grass, are some of the things that would be of the greatest benefit. Not only is this true in Indiana and Ohio, but the same could be said of many sections all over the country.

Note particularly the work of Mr. Brevort, of Vincennes. The Wabash River overflowed all below Vincennes. Mr. Brevort was one of the very best farmers in Indiana. He commenced right outside the corporation of Vincennes, built a levee of ten miles some years ago, and reclaimed something like ten thousand acres, which is now the most fertile land in Indiana. When the Wabash is high, it backs in, but that improves the land. He built the levee high enough so that the river will not overflow at any place. He informs me that last year he had four hundred acres of alfalfa, from which he gathered four crops; and to my mind, if the Government would not undertake to build up navigation for streams and run steamboats on rivers where there is probably not water enough to carry away the sewage, and spend the same amount of money for the building of levees to hold the river in its banks, it would be farther reaching in the way of general betterment.

Petitions are being circulated at points along the Wabash River, which will be presented to Congress, asking for an appropriation to be used in making the Wabash a navi-

gable stream from its source to its mouth. The Government has expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in a useless effort to improve the Wabash, and millions may be appropriated by Congress and spent in the same manner again, and in a few years we will have the same results. The Government can afford to expend money on the Chicago canal, the Big Sandy and Kentucky Rivers, the Green River, Cumberland and Tennessee and Ohio, as they are not paralleled by railroads as is the Wabash, and they lead into the coal and iron fields.

If Indiana Congressmen and Senators would aid in getting appropriations from the Government to help drain the Kankakee and some other swamps in Indiana, then help Illinois to get its canal, they would look better to me.

Note the things said of Watson's district, which is one of the very best districts in Indiana, and his county is the best county in the State for hogs, and was for cattle. Note, also, what Mr. Mull says about that county.

Read what Mr. Smith says about Franklin county. It is a hilly county and the only poor county in Watson's district; but it would not be poor if they followed what Mr. Smith is doing down there. To my mind it is one of the very best counties, and less than forty miles from Cincinnati.

One great trouble with Congressmen and Senators is: "You help me and I will help you." The same may be said of the State Legislature. One wants a dog law passed, another a ditch law, and another a school law, and they undertake to lobby through the things which are of interest only to their immediate locality.

See what Mr. Morgan has to say. He and his two

brothers own the ten to fifteen thousand acres of land their father left and have bought more. I bought for Timothy Eastman at one time a train load of live stock from his father. It was the largest check I ever issued, \$55,500.00, to a farmer at one turn.

I would call attention to what Mr. Lee Sinclair has to say. He is the greatest benefactor in the way of promoting and building the most magnificent health resort in the world. By cutting down a large part of the timber on his 500 acres in Orange county, he has demonstrated that blue grass can be grown all over this State. Twenty or thirty years ago I was in Orange county and saw as many as forty or fifty ox-teams coming in out of the hills to a Fourth of July celebration. He has demonstrated that blue grass will grow on those hills, if the underbrush is cut. I have visited Sinclair at West Baden twice a year for the last twenty years. I always find him up at four o'clock in the morning; he always goes to bed at nine. His motto, too, is "Early to bed and early to rise." His hotel covers several acres, contains 780 rooms, all connected with baths, and thoroughly fireproof, as it is built of brick, steel and concrete.

I want to speak of "Blue Jeans" Williams, or Governor Williams, who in '76 beat Benjamin Harrison for Governor. He was one of the very best farmers and one of the very best men Indiana has ever produced, breeding good stock. While Governor he built one of the very best State Houses in the country on an appropriation of \$2,000,000, and had \$200,000 left after he completed it. He looked after it himself. He also had an excellent Board that was seeing after it.

Governor Williams, or "Bluejeans" Williams, as he was commonly called, was one of the best Governors Indiana ever had. He was a renowned breeder of live stock in his time in and about Vincennes, Knox county, where, as I have already said, Mr. Brevort built ten miles of levee, beginning close to the city of Vincennes, and reclaimed something like six to ten thousand acres of land.

#### CONDITIONS IN ILLINOIS.

I have to take in Illinois in this brief, as central Illinois has been a great producer of live stock for years, and has had in a way a better grade of stock than either Indiana or Ohio. I speak especially of Speaker Cannon's district, and in fact, include all of the districts back to the Mississippi River in the central part of the State.

The best feeder I ever knew was Mr. Pinnell, and his live stock have taken premiums practically at all fancy live stock shows, his cattle selling at the highest prices at all of the stock sales. It is about forty years since I bought the first fourteen hundred head of hogs of him—it was in June that I took them—at the time that live-stock men first commenced handling summer hogs. Prior to that time there had been very few or no hogs handled during the summer.

To my utter astonishment, when he took me out to his place to dinner, he had ice cream, a thing practically unknown to a farmer at that time. He had dinner served almost equal to that you would get today in one of the good hotels in the city of New York. He always lived up to date and a little ahead of time.

I stood at the side of Richard Webber at the Pittsburg stock show, about eight years ago, and also in Chicago, and

had Mr. Webber buy the Pinnell cattle at eight and nine cents a pound, while other cattle were selling at five and six cents. Webber wanted to know if that was the best load—he always said he wanted the best load, for he always bought the best cattle.

I could mention a hundred of these men in Indiana; twenty-five or thirty in Ohio and a hundred in Illinois—notably the Braggs in Douglas county; Kenyon, of Logan county; Harris, of Champaign county; Groves and Moss, of Vermillion county; Carney and Shepard, of Moultrie county; Bealls, of Coles county; Newlins, of Crawford county, and Fugate, of Clark county. The fact is there was not a man living in Illinois from the Mississippi River to the Indiana line, back to '68 and '69, who fed a hundred hogs or forty good cattle that I did not know, or was in touch with at the time. I was always a judge on sweepstakes for bulls at the State fairs in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and at nearly all the best county fairs in each of those States.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

I will have to refer again to West Virginia, for I can see there today a very great improvement. Possibly there is no State in the Union that has advanced more in the last twenty or thirty years, in the development of the blue grass on the hills, and the sheep and cattle, and has done more toward the breeding up from the "knot-head" and "pennyroyal" cattle and the Merino sheep to the very highest grade of each.

Also I want to speak again of the peasants of New Jersey. Twenty to thirty-five years ago I was buying for John Taylor, of Trenton, New Jersey, an excellent gentleman,



politician and many times a Senator. I was shipping to him from two thousand to four thousand ewes per month during the Summer and Fall months. These were known as Jersey ewes from southern Indiana and southern Illinois, and some from Kentucky. They would weigh from ninety to one hundred and twenty pounds, being large in size but poor in wool. They brought, however, a large lamb. The peasants at that time in New Jersey would buy these ewes, one farmer buying five ewes, another ten, and another perhaps as many as a hundred. They bought the ewes to bring the big lambs, and the lamb which would come in January, the farmer sold in February or March to butchers in New York and Philadelphia at a price high enough to pay for the ewe. Then they would fatten the ewe, cut the wool off and sell her, and would then buy another ewe the next year.

John Taylor was one of the earliest pork packers in Trenton. He also owned a stock yards. He was one of the best men I ever knew, but he played politics a little on the side, as I have done.

Now I want to speak briefly of a few of the pioneer butchers and packers whom I have done business with in the last forty years, and who have done more to build up and protect the manufacturer of high-grade farm products than any other men. These pioneers have done much towards encouraging the farmers of the central and western States, for they have drawn most of their supplies from these raisers of high grade live stock.

Mr. John P. Squire was the greatest business man this country produced. "Early to bed and early to rise" was his motto. He would be at his packing house in the morn-

ing at half past five or six o'clock—before any of his men. Often, when I had made a trip to Boston, especially to confer with John P. Squire, he would invite me to go to breakfast with him. I generally stopped at the Parker House and Young Hotel while in Boston, and many times the students of Harvard, who would be banqueting at the hotel, would make so much noise that I would be kept awake until the early hours of the morning, and then would oversleep myself, so that I would not be out to meet old John P. Squire and go to five o'clock breakfast with him.

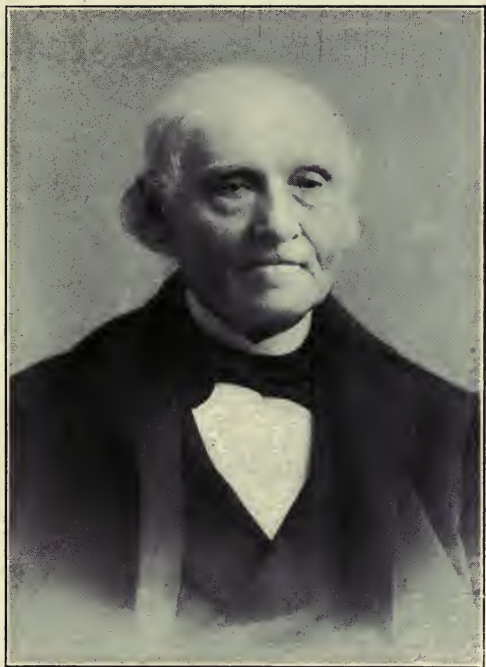
This pioneer, now passed away, did for years what Congress and the President have done recently. He fought adulteration and misrepresentation through the State Legislatures and at Washington. He was not satisfied to begin work at the factory, but began it with the farmers, in the purchase of their best live stock; always paying the top prices of the market until all of the best farmers in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio knew the "Squire kind." And the selection came to be made by sorting the stock at the farm and having it shipped direct to East Cambridge without passing through the stock yards.

Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, recently told a story, illustrating how well known the name of Squire was among the farmers of the Middle West. In delivering an address in a small town in Iowa he stated to his audience that he came from Cambridge, Mass., remarking: "I suppose you have all heard of Cambridge?" "Certainly," was the ready response; "then you know of the fame of Harvard College?" There was a silence, and the Bishop, wonderingly inquired: "Never heard of Harvard College? Then whom do you know there?" and as readily came the re-

sponse: "John P. Squire and Company, we ship 'em hogs."

The name of Squire is known wherever the pork products of New England are found. John P. Squire is credited as the pioneer of the pork industry, as it is known today in Faneuil Hall Market, Boston. Those who early served in the business under him are the ones who stand, incidentally, at present as the veteran pork men at the stalls.

Mr. John P. Squire, son of Peter and Esther Squire, was born on a farm in Weathersfield, Windsor county, Vermont, May 8, 1819. His early training and physical development were obtained in the public school and on the farm. On the 1st day of May, 1835, he entered the employment of Mr. Orvis, the village store-keeper, at West Windsor, and remained with him two years. In the fall of 1837 he attended the Academy at Unity, New Hampshire, of which Reverend A. A. Miner was then Principal, and taught school at Cavendish during a part of that and the following winter. On the 19th of March, 1838, he went to Boston, entered the employ of Nathan Robbins in Faneuil Hall Market, and continued with him until May 1, 1842, when he formed a co-partnership with Francis Russell, who carried on the provision business at 25 Faneuil Hall Market, under the style of Russell and Squire, until the year 1847, when the co-partnership was dissolved. Mr. Squire then continued the business alone, at the same place, until 1855, when he formed a new co-partnership with Hiland Lockwood and Edward D. Kimball, under the name of John P. Squire & Co. The new firm name and business continued until the year 1892, when a corporation was formed under the laws of Massachusetts, with the name of The John P.



JOHN P. SQUIRE.





Squire & Company Corporation. The changes in the partners who were associated with Mr. Squire are as follows: the retirement of Edward D. Kimball in 1866; the admission of W. W. Kimball in the same year, and his retirement in 1873; the admission of Mr. Squire's sons, George W. and Frank O. Squire in 1873; the death of Hiland Lockwood in 1874; the retirement of George W. Squire in 1876; the admission of Fred F. Squire, Mr. Squire's youngest son, January 1, 1884.

In 1855 Mr. Squire bought a small tract of land in East Cambridge, and built a slaughter house upon it. Since that time the business has grown to such an extent that the corporation has today one of the largest and best equipped packing-houses in the country, and the corporation stands third in the list of pork-packers in the United States.

In 1848 Mr. Squire moved to West Cambridge, now called Arlington, where he continued to reside until his death, January 7, 1893. When he first went to Boston he joined the Mercantile Library Association, and spent a great deal of his leisure time in reading, of which he was very fond. The position which he held in commercial circles was due to his untiring industry, undaunted courage, and marked ability.

In 1843 he married Miss Kate Green Orvis, daughter of his old employer; eleven children were born of this marriage, viz.: Charles, Nellie, George W., Jennie C. (Mrs. L. Fred Cooke), Frank O., Mary E. (Mrs. J. P. Wyman), John Adams, Kate I. (Mrs. William A. Muller), Nannie K. (Mrs. Walter L. Hill), Fred F., Bessie E. (Mrs. H. E. Holmes. Of these eight are now living, Charles having died in infancy, Nellie in 1890 and Mrs. Cooke, September 21, 1899.

The marketmen of Boston have always maintained their good reputation in the line of American pork. The industry was represented in Faneuil Hall Market very soon after it was established, although the people raised their own hogs, the most wealthy not failing to keep one or more. Even Peter Faneuil at his estate on Tremont Street had his stock of porkers. At the opening of the market, in 1826, twenty-three of the stalls were set apart for the sale of pork, being then rated as next in importance to the beef trade.

The progress made in the business, is, to a large degree, within the memory of present stall-keepers. When they first put out their signs, this stock was largely obtained from farmers in New England. Two or three hogs was a large stock to dispose of in a day.

John P. Squire's first account book shows that he began business on April 30, 1842, by buying two pigs, weight 320 pounds, at six cents; amount \$19.20. But ere long the greater part of the pigs were from the West. Yet, as there were no facilities for packing pork in the warm season, the burden of the business was done in the cold weather. Hogs were slaughtered in the West and shipped to Boston frozen; then business was lively, for these frozen hogs must be freed from frost before the pork could be packed successfully. But the progressive mind of John P. Squire soon wearied of this method of conducting business, and he tried the experiment of slaughtering a hog in warm weather, and cooling the flesh in a rude box, in which it was packed between layers of ice. The supply of fresh pork every day soon created a demand, and there was no longer a slack season in the pork business.

The improved facilities for cold storage contributed ma-

terially to this progress, but, unlike beef, the pork business has not made a demand for the refrigerator cars, the stock being brought to the Eastern market almost entirely alive. The hogs are bought by agents from the farmers in the great corn belt of the West, and herded at several shipping centers, from which they are brought to the great slaughtering houses.

Involving as this does the great pork-packing feature of the business there is included the preparation of food for every part of the civilized globe.

The rise of the few great pork industries has been the means of changing the business of the stalls, confining them more particularly to the local trade, the supply coming from these great centers, save as now and then a farmer brings to market a choice specimen, which serves to remind the veteran stall-keepers of the days when they began business and looked to the country farmers for a fancy Yorkshire or Suffolk. Each department of the market has its peculiar feature and offers its choice morsel to gratify the epicure. In the pork trade we find the roaster, although perhaps more commonly handled by the poultry men. Charles Lamb claims the Chinese first introduced the idea of roast pig. Be that as it may, the Boston palate was easily trained to appreciate the delicate suckling, "under a moon-old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with none of the hereditary failings of the first parent yet manifest, his voice as yet not broken, but sometimes between a childish treble and a grumble, the mildest forerunner of a grunt."

Mr. Timothy Eastman, of New York, located at the foot of West 60th Street, was possibly in a way the equal of John P. Squire. He exported the first dressed beef, and at one

time owned three or four hundred butcher shops in Ireland, England and Scotland. I remember being with Eastman one day, when he had first commenced utilizing the blood from the cattle slaughtered, and hé said that he had made \$30,000 saving the blood that heretofore had been running into the Hudson River. He used it to make fertilizer with. I remember going home with him at another time. He had a bucket with him. He said, "I am fooling the old lady. She is eating oleomargarine and I am calling it Connecticut butter." In other words, butter comes out of the loin of an old cow; sometimes from cows in a diseased condition, goes through the process of milking and churning before it reaches the consumer, while the oleomargarine is manufactured out of the kidney tallow of a very high grade steer.

Eastman had an especial room where he manufactured the oleomargarine in pots holding from 20 to 30 pounds. It was entirely enclosed so as to keep it sweet and clean—sanitary. You had to go through two or three doors before you got into the enclosed room. He put a big rubber coat on me when I went in there. He would put his finger in the tallow that was being made into the oleomargarine and would taste it, but I couldn't do it.

Thirty-five years ago I bought for as many as fifteen packing houses located in county seats on White River from Strawtown to Vincennes, small houses of a similar character to those which have been established and supported by the Government in Denmark. At that time they made kettle-rendered lard out of the leaf lard and the gut lard was made into grease. There was no refining of lard then. No other high grade lard but the kidney lard, or what is known as the leaf lard. Refining of lard has been inaugu-



rated within the last thirty-five years, and they have now got it to such a point that they can refine dead hogs into lard sometimes after having been dead for two days' time. In Denmark the Government protects the people against the fertilizers and trusts, and the adulteration and refining of the inferior products.

At that time I was buying hogs for Evans & Loftin, at Noblesville, which is in the county where Strawtown is located, some twenty miles north of here. Evans was then a member of Congress. J. C. Ferguson at Indianapolis; Coffin, Wheat, Fletcher & Company, at Indianapolis; Holmes, Petit and Bradshaw, at Indianapolis; Landis and Givens at Indianapolis and Kingan & Company at Indianapolis. All of the smaller packing houses and a number of large butchers here have now been absorbed, and there is practically no house but Kingan & Company in Indianapolis. Most of them were "broke." They had been running along in the old-time way of doing business. Kingan & Company was an Irish syndicate, organized at Belfast, moving ahead all the time. Kingans are now running three houses here, all under their original names and yet they all belong to Kingan.

South of here on the river I bought for Parks, Henderson & Company, to whom I shipped as many as five hundred hogs at a time on some days. I bought for another house at Gosport ten miles south of there; one at Spencer, fifty miles south of here, and another at Vincennes.

We will have to go back to the old way of doing business so that when we go to the shop after lard, we get pure lard, and not an adulteration or a refined grease. If we go after a soup bone, we get a bone out of a high grade steer, one



that soup can be made out of which will be healthful and nourishing, and not out of an old canner; but to bring this about, the knot-heads have got to go; the country is full of them, and there is not one man in a thousand who can tell the difference between a yearling high-bred calf and a four-year-old knot-head of the same color; or how much flesh each will take on in the feeding, or can tell the difference there is in the quality of the meat that comes out of the two.

Their customers always knew what they were getting from John P. Squire & Company and Timothy Eastman. but it is impossible to tell nowadays when you are getting the high grade stuff, when you are buying from the houses which are killing this low-grade and knot-head cattle and live stock and putting all kinds of stuff into the cans. Any-one ought to be able to tell the difference between the soup made from the bone of one of these old Jerseys or canners, and that made from a high grade steer. People had better buy a bone out of a good dog, or out of a horse, or out of a mule. It would be cheaper, and, from a standpoint of good, healthy food, would probably be better.

When fertilizer men get to operating packing houses, and find that they can put these old canners and Jerseys into the cans and sell them for high grade products to the people, who can not tell the difference, there ought to be some way to protect the innocent.

Some fifteen or eighteen years ago I was short an assistant at the stock yards. I needed an experienced man to inspect and to buy the high-grade stock. I employed a man by the name of Barney Trollman, of Pittsburg, to come here on Thursdays and Fridays, as those were the days that we

had the heavy receipts of export cattle at the yards at that time. It run along for some time. I knew that he had a big trade in Philadelphia of his own, and at Pittsburg. They had the market there generally on Mondays and Tuesdays. We bought the high grade export cattle for Timothy Eastman of New York, Joe Stearns, of New York, M. Goldsmith of New York, Meyer & Houseman of Baltimore, E. A. Blackshere & Co. of Baltimore, and Layman Bros. of Baltimore. The fact is I had a very heavy export trade. To my astonishment I found that Trollman was buying Jerseys and low grade cows in Jersey City and shipping them back to Chicago to Nelson Morris to be canned. I called him in and told him that that couldn't go on, as I could not be a party to the buying of canners and Jerseys, or as low a grade of stock as that, and I had to let him go.

Mr. Arthur Jordan, also, had at one time his headquarters at Indianapolis. Some thirty years ago he was selling chickens off of the hind end of a wagon in the market here. He went into the poultry business, and a few years ago he sold out to Nelson Morris & Co. It was reported that he got \$750,000 for the stations he had established in Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and some parts of Ohio. Jordan used to sell poultry to Richard Webber by the car load. He opened a house in Boston, and in fact sold all over the East. Nelson Morris wanted to operate these stations in connection with his packing house for canned chicken. I suppose you, as well as others, are well aware what canned chicken is. The Jerseys and canners shipped from Jersey City to Chicago by Barney Trollman had in each and every one of them fifty to eighty pounds of canned chicken.

You may assume that I am not stating facts; but I can

tell high grade cattle, hogs or sheep, on the farm, the same as in the refrigerator and on the hook, and also whether the product came out of a cow, heifer or steer; and I can tell it just as well on the table after it is cooked, and before I put my knife into it, and certainly any one ought to be able to tell it after he tastes it. I know the difference between the product of the high grade steer and of the Jersey and canner just as well as the experienced dry goods merchant does between calico and silk. I have been thoroughly educated in it, and I have spent at least two months a year between Portland, Maine, and Richmond, Virginia, counseling with my customers and nearly freezing in their refrigerators while inspecting their products, showing how they could improve their methods. I would find out how the Squires were doing, and would try to educate the others up to their methods, for the Squires were always ahead of all of them in their progressiveness.

Very few of the farmers or feeders know that a packing house situated in New England, or New York, or any place in the East buys meat on the hooks. What should be done is to educate the farmers to raise stock that will make pounds of meat when dressed. There is where their profit is. There is not one man in forty or perhaps a hundred who can tell whether a bullock will dress fifty pounds to the hundred or sixty-five pounds to the hundred. Not one in a hundred can tell whether a hog will dress seventy pounds or eighty-five pounds to the hundred. You understand you can pay \$6.00 a hundred for one man's hogs, and \$5.50 for another man's; the one lot of hogs will dress eighty-five per cent., while the other lot will dress only sixty-five per cent., and you readily see, that while you pay a

higher price for the better quality, the net price of the hogs is considerably cheaper; and it is this net price that the packer takes into consideration when he names the price to one farmer, and another price to another in the same locality. One is a high-grade feeder, while the other is of low grade. I wish you to particularly note the facsimile dressing sheets, such as I have received from John P. Squire & Co., on hogs, which I bought for them from certain men in certain localities:

JOHN P. SQUIRE & COMPANY

Lot 56 .....Bought at Mt. Sterling, O.....From E. O'Day....

Purchase date .....	Dec. 2, 1902
Arrival date .....	Dec. 7, 1902
Killing date .....	Dec. 7, 1902
Weighing date .....	Dec. 7, 1902
No. of cars .....	1 DD
No. of hogs Shipped.....	116
No. died in transit .....	0
No. died in yards .....	0
No. condemned .....	0
No. short .....	0. No. over..... 0
Condition on arrival.....	Good
Billing Weight.....	2,500 lbs.
No. killed .....	.....
Purchase cost at 6.25....	\$1,588.62
Brokerage .....	.....
Exchange .....	1.60
Food .....	.....
Bedding or sand.....	.....
Tel. etc.....	.....
Freight at 24.....	60.00
Feed at .....	6.80
Bedding or sand at.....	2.20
Transfer charges at.....	.....
Less value hogs removed en route	.....
No. ....	.....
20713 .....	\$1,659.22

FREIGHT BILLS INVOICE

(Cutting Weight)	(Total Cost)
WEIGHT AND SHRINKAGES.	
Purchase Weight (226)...	25,418 lbs.
Arrival Weight (total)....	23,975 lbs.
Transit Shrink (dead out) .	1,443 lbs.
Per cent. of purchased wgt. .	.0567 p.c.
Purchased weight.....	25,418 lbs.
Arrival wgt. (live).....	23,975 lbs.
Transit Shrink (dead in)..	1,443 lbs.
Per cent. of purchased wgt. .	.0567 p.c.
Purchase Weight .....	25,418 lbs.
Killing weight .....	21,244 lbs.
2½ per cent. killing weight	513 lbs.
Cutting weight .....	20,713 lbs.
Cutting Shrink .....	4,705 lbs.
Per cent. of purchase wgt..	16.07 p.c.
Remarks.	

Net cost dressed per lb.....0801



JOHN P. SQUIRE & COMPANY

Lot 8.....Bought at Urbana, Ohio.....From Thomas & Green.....

Purchase date .....	Dec. 2, 1902
Arrival date .....	Dec. 7, 1902
Killing date .....	Dec. 7, 1902
Weighing date .....	Dec. 7, 1902
No. of cars .....	1 DD
No. of hogs shipped .....	117
No. died in transit .....	0
No. died in yards .....	0
No. condemned .....	0
No. short.....0. No. over.....	0
Condition on arrival.....	Poor
Billing Weight .....	26,570 lbs.
No. killed .....	117
Purchase cost at 6.25.....	\$1,669.43
INVOICE	
Brokerage .....	
Exchange .....	1.70
Food .....	
Bedding or sand.....	
Tel. etc.....	
FREIGHT	
BILLS	
Freight at 24.....	65.10
Feed at .....	
Bedding or sand at.....	
Transfer charges at.....	.90
Less value hogs removed en route	
No. ....	
20,143 .....	\$1,742.13

(Cutting weight)	(Total cost)
WEIGHT AND SHRINKAGES.	
Purchase Weight (235)...	26,711 lbs.
Arrival Weight (total.....)	23,800 lbs.
Transit Shrink (dead out).	2,911 lbs.
Per cent. of purchased wgt.	10.89 p.c.
Purchased Weight .....	26,711 lbs.
Arrival wgt. (live).....	23,800 lbs.
Transit Shrink (dead in) ..	2,911 lbs.
Per cent. of purchased wgt.	10.89 p.c.
Purchase weight .....	26,711 lbs.
Killing Weight .....	20,659 lbs.
2½ per cent. killing weight	516 lbs.
Cutting weight .....	20,143 lbs.
Cutting Shrink .....	6,568 lbs.
Per cent. of purchase wgt.	24.58 p.c.
Remarks.	

Net cost dressed per lb.....0864

Note, the hogs shipped from O'Day were a high class quality of stock, while the other load shipped on the same day was of poor quality. The number of hogs was practically the same in both loads, a double deck. The time made was the same to the killing. The purchase cost of these two loads was the same and the freight the same, yet the O'Day hogs only shrank in transit five per cent. against ten per cent. for the other load, and the O'Day hogs cut sixteen per cent. against twenty-four and a half per cent. for the other load. The net cost, you see, for the O'Day hogs was \$8.01 per hundred against \$8.64 for the other load, or a difference of sixty-three cents per hundred. Now you can readily see that when the packing house would buy hogs from O'Day the next time, they could afford to pay a better price at the farm to him, and a lesser price to the other man, as they would know absolutely what to expect from each.

Now, just one point that I want to call attention to that the farmers and purchasers of live stock have to contend with in the shipping of the hogs from the farms to the packing house, and which, if it could be remedied, would greatly benefit the farmer, the purchasing agent and the packer, and that is, the swapping of the hogs in the stock yards. Let me cite a fact: Five years ago, when I was shipping from the farm to the packing house, I bought one hundred hogs from J. P. Beall, Mattoon, Illinois, which made one double-deck car-load. These hogs were all fed by one man, Mr. Dole, one of the very best feeders in Coles county. They were high grade hogs and of uniform weight. I had been having all kinds of trouble on account of the swapping of hogs in the stock yards in Indianapolis. I had taken it

up with Mr. H. S. Storrs, General Superintendent of the Lake Shore Railroad, to see if it could not be stopped. Storrs turned my correspondence over to Grammer, another official, and Grammer in turn, turned it over to Dutcher, General Stock Agent of the New York Central road. Mr. Dutcher knew me and I knew him, but we had not seen each other in ten years.

My hogs passed through here. I put a tracer after them myself, and then went on personally. I got out to the yards in Buffalo very early in the morning, so as not to meet any of the men who knew me, as I was very well known there. I located the pen where my hogs were unloaded, and to my astonishment I found in my load of fine, uniform, three hundred pound average hogs, twenty-two pigs, weighing something like one hundred and twenty-five pounds each. The number of the hogs were the same, tallying with the number shipped, tallying with the number unloaded off the cars at Buffalo; but twenty-two of my fine hogs had been taken out and these twenty-two pigs had been put in their place. I said nothing about this at Buffalo. I went on checking them out to Boston. The only place that they were unloaded en route was at Buffalo. I saw the hogs as they came off the cars in Boston, had them checked off by the Squire people, and knew absolutely that I was right. Then I went down to New York. I knew about the time that Mr. Dutcher got to his New York office. He had been the whole thing for sixty years in connection with the live stock business of the New York Central. The office clerk said that Mr. Dutcher had just stepped out, but would be back in a few minutes. When he came in, he let on as though he didn't know me. Then he said: "Hello, Rhody,

are you the one who is sending all of these complaints? I ought to kick you out of the office, but I suppose that you are here for business." I said, "Yes. I have got several thousand dollars in claims against your railroad for slow time, swapping of hogs in Buffalo and deaths due to carelessness, which I am here to collect—and I am here for business." I then related the case of the twenty-two pigs, which had just happened. "Why," he said, "don't you know that there is not an honest stock-yards in the country. I had new keys made a number of times in the last fifty or sixty years for the New York Central stock yards' pens and within three days' time practically every commission man in the yards would have duplicate keys." He said he had had keys made time and again for the Buffalo, Albany and New York yards, which belonged to the New York Central, and that they would get duplicate keys there. He said, "How are we going to stop it?" I said I would stop it. I asked him if the farmer was responsible for the swapping of the hogs in the yards, which he ships East—is he not to be protected? He knows his hogs, he has raised them himself, and yet, when they arrive at their destination it is reported back to him that in the fine bunch of hogs that he had shipped, every one of which he well knew—hogs which run as uniform as eggs—they had found twenty-two or twenty-five pigs, as the case might be. What recourse has the farmer? Who is he to suspect? Is he to think the house he is shipping to, the John P. Squire and Company, or some other similar company, is dishonest, and be forced to ship his hogs to a local market, or a local stock yards, where the same thing would happen again? Or am I responsible when I buy the farmer's hogs outright from

him at his farm, know absolutely what I am getting from him, and then have the house that I am buying for report back to me these pigs, and the heavy shrinkage from the original weights? The house would soon lose confidence in my representation. I asked him why not have stock yards where no commission men could have access? I said to Mr. Dutcher in conclusion, I am here for the purpose of finding out if there is not some way that these frauds perpetrated in your stock yards can be stopped, and I am here to collect the money for the damages sustained.

Then I went home and I put my claims in against the railroad company, and they paid every one of the claims, and I haven't seen Mr. Dutcher since. He looked to be about sixty years old, although he was about eighty at the time.

Mr. S. Henry Skelton in attempting to establish a packing house in New England, in opposition to the Beef Trust, is honest in his purpose of supplying to the New England trade the high grade, unadulterated products which he had furnished them for so many years before the North Company, with whom he had been associated, was absorbed by the Trust. He realizes the great fraud that is being perpetrated upon the people by the sale of low-grade products and by the advertising and selling of "country sausage" and "country cured hams" as the real article, when in fact they are the manufactured products of the packers, and it is his purpose to try and enlighten the people along these lines.

Mr. S. Henry Skelton has been connected with the packing house business for about forty years, or since he was a boy, and he has traveled over many foreign countries in the



interest of the North Packing House. Thirty years ago it was possibly the second largest packing house in the United States. The Squire House and North House were then the two largest in the country, especially for summer packing. There is hardly a man living who has as much knowledge of the trade. You will note from the following letters the fight he is making against the Trust in trying to establish an independent packing house in New England.

MR. SKELTON'S LETTER ON THIS SUBJECT.

1014 BEACON ST., BROOKLINE,  
March 11, 1909.

*Mr. R. R. Shiel, Riggs House, Washington, D. C.:*

My Dear Sir—I received yours of the 9th and was pleased to hear from you. I wish to thank you for your kind invitation to visit you at Washington and nothing would give me more pleasure, but at present I have a lame knee, which prevents me from getting around very well except on crutches, this was from an accident at the farm, but I am expecting it will be well again shortly.

I am still working to get a license for packing house, the Swifts have been able to shut me out in Everett and Chelsea, but am now going to try another place, they use both money and influence to prevent any independent plant from getting a foothold. Just now the papers here are full of the fact that they are selling infected beef cows which are condemned by the State as having tuberculosis. It seems the New England Dressed Meat and Wool Company, a Swift concern, have a contract with the State to kill and take tuberculosis cows, and those which the State inspectors

say are only slightly infected they have been getting the government stamp on as fit for food and selling them for good meat. The Boston Post, a prominent morning daily, took the matter up and the public are up in arms about it. Their man Walter Glidden is in the governor's council, and the governor is getting into hot water for allowing the practice to continue. With all their money and the profits of the big monopoly they are not satisfied unless they can make more money out of this tainted beef. It will react on them by causing people to eat less beef for a time. Enclosed is list of plants the Swift people control in New England, from which you can see there is not much left, and how bad the trade here want an independent plant.

I will any time give you any information you want; don't hesitate to ask. I could give volumes on this Swift and Beef Trust workings. Damage claims are one of the late schemes for rebates from railroad companies.

Yours truly,

(Signed) S. H. SKELTON.

April 20th, 1909.

*Mr. R. R. Shiel, Washington, D. C.:*

Dear Sir—I have your telegrams and letter. I have been spending so much time in trying to get a license within reasonable distance from the market district of Boston that have not had time for anything else. When I think I have got what I am after I find the Trust influence and money have blocked me, but am still at it, and am trying new town now where the promise looks good.

I regret I have not had the time to put few facts in shape for you and in such a way as not to offend my friends

here, who in certain ways are trying to help me. It is the advice of some of these friends that I should not tell what I know of the forming of the Beef Monopoly, as they think it might hurt me with some of the moneyed interests, who so strongly support the Swifts with money they loan them, as you know, notwithstanding their \$50,000,000 of capital, they are still heavy borrowers of the banks and private capitalists, and on the whole I think possibly it is best for me, while I am trying to get back into the business in an independent way, to keep still on the subject of Swift's Beef Trust and monopoly of the food supply. You will, of course, have ample matter without my saying any more than I have already said to you in former letters, for the present at least.

Wishing you every success, with best regards,

Yours truly,

S. HENRY SKELTON.

### FRUIT QUESTION, ETC.

On the fruit question nothing can be more encouraging than the situation as outlined by Mr. J. M. Zion. He shows what the future holds for Indiana in this respect, and he proves it by citing his own experience as a fruit raiser who has banked heavily on the value of Hoosier soil and climate for fruit.

Captain Templeton's letter is well worthy of perusal, not only because he has been for half a century the largest individual feeder of stock in Indiana, but also because of the possibilities—in fact, the certainties—which he points to as the result of intelligent breeding and feeding of animals.

Mr. Templeton, like his father, was born on a farm, November 20, 1829, and since 1850 has been engaged in the live stock business. In 1853 he went to Iowa and began shipping to Chicago, Buffalo and New York. In his early day he knew Mr. Solon Robinson, who was the first man to report the live stock market in the New York Tribune. At that time 5,000 cattle would glut the market, and a reduction of 50 cents a hundred would cause it to fall. During the war, from a private in the Third Iowa Infantry, he rose to the position of Captain of Company F.

Mr. McCrea is right in his statement that the packers should be protected as well as the farmers, and that inspection should not be overlooked on the farm. The way this could be done would be to compel the farmers to get rid of the low grade and "knot-head" and "pennyroyal" cattle, and to breed up their live stock. The farms also should be inspected, and when disease is found among the live stock, the owners should be instructed in the care and treatment of the diseased animals so as to obviate the spread of the disease among the others and to prevent it from becoming widespread. This is now done in Denmark. They should also be instructed in the care of the sound animals, and in the improvement of the sanitary condition of the stock.

You fully understand that the Beef Trust has absorbed practically all of these packing houses in the East which I have mentioned and which I bought for for years, such as the John P. Squire & Co., North Packing Co., and White, Pevey & Dexter, and that time and again the Trust has throttled the smaller dealers and many large ones, so that they have been obliged to make the consumer suffer.

I venture to assert that every gentleman on the Com-

mission on Country Life has had flaunted before him on the menus of not a few first-class hotels the phrases, "Beechnut Bacon," "Beechnut Ham," etc. There is no greater fraud than this ignorance or deceit on the part of hotel stewards and proprietors.

First-class meat cannot be gotten out of hogs fed on mast of any kind. Hogs fed on beechnuts or mast always sell in New York one to three dollars per hundred less than corn-fed hogs. At present prices they will sell three to four dollars per hundred less. In Boston they won't use beechnut fattened hogs, as the lard and bacon will run to oil. They are what is known to the trade as "soft" hogs. Still slop-fed hogs run the same and sell two to three dollars less than corn-fed.



# Letters of Individual Expression

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## MR. E. O'DAY'S LETTER.

LONDON, OHIO, December 14, 1908.

*Mr. R. R. Shiel:*

Dear Sir—Your letter received and in reply will say that blue grass seems to be a natural production of this section. It has always grown here as long as I can remember. I have lived here all my life. I am now fifty-eight years old. We have now mostly the Shropshire sheep. There are still a few Merinos.

My father's name was Henry O'Day. He was born in Fairfield county, Ohio, and came to this county (Madison) when about eighteen years old and settled near Mr. Sterling. He always lived on a farm and did considerable in the shipping business from about 1865 to 1880. He died in 1883.

I lived on a farm till I was thirty years old. I then moved to London, having become engaged in the shipping business, which I have followed ever since in connection with looking after my farming interests.

Yours respectfully,

E. O'DAY.

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## MR. ALEX. J. McCREA'S LETTER.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, December 28, 1908.

*Mr. R. R. Shiel, Shiel Apartment House, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

My Dear Sir—Your favor of the 22d, with enclosures mentioned, was duly received. I also acknowledge receipt

of a communication from your Mr. E. A. Byrkit, enclosing copy of your letter under date of November 2d, to President Roosevelt.

Most gladly would I comply with your request to give you a comparative statement for the past forty years of general farm conditions, live stock, poultry and soil of Ohio, but I have not sufficient data on hand to give you the required information, neither can I answer your other questions about levees, drainage, scientific farming and colleges, as it would require more time to look up reference on these subjects than I can now spare.

In a general way I know that the farm conditions and the raising of cattle, hogs and sheep in Ohio during the past forty years have undergone considerable changes, showing, in central and southern sections, a large percentage of gain for betterment to date.

You speak of the poor quality of "knot-head" cattle and "razor-back" hogs in some portions of the South Central States, advising government intervention to bring about the better grade of cattle and swine. Do you think if the people of the mountainous regions of Tennessee and Kentucky were furnished with better animals for breeding purposes, that they would give them any better care in housing and feeding than they now give to the "knot heads" and "razor-backs"? Your article on "Conditions of Live Stock" in Denmark partially answers these questions.

You commend the President for his betterment of the meat inspection law. It is true that the Bureau of Animal Industry, under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture, has accomplished wonders in the improvement of

conditions in raising cattle, hogs and sheep in the United States; but the betterment has all been for the farmer. In the meat inspection law no protection at all is given the packer, whose margin of profit under the most favorable conditions is small. A packer can give full price for animals that apparently look healthy, but which show disease, or are unfit for human food on post-mortem inspection. In this case the loss falls entirely on the packer, and he has no redress. The meat inspection law, to be just, should commence at the farm, making it impossible and unlawful for the producer of a diseased or unhealthy animal to offer the same for sale for food purposes.

I have read your letters and articles with considerable interest and commend the unselfish spirit which animates you to bring about better conditions in the live stock industry; but while you are about it, I would kindly ask that you try to benefit the packer also, as he is just as necessary to the consuming public as the farmer. An improvement in the meat inspection laws is what the packer ought to be granted, and I hope the same can be embodied in your bill when it is introduced.

You ask regarding myself and ancestors. My ancestors emigrated from the Highlands of Scotland, to the north of Ireland. My father emigrated to America, in 1838, and settled in Ithaca, N. Y., where I was born October 15th, 1844. I came to Cleveland in September, 1862, and went to work for C. J. Comstock & Company. John D. Rockefeller was keeping books at the time for Comstock & Company, and I was delegated to sweep out his office. My brother James was the Company. Afterwards the firm was changed to Comstock, McCrea & Company. At that

time Cleveland was a great beef packing center, and our firm did a large business in packing cattle and hogs and shipping the products principally to New York, with considerable going up the lakes. There were hundreds of cattle driven in by drovers, and grazed in the suburbs of Cleveland, waiting for chances to get to the slaughter house, which has all been changed.

In 1867 I went to Omaha and worked for Messrs. Sheely Bros. Co. They had a contract to furnish salt pork for the Indians quartered at Sioux City. I, having served my time in the packing house in Cleveland, was the only available man in Omaha to salt meat, and I claim to be the first one to do the packing of pork in Omaha. I came back to Cleveland and went with Comstock, McCrea & Company. I was their purchasing and sales agent for five years, when I branched out with my brother James under the firm name of James McCrea & Company, and later built the plant I am now in, known as the Ohio Provision Company, which has been doing a successful business since 1882.

Regarding the Rose brothers: I was told by their old foreman, James Gerneds, of Buffalo, that Benjamin, George and Edward Rose came from England to Buffalo in 1848 and worked under Gerneds in Bulimore's Packing establishment. They afterwards came to Cleveland and opened a pork store under the name of Rose Bros., on Ontario street. Later Benjamin withdrew from the firm and started on his own "hook," taking in later Chauncey Prentis, and calling the firm Rose & Prentis. Afterwards Prentis withdrew, and Benjamin Rose incorporated the firm of the Cleveland Provision Company, which has done a very large, and I understand very successful business. All of

the three brothers mentioned have died. They were all good citizens, and honorable competitors.

With the best wishes for your success in this undertaking, and kindest regards, I am, as ever,

Your sincere friend,

ALEX. J. McCREA.

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MR. S. F. LOCKRIDGE'S LETTER.

WESTWOOD SHORTHORNS,  
S. F. LOCKRIDGE, PROPRIETOR.

GREENCASTLE, IND., December 11, 1908.

*Mr. R. R. Shiel:*

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 5th inst., with enclosed copy of letter from Secretary to Chairman of "Commission on Country Life," was duly received.

I shall endeavor to answer your questions in the order you have stated them. In the first place, from a beef point of view, I do not believe the cattle of this county, or of this State, outside of the pure bred herds, are as good as they were forty years ago. The reason for this deterioration is very apparent to any one acquainted with the facts. Up to the early seventies all the improvement in the county on the common stocks was made by the use of pure bred Shorthorn bulls. Dr. A. C. Stevenson and Joseph Allen, of Greencastle, imported Shorthorns from Great Britain into this county, in 1853. Pure bred Shorthorn bulls had been used here for a number of years prior to that event. The result was that at the period I mention, the early seventies, we had a class of cattle in this county that



showed all the characteristics of the pure bred Shorthorn, in other words they were *high grade* Shorthorns. Now, then, what followed. About this time, 1870 to 1872, began the importation of new breeds of cattle from Europe. First came the Jersey or Alderney from the Channel Islands—dairy cattle that had been bred for ages from the standpoint alone of milk and butter production. They had none, or very little, of the beef-making characteristics. Our American farmer with his natural tendency to seek out the new and untried, urged on by his wife, who had no interest whatever in the beef proposition, but centered all her ambition in the milk and butter problem, concluded he could make a ten-strike by crossing his high grade Shorthorn on a Jersey bull and thus kill two birds with one stone. The result was unsatisfactory, as anyone with the knowledge of the science of breeding could have told him. Instead of halting or retracing his steps, he continued his ruinous policy by trying a cross of Holstein, another dairy breed, and then still further accelerated his downward course by an infusion of Hereford or Aberdeen Angus blood, new breeds from England and Scotland. Naturally the result of this miscegenation was a mongrel that could not be classed either with the beef or milk breeds, and was a losing proposition to everyone into whose hands he chanced to fall.

Such in a great measure is the type of cattle in this county today, and I may also say of the central Western States.

The best cattle for beef production exclusively will be found on the ranches of the West. For a number of years past the far-sighted owners of the great ranges have used

only pure bred bulls of the beef breeds, Shorthorn and Hereford, and from their pastures only can we obtain steers, in any number, unadulterated with the dairy breeds.

What I have said as to the cattle of our Central States will apply also to other breeds of domesticated animals, horses, sheep and swine. They have been crossed to such an extent that the characteristics of each have been lost in the heterogeneous combine.

You speak of Montgomery county as having gone ahead of Monroe and Putnam and Tippecanoe, in each of which there is a college. I am inclined to think that an investigation would show that Montgomery county has little, if any, in improvement in live stock over other counties of the State, and the universities in each, being altogether literary, could in no wise affect the live stock industry. Purdue University, being a strictly agricultural college, supported by the State, and devoted to the interests of agriculture and live stock simply, should in the nature of the case excel purely literary colleges in the way of farm education.

Strictly speaking, blue grass was never established in Putnam county, or in Indiana. It is indigenous to the soil. Kentucky, that has for years been heralded as the blue grass State *par excellence*, got its first seed from the territory of Indiana during the War of 1812. The soldiers from Kentucky who were fighting the Indians in the then territory of Indiana, found the blue grass growing luxuriantly about the deserted Indian villages, and noting the avidity with which their horses partook of the grass, stripped the seed from the stems and carried it with them on their return home.

I have heard my grandfather, who was a soldier of 1812, say that near these Indian villages where the forests had been cleared and the sunlight admitted, the blue grass was often found, to use his own expression, "belly deep to a horse."

Some thirty odd years ago the late Col. Tom Dowling, of Terre Haute, then a member of the State Board of Agriculture, related to me the following incident: He was a great admirer of Henry Clay, the statesman, and at one time paid Mr. Clay a visit at the latter's home at Ashland, near Lexington, Ky. Mr. Clay was a lover of fine stock, and had made several important importations of cattle and horses from England. The two men strolled over the estate looking at and admiring the live stock, and finally brought up at the barn, where Colonel Dowling noticed some very fine blue grass, cut and tied in bundles, as was then the custom. He expressed his thanks to Mr. Clay for the manner in which he had been entertained, and asked the favor of taking home with him some of the *original* Kentucky blue grass seed. Mr. Clay complied with his request, but smiled as he said, "Do you know that Kentucky got its first blue grass seed from the territory of Indiana at a point near Fort Harrison, just above Terre Haute, a short time before it became a State?"

The late Prof. John Collet, State Geologist, told me about the same time, that blue grass was indigenous to Indiana; that its natural home was a clay subsoil on a limestone foundation, and that these conditions were found in a perfect state in nineteen counties in Indiana running diagonally across the State from the northwest to the southeast. This belt, of course, would be south of the

prairie lands, and Putnam county would be in the heart of it. While I believe that blue grass can be successfully grown in almost every State of our Union with proper care and cultivation, yet I think there is no question whatever that its original home was in our own State of Indiana.

My father, Andrew Malone Lockridge, was born in Montgomery county, Ky., March 30, 1814. His father died when he was twelve years old, leaving his widowed mother with nine children of whom he was the eldest son, his brother Robert, the youngest child, having been born about the time of his father's death. My grandfather Lockridge, sometime before his death in 1826, had, by entry and purchase, procured land in the north part of Putnam county, this State. In the fall of 1835, when my father was twenty-one years of age, the family moved from Kentucky to this State. One of my father's sisters married Mr. Charles Bridges, who was the father of William and James Bridges, whom you probably knew in the course of your dealings in this county.

Very truly yours,

S. F. LOCKRIDGE.

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#### MR. JOHN L. MORGAN'S LETTER.

MARCO, IND., December 17, 1908.

*R. R. Shiel, Esq., Indianapolis, Ind.:*

My Dear Mr. Shiel—In reply to your inquiry as to my views on the betterment of the live stock interest of the county, beg to say I am heartily in accord with your views, and certainly think there is plenty of room for the building up of all kinds of live stock as well as poultry, etc.

When my father came to Indiana, in 1854, this particular part of Indiana, viz., Greene county, was almost a wilderness; nothing but wild hogs three to five years old, frogs and malaria. But now, by the combined efforts of a few progressive farmers in this particular part of the county we have largely half to thoroughbred breeds of both cattle and hogs, and hogs that thirty years ago took from two and one-half to three years to make them weigh 225 pounds to 250 pounds can now be made to weigh above at six to eight months old, besides producing much more of the high-priced cuts of meat, and particularly is this condition more noticeable in the scrub cattle of thirty years ago and the thoroughbred cattle of today. And all these changes have been brought about by the united efforts of a few men, and no help from either State or Government. I think it should be a law that no man should be allowed to keep a male animal unless he be a thoroughbred; and if that were the case in a few years all our live stock would be of the very best.

Aside from live stock, I am very much interested in the breeding up of seed corn and other grains, and in general raising the standard of all breeds of live stock as well as all agricultural products. And I do think it would be far better for the masses of the people, if the Government would pay more attention to the up-building of live stock, poultry, etc.; to the drainage of swamp lands, the building of levees, etc., than giving so much attention, and paying out large sums of money looking after the fish and game of this country. It is true the game and fish should be protected, but by their protection does not mean an increase of productiveness of the soil nor an increase of taxes to the country.



Less than twenty years ago the first dredge ditch was dug in Greene county, and now practically all the swamp lands are redeemed and in cultivation, and land twenty years ago that could hardly be sold at any price and when it did sell could be bought for five to ten dollars per acre, today is worth and has ready sale at \$125 to \$150 per acre and is paying 10 per cent. interest on these prices. Thus you see what thorough drainage will do. But in redeeming all these vast areas of swamp land it worked some hardship on quite a few land owners, as in many instances the ditch assessments ranged from \$5 to \$10 per acre, and as the owners of these lands had no income, they had to sell. But this has all been done and the present owners are now enjoying the income from fertile and productive lands.

I also think there should be more attention given to our agricultural colleges. We should have educated raisers of live stock and farmers as well as educated lawyers and doctors; there should be a united effort to make the farms productive, attractive and remunerative, and by so doing, keep the "boys on the farm." With best wishes, I am,

Very truly,

JNO. L. MORGAN.

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MR. W. I. S. PINNELL'S LETTER.

KANSAS, ILL., December 7, 1908.

*R. R. Shiel, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

Dear Sir—In reply to yours of the 5th inst., I will say my grandparents first settled in Culpepper county, Culpepper Court House, Va. They removed about 1812 to Oldham, Ky., which is about twenty miles south of Louis-

ville. In November, 1830, I removed with my father and grandfather to Edgar county, Illinois, near where I now live. I was two years old at that time. Have since lived seventy-eight years in this same voting precinct.

The weather at the time we landed in Illinois was extremely cold, the snow was two feet deep on the level. Long and tedious were the days at that time for these old pioneers—no money to do with and not much needed. It was fierce settling, and everything was in a wild state. Deer, turkeys and the much-dreaded wolf were in abundance. Fine timber and prairie grass grew prolific. There was no grass here at that time except the wild prairie grass. The blue grass commenced to make its appearance shortly after the settlers began to cultivate the soil. I would say, about 1840.

About my mother's people, I have but little knowledge, except to say my father married mother in Kentucky, where I was born November 14, 1828. Mother's maiden name was Frances Marshall Estos. She was an aunt of C. T. Estos, now a resident of Brockton, Ill. You will remember "Toot" Estos—we all called him by that name when we used to be in business. You well know my three sons. J. E. attended the N. W. C. University, your city, for two years. H. F. attended a business and economical school at Bloomington, Ill., and W. O. P. attended the common schools here.

We have noted with regret Richard Webber's demise in the papers. He was the best butcher this country has ever known. He bought practically all of our production of cattle for more than thirty years. It is a great loss to the business to lose such a man as Richard Webber, and also

Mr. Eastman, who bought many of our Illinois cattle. He was a grand, good man. No one could palm Jerseys off on him. Also John P. Squire, of Boston, who has been a buyer of our hogs for more than forty years. He was known as the greatest man in the trade thirty-five and forty years ago.

The good feeders have always suffered by going to the market where they have to sell their stuff to men who have no judgment of the kinds and quality and where commission men in selling a string of cattle force in the sale of a load of Jersey steers at a higher price, by lowering the price on the man who has the load of high grade cattle.

I remember well the fourteen hundred hogs that you contracted of myself and my cousin W. O. Pinnell. I think it was in the year '68. Other men here had hogs contracted for when the decline came but didn't get them off; but you took our hogs for which you had contracted and paid us the contract price of \$8.75.

Yours, truly,

W. I. S. PINNELL.

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### CAPTAIN LEROY TEMPLETON'S LETTER.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., December 24, 1908.

*R. R. Shiel, Esq.:*

Sir—Allow me to congratulate you on the good work you have engaged in, to wit, the increase of the meat supply, butter, milk, poultry and poultry products—an increase not only as to quantity, but also improvement of the quality.

Will our high-bred race horses, trotters and pacers ever excel Dan Patch? Can our prize cattle, sheep and hogs

be still further improved? From my experience and observation of sixty years, together with close study, I answer, "Yes, without doubt." What has been done in the past by individual effort in breeding high-grade live stock can be greatly augmented by State aid in passing such laws as will put a stop to the reproducing of low-grade animals. Our meat animals can be bred to any type desired by selecting with care in crossing the blood. High-grade breeding, together with care in feeding to maturity, will soon raise the percentage of good meat.

Great improvement has been made within the last twenty years in the breeding and feeding of cattle, sheep and hogs, and a wonderful increase has been marked in weight of our poultry of all kinds in the last few years. Less than fifty years ago the horse called Dexter trotted and made the first record of a three-minute gait. At that time it was thought to be a wonderful thing for a horse to do, and that it would probably never be beaten. Now at this time the best record is under two minutes. If this great change can be made in the horse in and through breeding and feeding, surely like results can be obtained on other lines in cattle, sheep and swine. Nature study, together with intelligent energy applied in breeding meat animals, cannot but result in raising the standard of all kinds of meat consumed by man.

I have learned that the crossing of species and selection wisely directed are great and powerful means for the transformation of all life in the animal kingdom along lines that lead constantly upward. The crossing of species is to me paramount. Upon it, wisely directed and accompanied by a rigid selection of the best, and as rigid exclu-

sion of the poorest, rests the hope of all progress. No scrub or inferior animal should be allowed to reproduce its kind. Sterilize all male animals of low and inferior grade. Let this be done by authority of law and made practical by government commission. The mere crossing of species unaccompanied by selection, wise supervision, intelligent care and patience is not likely to result in marked good and may result in harm. Unorganized effort is often vicious in its tendencies. Let me lay stress on the favorable conditions now presented in the United States. I think it fair to say that we are now on the eve of enjoying the grandest opportunity ever presented to develop the finest meat animals ever produced in the history of the world. Let us adopt the philosophy and teaching of our great authors in the science of natural history, "Sexual selection and the survival of the fittest," in all our domestic animals.

As suggested above, let us all bend our efforts first to accomplish this improvement. Later on we can take up production in a wider sense and the transportation and distribution of all food products.

Yours truly,

LEROY TEMPLETON.

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#### JUDGE T. E. HOWARD'S LETTER.

SOUTH BEND, IND., December 17, 1908.

*Hon. R. R. Shiel, Indianapolis:*

My Dear Sir—Yours in reference to "Commission on Country Life" received. I wish I had the time to write you my views in full as to the important questions to be considered by that commission. The reclamation of our barren hilltops, comforts of farm life, and all that concerns the



waste of our vast natural wealth in connection with these things, are entitled to the wisest thought of the best minds of America.

My duties as Dean of the Law School of the University of Notre Dame, however, so absorb my time that I cannot write to you as I would. It was my privilege while a member of the Indiana Senate to introduce and have passed bills for the removal of the limestone ledge in the Kankakee at Momence, a little West of the Indiana line. Sixty-five thousand dollars in all were appropriated from the State treasury, and the result of the work has been of immense benefit to the million of acres of our Kankakee swamp lands. But the work, although good, was not sufficient. The rock obstruction in the river was lowered less than four feet, while it should be to ten feet. It is a work, in its completeness, to be undertaken only by the general government. Many acres of the lands have been reclaimed by private ownership, in connection with the work done by the State, and the result is hundreds of acres of the richest farming lands in America. But the whole valley should be reclaimed, and we should then have what it has often been truthfully claimed as the future of this rich region—that it is to be “The Garden of Chicago.”

You are doing a good work, my dear Mr. Shiel, in aiding the “Commission on Country Life” in its mission for bettering the condition of our great rural population.

I have talked with Mr. Aaron Jones, former President of the National Grange, and one of the ablest of all American farmers, as to the work you are doing, and he fully sympathizes with you and your work, and he will write to you to say so.

Very respectfully yours,

TIMOTHY E. HOWARD.

## MR. JOHN L. GREEN'S LETTER.

INDIANAPOLIS, December 23, 1908.

*Mr. R. R. Shiel, City:*

Dear Sir—The levee you ask about is along the Wabash below Vincennes, running from the city line along the river down to the C. & V. R. R. bridge, a distance of about ten to twelve miles. The railroad grade up to Vincennes from the bridge, and the levee built along the Wabash, protect about twelve thousand acres of land, as fine for corn and wheat as can be found anywhere in the State. This land, before William H. Brevort built this levee along the river, could be bought for \$15 to \$35 per acre, while now it readily sells for \$100 per acre, and some few pieces have been sold for \$125. I can remember when this land was all covered with water most of the year. I have spent most of my life there. I was born there in 1846 and lived there until 1894. My father, William Green, located there in 1833, and his home is there now. I heard him say in the past two years that nothing would do as much good for that part of the State as to levee the Wabash from Terre Haute to the mouth. It would redeem enough land on both sides of the river that the corn and wheat produced would pay the cost in a very few years. No finer corn and wheat are grown anywhere than in the Wabash River bottoms. Knox county, Indiana, and Lawrence county, Illinois, produce as much wheat and corn, and as fine in quality, as is produced anywhere.

I can remember in younger days that three to five steamboats of good size were busy the year around in hauling corn and wheat, covering the distance from Terre Haute to the mouth of the river, while now you seldom see any boats

of size. Occasionally you will see some little boat with one or two barges trying to find water enough to get along. While there is a great deal of money being spent to protect the fish and game, why not look to the interest of the many by protecting the low land along the river, and land that will increase in value, so the wheat and corn produced will pay the cost in a very few years?

William H. Brevort, who built this short levee himself at his expense, should have the thanks of many a small farmer who lives along the river bank, and now derives the benefit of his work. There is an effort being made now to build a levee from what is known as St. Thomas over to the hills at Deckers, on the E. & T. H. R. R., which, with what has been done by Brevort, will redeem some fifty to sixty thousand acres of as fine corn and wheat land as can be found anywhere. The same land now is not worth over fifty dollars an acre, while if protected it would readily sell for \$100. I could tell you of other lands that would be benefited, but think this will give you an idea of what you have asked me for.

Yours truly,

J. L. GREEN.



WEST BADEN SPRINGS HOTEL.  
WEST BADEN, IND.

MR. LEE WILEY SINCLAIR'S LETTER.

WEST BADEN, IND., December 9, 1908.

*R. R. Shiel, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

Dear Sir—Yours of December 7th received, and at your request am sending you the following:

Lee Wiley Sinclair, capitalist, born at Cloverdale, Putnam county, Indiana, February 18, 1836; reared on a farm, educated in country schools. Was engaged in the woolen mills business at Greencastle, Salem, Indiana, and South Chicago, Illinois, until 1888. In 1888 bought one-third interest in the West Baden Springs and in 1901 acquired entire interest of partnership, organized and is president of the West Baden Springs Company. In 1902 erected at this resort a hotel costing one million dollars. This hotel is undoubtedly the most unique and complete in the world. Is now, and has been, president of the Bank of Salem since 1880; is also president of the West Baden National Bank, which he organized in 1902. He is interested in various industries in the State.

Yours very truly,

“PRES.”

## MR. FRANK F. DEAN'S LETTER.

SOLON, IND., December 13, 1908.

*R. R. Shiel, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

Dear Comrade—Yours of the 7th inst. received last night, the delay being caused by it going to Marble Hill, which is not my postoffice now. I am sorry for the delay, but it can't be helped now.

In answer to your inquiry, I would say that the soil of our hillsides is eminently suited to blue grass, and it will grow there equal to any place in the country. The cliffs are magnesian and blue shell limestone.

As to apples and peaches, that while some localities *may* produce better apples, it is doubtful; and as to peaches, we have demonstrated in past years that we can beat the world in quality and flavor. I have sold peaches in Cincinnati in competition with peaches from Delaware, Ohio and Kentucky, and in Chicago in competition with Michigan peaches, frequently at double the prices they brought.

Mr. Leland, proprietor of the Leland Hotel in Chicago, who was a California man, once told me that he would rather have one bushel of my peaches, for his own eating, than a carload of California peaches. Twenty years ago the hills along the Ohio river on both sides were covered with peach trees, my father, self and brothers having 125,000 trees in bearing, resulting in overstocking the market to the extent that the planting of more orchards ceased, and the orchards dying out, there is not many grown in this vicinity now, although the industry is being revived.

My brother, Hiram P., who lives at 3440 N. Salem street, Indianapolis, in connection with some other Indianapolis



parties, set out 9,000 peach and apple trees in the last two years, and expect to plant 30,000 more in the Spring.

I believe that the river hillsides would produce fine grapes also.

If I can do anything further to aid you, let me know and I will do what I can.

Yours very truly,

FRANK F. DEAN.

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### MR. E. R. SMITH'S LETTER.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., December 19, 1908.

*Hon. R. R. Shiel, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

My Dear Sir—In replying to your question concerning rural life in Franklin county, Indiana, and my relations thereto, I beg you to indulge a bit of personal history that will in part answer your inquiry. For the past twenty years I have traveled in the States West of Pennsylvania, and as my early life was spent on a farm, it has been easy for me to keep up my bucolic interests, especially since I have had the general management of the home farm for many years.

The most of my traveling has been in Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Wyoming and the Coast States, and I have watched with great interest the discussions of such questions as "The extension of wheat and corn belts," "The irrigation of arid lands," "The grazing of sheep and cattle on public lands," etc., etc. The changes brought about in these Western States have been like bringing new worlds into view. Of course, I have always studied them in comparison with my home state, Indiana. For instance, I have seen cattle and sheep grazed on the Western plains with

great profit, where there is not as much grass on five acres as there is in southern Indiana on one acre. I have seen Western apples sell in our local markets at top prices although they were in no way to be compared to our home apples in flavor and color. I saw the orchards of Missouri, southern Illinois and Ohio develop and produce wonderfully. I could see no reason for Indiana being behind except for want of trial, and finally after testing the lands in many States I decided that there is no better place to raise sheep and fruit, especially apples, than in southern Indiana.

I examined many places and finally came upon the "Bill Day" farm at Laurel, Franklin county, Indiana. Here is a tract of 750 acres of rolling land that is well grassed, well watered, and well wooded with choice hardwood timber. There is but little plow land, but an abundance of orchard slope and blue grass pasture.

Before purchasing the land, I asked horticultural experts from Indiana and Ohio to visit the place and make detailed reports as to the advisability of planting a commercial orchard there. Their reports gave unqualified endorsement to the plan. They discussed the top soil, subsoil, stratas, surface drainage, soil drainage, air drainage, slope of land, climate, etc., and found nothing wanting. Prof. Cox, of Ohio, pronounced it the most desirable orchard site he had ever examined. Upon the recommendation of these men and our best nursery men, we have now planted 4,000 trees, all apple trees and all of the highest class fruit—Jonathans, Grimes, Goldens, Wine Saps and Roman Beauties. We shall add 6,000 more of the same varieties next spring, planting in all about 300 acres. We are equipped

to give these trees and the ground the best possible care. Ten years hence a half crop from this orchard, at present prices, will yield \$150,000.

In addition to our orchards, we will carry a herd of thoroughbred sheep—the Hampshiredowns. These we will breed exclusively for the spring lamb trade. They cannot but do well on the blue grass hills.

Trusting I have answered your questions, I am,

Very truly yours,

E. R. SMITH.

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#### MR. J. M. ZION'S LETTER.

CLARK'S HILL, IND., December 16, 1908.

*Mr. R. R. Shiel, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

Wm. Zion was born at Washington C. H., Penn., February 12, 1812. Started West in 1832, stopping at Rushville, Ind., where he married, and journeyed into Boone county, Indiana, in 1833. He became sheriff of Boone county in 1839. About 1844 he hewed down and "cleared" 20 acres of heavy white oak and walnut timber. The land is now a part of the town of Lebanon. He planted seven acres of apples such as Vandever, Bellflower, Northern Spy, Jemton, Golden Russet, etc., all of which produced excellent crops two years out of three, which were shipped to Cincinnati, Ohio, in car lots. This orchard became famous throughout the State and was profitable for forty years.

James M. Zion, son of William Zion, was born at Lebanon, Indiana, September 22, 1848. He attended school in winter (three months), working on his father's farm and orchard before school time and after, and also when there

was no school. He became a telegrapher and railroad station agent, going West to San Francisco in 1879. He was a close observer of the beginning and development of fruit growing in California, Oregon and Washington. Always appreciating the Pacific Coast States' apples, pears, plums and peaches as the most beautiful grown (with five exceptions), he yet knew that they did not possess the fine flavor of such fruits grown in his father's orchard in Indiana. The growing popularity of the Pacific coast fruits in the Eastern markets, regardless of their flavor, aroused his jealousy for his native State (Indiana); and for many years he could never buy or hear of apples grown in Indiana, as there were not only no apples grown there but that it was generally believed apples could not be grown in Indiana, especially in the central belt of the State. Such was the nature of bulletins sent out by Horticultural and Agricultural universities and crude "Experimental" Stations conducted by Professors who knew no more about apples or how to grow them than "Grape" fruit, then unknown. As I grew older I became more interested and anxious that my native State should be aroused to the fact that Indiana could grow successfully the best-flavored and (some varieties) most beautiful in the world if her people could be taught to adopt modern methods in their orchards, and enact good horticultural laws, such as are enjoyed in Pacific Coast States.

Priding in my native State and desiring to do what I could to develop the horticultural interests of Indiana, I decided to return and dedicate my means and energies toward proving to the world that Indiana could grow beautiful apples at a profit.

My first step was to purchase 320 acres of good corn, wheat, oats and timber land in Tippecanoe county, in the year 1889. Fifty acres were thoroughly drained and set aside for an apple orchard, to the great surprise of every land owner in this part of the State. Many said I might as well plant orange trees, and that we could not grow apples in Indiana. In fact, our Experiment Stations were reporting the same thing, making an exception in Brown county, a county that did not then grow any and today does not grow but a few. Under such a cloud of ignorance I at once saw I must establish an apple, pear, plum, peach and cherry Experiment Station for the benefit of all those in my State who could be induced to engage in fruit growing, especially apples. Consequently I set aside 10 acres for Experiment Station in 1889, and 40 acres for a commercial orchard. I have conducted both the Experiment Station and orchard at an expense of \$15,000.00. The large number of letters of inquiry, congratulations, thanks, etc., received almost daily, and the great and growing interest in apple growing in our State, brings me gratification—saying nothing about the success of my exhibits: first prizes at best grower's exhibit in the State, Gold Medal Apple Exhibit St. Louis, 1904; I have secured almost enough blue ribbons (first prize) to make a circus tent. One barrel of my beautiful apples, 17 to 19½ inches in circumference, went to "Sherry's," New York, for a swell railroad banquet, which I thought not only a good advertisement for myself but also for my State. Many of my friends throughout the State, who had no confidence in my enterprise, are now appreciating and planting large orchards. My desires and ambitions toward encouraging



others to plant orchards are satisfied, except that we have no horticultural legislation such as that enjoyed by Pacific Coast States, which is imperative that we should before we can make a complete success. I anticipate it at next session of Legislature instead of the so-called Nursery Inspection Law, the most deceptive and pernicious ever enacted.

J. M. ZION.

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MR. A. M. GRAHAM'S LETTER.

MADISON, IND., December 19, 1908.

*Mr. Roger R. Shiel, Indianapolis, Indiana:*

My Dear Comrade—Your letter received and I gladly comply with your request for a brief statement of our family history.

My grandfather, Thomas Graham, was born in Scotland, near Edinburgh, in 1809. He came to America in 1830 with his wife, and settled in Cincinnati. He was engaged in the bakery business there, and after one year he came to Madison, Indiana, and continued in the bakery business. He died in 1861, at the age of fifty-two years. He accumulated a competence of more than thirty thousand dollars, which was considered a large fortune at that time. He was survived by seven sons and one daughter.

My father, Thomas Graham, was born at Madison in 1839. He died at the same place in 1901. He was in the forefront of Madison's business affairs during his life. He was many times elected to office in Jefferson county. He entered the army as a private soldier and reached the rank of Major in the 39th Indiana Regiment Volunteer Infantry, later 8th Indiana Cavalry.

My father was an ambitious man, and did much for me and my brothers. He sent one of them to Europe to finish his education for the practice of medicine. This brother, Alois B. Graham, is now practicing in Indianapolis, and is one of the ranking physicians of that city. Another brother, Thomas A. Graham, was sent to Hanover College and educated for the Presbyterian ministry. He studied theology at Princeton University and has occupied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church at Richmond, Indiana, for the past five years. He is still a very young man, and his friends confidently expect great things of him. Myself and brother John have been engaged in the manufacturing business, and have been successful.

My grandfather, over seventy years ago, was impressed with the need for agricultural improvements and the betterment of stock. His business as baker brought him in touch with farmers and millers during his day, and many were the conferences he had with men of the original stock farm and men of the soil about the prospects for the future.

My father, although a manufacturer, was a close observer, and often spoke of the needs of the farmer and the stock raiser more than he did of the river interests. He saw the Ohio dry so often that he almost despaired of its importance as a navigable stream; but he had an abiding faith in the soil and in the farmer, which he always said would be the great sources of wealth in this country. He always complained of the lack of quality of the stock in his early days, and he had no use for the fishing farmer or for the man whom the sun on rising found in bed.

Major Graham left what was regarded a large fortune.

He was public-spirited and took an active part in promoting the welfare of his native town.

As you know, father and you, and your brother James, were in the army together and served in the same regiment. I have often heard my father recount the many deeds of daring and valor performed by you and your brother.

It is a matter of much regret that I did not pay more attention to these things, for they are of much importance, and I believe that people should have an intimate knowledge of their ancestors, but unfortunately we pay too little attention to such things.

Trusting this will give you the facts you want, and with best wishes to you and yours, I am your friend,

A. M. GRAHAM.

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#### MR. S. HENRY SKELTON'S LETTER.

BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, December 23, 1908.

*Mr. R. R. Shiel, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 19th received. I doubt if any combine, even the Beef People, can be induced to act reasonably. Such concerns are worse than the Standard Oil can possibly be. The Beef Combine will discount all others in its far-reaching effects. They now handle produce, eggs, butter and all food products, and make the prices dearer instead of cheaper by their methods. They crowd the middle man out of business. I have had a time with them since July in getting a license for an independent packing house at Everett. They have used their influence and money freely, and report has it that they spent over \$8,000 in the city of Everett, about four miles from Bos-

ton, in shutting me out of getting a license, and they make their brag that no man can get a license within ten miles of Boston. I am taking my fight with them over into January, and shall not give up. Will send you copy by next mail of circular I issued to the citizens of Everett on this matter.

They are now in Buenos Ayres, and the Schwarzchild & Sulzberger Co. are going there also for cattle and sheep for their European trade. I presume you will visit that point on your trip. I intend going there myself as soon as I get my packing house started here. I would like to remark here that the duty has got to come off of meat and hides, or poor men cannot live here decently.

I presume I can tell more, for I know more about the Swifts getting control of all the Eastern houses than most any one else outside of the Swifts themselves. I was head man for ten years for the Norths Co. with them, and I know a great deal I have never told to any one. They pressed me out of business, and made my \$225,000 worth of stock shrink out of sight by not paying any dividends on the North stock for seven years, and by putting the price down to \$55 a share for what cost me \$100. They have paid dividends of 7 per cent. on North stock for the past two years, but pay nothing on Squire's, and won't until they drive the few remaining shares into cover. They are coining money here now, and have the entire control of New England.

Answering your question, they bought the control of North in January, 1890. I was with them ten years, during which time they always paid dividends and left a good surplus. No more dividends were paid until January, 1907, or 1908.

They bought the Squire plant for 14 cents on the dollar, and also the bonuses of other parties in interest, said to be quite large. They bought the Niles and paid a good price. They crowded White, Pevey & Dexter out of business and bought their plant at a favorable price. The Merwin Co. and Sperry & Barnes they consolidated after buying the latter, and crowded Coe out.

You can go all over the country for a like example of highhandedness, and not even the Standard Oil will be found in it with the beef men.

Always pleased to hear from you.

Yours sincerely,

S. HENRY SKELTON.

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#### MR. THOMAS K. MULL'S LETTER.

MANILLA, IND., December 18, 1908.

*R. R. Shiel, Esq., Indianapolis, Ind.:*

Dear Sir—Your letter of December 5th came during my absence from home, and the hope of seeing you was a further cause for delay in writing.

Taking the live stock of Rush county, I believe horses and hogs, sheep also, have improved in breeding, but not so with cattle.

Twenty years ago cattle feeders bought their Shorthorn cattle here in the county, every farmer having good Shorthorn cows. Today Jerseys have taken their place, and to a large extent feeding cattle are bought elsewhere.

Last Monday the Meyer boys sold 55 cattle, said to be the best cattle going through the Union Stock Yards for some time, and they were bought two years ago at Kansas City.



The general condition of the farming community is much better than ever before. Three agencies have contributed to this, I think in the order named: Rural free delivery, the telephone, and better roads.

I thank you very much for your kindly interest, and hope to talk to you soon.

Respectfully,

THOS. K. MULL.

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### MR. CHARLES S. HERNLY'S LETTER.

UNITED INDUSTRIAL CO.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., December 29, 1908.

*Mr. R. R. Shiel, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

Dear Sir—In 1882 I was riding on the train up near Toledo, Ohio, and looking out of the window saw a dredging machine digging a drain, and I got off at the first station the train stopped and got a horse and buggy and a man to drive for me and went back and saw this dredging machine work. I found this machine in charge of Mr. Hosea Stock, and I asked him if he thought that kind of machine would dig a ditch in Henry county, Indiana, where I live. He said he would insure the thing to do the work if there was enough water to float the boat. I told him that I knew there would be plenty of water and that I would like him to come over and dredge a drain through what is known as the Blue River Valley in Henry county, Indiana.

This was the first public improvement that I was connected with in the county where I was born and reared. I returned to my little office in New Castle in a few days and found that the ditch law which had been passed by the

Legislature of 1881 was operative, and began to get up a petition by describing all of the lands in 40-acre tracts or less for the distance of ten miles down the Blue River Valley. This took a long time and much hard work, but I never was connected with anything that was easy to do and I did not get discouraged. After I had the petition completed, I went to various farmers along up and down the valley, and the prominent ones refused to sign it, because they knew that it was wholly impracticable and such a scheme never could be made to work and that the bottom lands along Blue River Valley were so swampy that they never could be reclaimed and that they never would be worth anything and they had tried to drain the lands time and again by simply throwing out with the shovel and spade, and I met with all sorts of discouragement and worked at the proposition fully six months before I got one man to agree with me that the plan was feasible and that the valley could be reclaimed, thereby getting shut of the chills and fever and miasma and reclaiming thousands of acres of land that would produce annually from 80 to 100 bushels of corn per acre.

One hot summer day in July I took a horse and buggy and drove up to Burr Oak Schoolhouse, eight miles above New Castle, where we wanted the ditch to begin, and met four or five of the farmers at the upper end of the drain. There I succeeded in getting two other men to sign the petition, and after various hard work finally got four or five men to sign it, and I filed the petition in the Henry county Circuit Court and the court appointed commissioners, and we started in to dig the first ditch that was ever dug in Henry county with a dredging machine. After the ditch

commissioners had made their assessments, pretty nearly every farmer and land owner along the line of the ditch remonstrated against the improvement, and we lawed the matter through the courts for a year or more, but finally the drain was established and the matter referred to the ditch commissioners for execution and completion of the drain according to the plans of the engineer. I then wrote to Mr. Stock at Toledo, Ohio, and had him come to New Castle and look over the plans and specifications of the ditch, and he came and staid three or four days, and was the successful bidder and started in with his dredging machine in due time, and after two and one-half years the ditch was completed.

This was one of the hardest struggles of my lifetime for public improvement, and after it was over the court allowed me \$750 for attorneys' fees, but there never was any improvement made in Henry county equal to that. Today this is the most valuable and productive land in Henry county, a great majority of which needs no tile or lateral drains. The farmers had dug a great many lateral drains and put in tiling, but after the dredging machine passed through and dug the ditch, the tile drains mostly went dry and the water level settled until they were no longer of any use or necessity. This land raises corn every year of the best quality, and a very large yield to the acre. A great many people got furiously mad at me, and several of them would not speak to me after the drain had been established and after it had reclaimed many acres of worthless land on their farms.

No man or citizen in Henry county has ever been able to calculate or estimate the value of this one improvement

to that grand old county in Indiana that has been one of the foremost agricultural counties in the State of Indiana. This drain brought lands into cultivation and enhanced their value from \$10 an acre to \$100 per acre or more at a very moderate cost to the land owners. It drained a dismal swamp of thousands of acres of worthless, disease-producing territory into a perpetual valley of rich, fertile black lands that can never be worn out, and it is to that one thing, the digging of this drain, more than any other, that has brought Henry county prominently to the front as one of the great corn-producing counties of Indiana and probably the third or fourth hog-producing county of the grand old Hoosier State. It has brought hundreds of thousands of dollars in return and paid many times over and over what it cost the farmers for the original expenditure in draining this land, and has done more than any one thing to add to Henry county's fame and pride of being the home of the wild flower and the honey bee.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES S. HERNLY.

## Mr. Shiel's Second Letter to the Commission.

*Commission on Country Life, Washington, D. C.:*

My Dear Sirs—Some time in January I caused to be mailed you copies of a brief in reply to your inquiry which came to me about the 10th of December, as to Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. At the time I received your letter I had made arrangements to leave home to visit South America and Cuba about the 10th or 15th of December, and I only had four or five days to dictate the brief, which my manager had printed. When I arrived at Washington on my return in February, I saw that there were some errors as to dates and places and some misprints in it, and I feel it due you, myself and the readers that it should be republished—I have had it proofed correctly. I feel also that it is necessary to furnish you further data on this line at this time when there is so much agitation regarding the tariff bill, and certainly there is no one more interested in this tariff bill, in which the whole country is concerned, than the farmer.

I will now take up what is well known as the Meat Trusts. There are at least ten of them, and I will take them up in turn and deal with each as I come to it.

The greatest Trust in the known world is the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which has been largely operated by one Samuel Allerton, of Chicago, Illinois. I have personally known him for at least forty-one or two years, and he is the "High Priest," leading all combinations and



organizing more of them than any other one man. The Pennsylvania Railroad is what might be called a large Department Store. They own and operate practically everything and everybody on the lines of their roads.

The next great Trust to that is the Hollis Hides, Tallow, Dressed Lambs and Sheep Company, of Boston. I will name them in routine as I knew them and operated with them. The third, Nelson Morris & Co., Chicago; fourth, Swift & Co., Chicago; fifth, Hammond & Co., Chicago; sixth, Kingan & Co., Indianapolis, and St. Clair & Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa; seventh, Armour & Co., Chicago; eighth, Cudahy & Co., Milwaukee, and ninth, the National Packing Co., Chicago.

#### FIRST, THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

The Pennsylvania Railway Company own and operate practically all the cars they use on their lines. They own and operate practically all the stock yards on the lines of their roads, which are the greatest thieves in the known world. They also own all of the packing houses on their lines with the exception of two at Dayton, Ohio. The packing houses they don't own or control are: Ray & Co. and Dunlevy Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.; Wm. Zollers & Co., Allegheny, Pa.; Seltzer Bros., and Jacob Ullmer & Co., Pottsville, Pa.; Stowers Packing Co, Scranton, Pa.; J. J. Felan & Son, Germantown, Pa.; Pennsylvania Packing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Hart Bros., Wilmington, Del.; C. Hohman, and his eight sons, Company, Baltimore, Md.; F. Schenk, and six sons, Company, Wheeling, W. Va. They educate the employes in their own stock yards to practice fraud on everyone who does not succumb to their dictation.

They buy practically all the cattle on the line of their roads that are fit to be exported. They export all the cattle in their own ships to practically all parts of Great Britain; Sam Allerton being the "King Bee" and making all the rates on his road, paying all the rebates, adjusting and settling all claims, etc. He first commenced in Chicago during or before the war running a packing house. He employed one George B. Wilson, then a boy, just my age, who soon grew up to be his bookkeeper. Sometime about thirty-three to thirty-five years ago he organized a firm that was then known as Allerton & Wilson for the purpose of slaughtering hogs in Jersey City in one of his stock yards, to sell to the cutters in and about Jersey City and New York. In a short time afterwards he organized what was known at that time as a combination, taking into this combination practically all the slaughterers doing business in New York: Brainard Bros., doing business in Jersey City, Philadelphia and Pittsburg (there were three brothers); Monroe Crane, West street; C. H. Davis & Co., J. Love & Co., West foot Thirty-ninth street; Tilden & Co., of Chicago; W. O. Stalnacker, later Stalnacker & Son (the son, Will Stalnacker, was at one time mayor of Yonkers and a member of Congress for a number of terms, and well known in New York); Spring & Haynes, foot West Fortieth street; G. V. Bartlett & Co., one time in New York, but later in Jersey City. I could name a number of other smaller ones who had to enter into the combination in order to do any business in New York and have their stock delivered on time. This combination, however, had parties connected with the New York Central, operated at that time by Mr. Dutcher, who was and is stock agent, who occupied the same place

with the New York Central that Allerton did on the Pennsylvania. However, the New York Central did not follow it up in the same way that Allerton did, as they never went into the exporting of live stock, or into the slaughtering as a business, as a company, but they did own, control and manipulate New York Central stock yards at the West foot of Sixtieth street; Albany, N. Y., stock yards, which were very large, and the Buffalo stock yards, all of which were on the line of their road, and no one could unload or feed a car of stock on their road east of Buffalo except in their yards.

I commenced selling Allerton & Wilson largely when they began business in New York. This was before we built the stock yards in Indianapolis. At that time the two railroads were handing out rebates to large shippers of from \$15 to \$25 per car, according to the distance shipped, when they had a train load. Allerton and Dutcher were the men who were handing out the money, and if I could make my rebates on my heavy shipments I had a good profit. After we built the yards at Indianapolis I commenced buying on commission, charging \$6 a double deck for buying hogs and \$10 for cattle and sheep, with the exception of those purchased for customers in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. They required a closer sort, and I got \$8 and \$10 from W. E. Clark in Washington; E. G. Rheinthal & Co., Philadelphia; Jacob C. Schaffer, Baltimore; W. P. Harvey & Co. and Charles G. Kreil, Baltimore, and a number of others. The New York people kicked on my commission, but they soon paid it without a murmur. Allerton & Wilson became very large customers of mine, possibly the largest I had in New York, as Wilson ordered me to buy

up to 15 cars a day, when I saw they were worth the money. Wilson and I became very close friends. I never had a better one, and he never had a better friend than I was. He was the brightest accountant and the best book-keeper I ever knew, the earliest man up and the last one to bed in New York or Jersey City. This he continued up to the time of his death, some few months ago. He invariably told me how they were doing, and the different rebates that the "High Priest," Allerton, was giving the different shippers. Of course, Allerton and Wilson were practically the Pennsylvania Railroad for a time. Some twenty-three to twenty-five years ago Allerton drew out of the firm, and the firm has been known since as George B. Wilson & Co., and are still the largest operators in the Pennsylvania stock yards in Jersey City, and the largest slaughterers for New York, Jersey City, Newark, Brooklyn and the neighboring trade. At this time United States Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, was one of the very largest operators in the Pennsylvania yards on the Jersey side. Then at that time, thirty years ago, John Taylor, of Trenton, N. J., was a very large operator. He had a good packing house and a stock yard where he sold dressed hogs off the hooks to the immediate towns, and finally got to shipping to towns on the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad, even into Newark and Jersey City. He showed strong competition to the Pennsylvania road and the New York Exchange, and they soon set about to put him out of business. He was at that time a very rich man and had served a number of terms in the State Senate, and was one of the very ablest men there was on the Republican side of the Senate. I frequently met him as a delegate to Republican



National conventions. John and I often talked about it, he contending that they would not be able to break him, but they finally got him not only broke in financial matters, but the great good man died a poor man under the pressure. They have practically wiped out or absorbed every packing house on the line of their roads, with the exception of some few small operators out in the anthracite coal regions and the Pennsylvania Packing Company, which was owned by E. G. Rheinhaller & Co., Philadelphia. Rheinhaller is one of the wealthy men of Philadelphia, president of a big trust company, and having a local trade sufficient to keep up his plant. He was one time treasurer of Philadelphia.

In Pittsburg they absorbed and took in what is now known as the Pittsburg Packing and Provision Company. This they did at the time they bought what was known as the Huz Island stock yards, owned and operated by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, and moved the East Liberty stock yards, which was their big yard, and consolidated the two. Allerton's man Friday, Simon O'Donell, who was known in the trade in Chicago, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York as the "King of Ireland," was the promoter of this consolidation. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago he was working in the slaughter house of Allerton & Wilson, then he got to be feed boss and working for Allerton in the stock yards in Jersey City, where he learned to feed *short rations*. At the time of the separation of Allerton & Wilson, Wilson drove O'Donell out of his office with a gun, calling him a thief. Allerton took him up, and he has been the man who has done practically all the dirty work for the Pennsylvania road since that time. He pays all the rebates. In recent years he has always been looking for a man that has his hand behind his back.



After the passage of the Elkins anti-rebate law and the Sherman anti-trust law, Allerton became afraid of having to go to the penitentiary if he continued handing out rebates. I told Allerton that it was a violation of the Elkins law to ride on a pass, and that I would take no more of his passes, nor could I permit anybody to give me in any way any rebate. Allerton took a tip, I think, from this, and employed this Irishman, who was known as a Turk. There is an Irishman and a Jew, or a Jew and an Irishman, in everything that is corrupt in practically every country in the world. There is no man who thinks more of and has a higher regard for a Jewish woman or an Irish woman than I have. No women of any nationality rear better Roosevelt families than the Irish and Jewish women. Some of the greatest and best men and some of the fairest dealers I have met in my business career have been Jews, and some of the best men have been Irish, but when you find a Jew or an Irishman without any conscience, a burglar is a gentleman beside him. A burglar, may be hungry, poor and forced to steal, but when he goes to burglarize he takes his life in his hands, and when cornered will kill. I have had two of them in my house, but as I desired no controversy with them, told them to take what they had to have and get out, and leave me and my family to our slumbers. But a Jew and an Irishman without a conscience, and who are robbing everybody in every way, are always cowards. So I shall deal now with Allerton's man Friday, the King of Ireland, who is an Irishman without a conscience, and not much brains. Allerton called him to Chicago some twenty-five years ago, putting him in the commission business for the purpose of buying stock to go on slop feed on his (Aller-

ton's) farms in Piatt, Vermilion (Joe Cannon's county) and other counties in Illinois, from 16,000 to 20,000 acres of the best land in Illinois, worth from \$140 to \$200 an acre. This was probably Allerton's own private enterprise, but the Pennsylvania Railroad had O'Donell buy all their cattle for export, and buy hogs for slaughter, or buy for any business they had on the lines of their road. O'Donell soon got into the business for himself under the name of Simon O'Donell, and the King became a big commission man, practically doing business only for Allerton and the Pennsylvania Railroad, unknown at the time to the trade. He soon got into politics, unknown to politicians—except as a Democratic heeler in Jersey City. He soon came to be Allerton's political boss and a Republican. I was at a meeting at the Auditorium some eighteen or twenty years ago, when Allerton was a candidate for mayor of Chicago. I went to the meeting to hear Allerton make a speech. It was a time when I did a little politics on the side. I found O'Donell bossing the job and being the whole thing, at the meeting, doing the ushering. I felt interested in the election at the time. I called on O'Donell the next day at Allerton's headquarters. He was then handing out the stuff, bossing the whole job. It was said that Allerton spent from a quarter to a half a million dollars trying to get elected, but he was badly beaten.

The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Beef Trust, about twenty years ago, determined they would have to get rid of me, as I was burning the candle at both ends. I was buying high grade stock at high grade prices for the little butchers—there were hundreds of them—and I never had a man to say I paid too much for stock when I got the kind

he wanted. The butchers were selling their high grade direct to the trade. The Beef Trust was buying low grade for the United States and sending all their high grade abroad, so they organized to get rid of me at any cost. They went so far as to put the Vandalia Railroad in the hands of a receiver, a man known as V. T. Malott, president of the Indiana National Bank of Indianapolis, Indiana. I was banking with Malott, doing from two to four million dollars business a year. Before this time they had organized a live stock exchange at Indianapolis, and at this exchange they made rules. It soon became a national exchange. I was buying stock at 6 o'clock in the morning under the rules which applied to all other markets when we opened the yards in Indianapolis thirty-two years ago. Bob McKee, afterwards the son-in-law of President Harrison and "Baby" McKee's father, was weigh-master some two years then, thirty-two years ago. Joseph T. Fanning, Belmont's private secretary, who occupies three elegant rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, was shipping clerk for the yards, and shipped out trains almost every day for me. They finally got the organization up to a point that, ten years ago, they passed a resolution not to sell to me. During this time they changed the time for opening the market to 8 o'clock—they first made it 7, then 8, while the 6 o'clock rule prevailed at all the other markets. I had a wire direct into Boston, New York and all the Eastern markets. The exchange waited to get a telegram from every market before they would sell anything, and in that way I would not be able to wire the East what the market was in Indianapolis. So my customers in the East told me to buy anything and everything first-class quality, and to send

along anything I could get if it was worth the money, and during six months in the year I bought seventy to eighty per cent. of all the good hogs and ninety per cent. of all the good cattle on their instructions to use my own judgment.

Then the stock yards company and commission exchange met with the bosses and passed a resolution that I could not weigh all the stock I bought on the scales I designated them to be weighed on, and if I would not consent to weigh on scales selected by them, they would do no more business with me. To this I could not and would not consent, as I would be robbed at every turn, and they passed a resolution not to do any more business with me. They had two pair of scales adjusted, one to weigh light in when they were the buyers, and the other heavy out when they were the sellers; this was done to suit the commission men. I kicked on the matter, and they met and passed a resolution to do no more business with me unless I submitted to their scales, and I never have done a dollar's worth of business since with any of the members of that exchange, except with those who later left and went over to the new yard with me.

Every year since they put me out of the new yard I have had frequent talks with John M. Shaw, general manager of Kingan & Co., H. C. Graybill, traffic manager of the stock yards, and Del Benson, who has been most of the time since president of the stock yards exchange, about getting back and doing business in the yards. These men were the manipulators of the yards. The real man, however, was T. Smith Graves, who was president of the exchange at the time all this trouble was going on, and has since been president of the national exchange, and who was the greatest actor I ever knew. Shaw, Graybille and Benson were all



friendly to me, but had to obey the orders of their corporation. Graves was one of those men known to all first-class business men as one who would rather make dollars than reputation for his corporation. I will treat Graves in the light that the majority knew him in the Indianapolis stock yards since the time he came there, when telling the facts in regard to Kingán & Co., which will be number six.

I appealed to the country through the newspapers, paying for my appeal by the line, at an expense of many thousands of dollars, to send me their stock on consignment, telling them I would take care of them at one-fourth the commission charged by the exchange. In less than three months one-third of them had taken their hogs away from the commission men, who were getting enormous commissions for selling the stock, more than double what was charged when the Indianapolis stock yards opened thirty-two years ago, and consigned it to me. The old feeders, who were still in the business of stock raising, knew me and had confidence that I would deal fairly by them. Many of the young men engaged in the business had been taught by their fathers who had known me, this same confidence; many of these young men have the farms their fathers had left them. All the men shipping hogs to me were able to bank themselves in their own locality, and with no ropes about their necks. I would not weigh on any scales but those I knew would give good and honest weight.

It ran along three or four months, and I had the stock yard manipulators sufficiently beaten, notwithstanding the yard company was robbing me at the East end by swapping my hogs where I loaded them out, and buying up some of



the men I had looking after that part of the business. Some of them had been working for me a long time. Then I had John P. Squire & Co. as a customer, who had their own private cars, who were taking a large output, some days as high as thirty to fifty double deck cars. When I got them in their care they were safe, as thieves could not get hold of them. The fact is I could have used four hundred cars a day with the customers I had in the East.

I organized to build a new stock yards, believing that I could get away from the established stock yards and own control of one myself—that is Squire and I—and a supposed friend by the name of Irwin. We organized for \$300,000. I took \$100,000 and Irwin \$100,000, and Squire \$100,000, and I knew beyond a doubt that Squire would stay with me until the last ditch, and felt that I had gotten control of the yards. Allerton and Rauh, a fertilizer Jew, who was president at that time of the yards that I caused to be constructed in 1877, were trying to get rid of me, and they sent for O'Donell to come from Chicago, as the Pennsylvania railroad was a big holder in the Indianapolis stock yards. Allerton knew that I was taking all the good stuff away from them. O'Donell came down and proposed to go into partnership. I said I could not let anybody in—we had all the men in we wanted. The next week he came back again and said: "Rhody, I want to get in, I want to help you do up that Jew." He said: "That Jew must be done up, let us in and we will take all your cattle." Mr. Allerton sent him down to tell me this, and that the Pennsylvania Railroad stood back of them.

He went out and had a talk with Irwin, and the next morning he came to my office from Rauh's office, got on his

knees, pulled a cross and made a prayer, and said: "Rhody, for God sake let me in, I want to help blow up that Jew." I said "No," but in a few days he had prevailed on Irwin and took it up with Squire, showing what they were going to do about taking the cattle. I consented to make the stock \$500,000; Allerton to take \$100,000, Irwin \$100,000, Squire \$100,000, I \$100,000 and \$100,000 to stay in the treasury, and I still felt that I had control, as I was tied with Irwin in a contract so he could not sell his stock without mine going also.

We went on and commenced the construction. I was skeptical about the Irishman and the Jew all the time, but I could not make Irwin believe it. Rauh and Allerton were partners at the time and in less than six months Rauh had Irwin a partner, too. We commenced and did a huge business, having had to go into the United States court, employ a lawyer, who won the case—charged \$5,000—to get our stock unloaded on the Belt Road side tracks. Judge Baker rendered a decision in our favor. Then we did a heavy business, especially in hogs. We commenced in September, 1899, and by December we were doing an immense business in hogs, but had not done much with cattle. The Morgan Brothers, whom I mentioned in this brief, had between 1,500 and 3,000 of the best cattle in Indiana on feed about seventy miles south of here on the Pennsylvania Railroad. About the time the yards were to be opened I went down to see the Morgans, as I had been buying their cattle for forty years; arranged to handle all their cattle direct at half-yardage and about half commission, and the cattle should go direct to Allerton, New York, as bought by O'Donell.

After we had been open some little time the Morgans

were to make the first shipment. I think it was ten or twelve cars they sent up, or rather John Morgan came up with them. I took O'Donell and sold them to him myself, and at a fair price seemingly, yet it wasn't the price the cattle would have brought in an open market. The next week O'Donell said he did not have any vessels and stood me off—he did not want to take any and yet Morgan wanted to get rid of some of the cattle. I called O'Donell over the phone at Chicago then, and said we must take some notice of Morgan's cattle. He said they would use ten or twelve car loads on the next boat; to order the cattle up. Morgan came up with the cattle. O'Donell turns up at eight or nine o'clock in the day and says to me that they could not buy any cattle, better send them on to Chicago. I called him in my private office and locked the door, pulled my gun and threw it right in his face and said: "I am going to kill you right here—Wilson ought to have killed you, but I am going to do it right here. You cannot do this to me." He threw up both hands—I made him throw them up—and commenced getting white. He said: "Rhody, don't kill me, don't kill me—you don't want me to lose my place. Morgan's cattle," he said, "were marked to go to Chicago to be divided, and they have got to go there. Allerton said if I buy any more cattle he would have to discharge me and Morgan's cattle belong in the Chicago territory to be divided there."

After he got down on his knees and prayed awhile I let him go. I have never spoken to him since. I am a very superstitious man—he has had all kinds of trouble, and if he has not been in hell with the trouble he has had, he has no conscience.

Malott, my banker, at this time, or McKee, his vice-president, an uncle of "Baby" McKee, called me to the bank and said: "You owe \$10,000 here, and as you are having a good deal of trouble here we want our money." I said: "Why, I don't owe you a cent. I only borrowed \$10,000 about a week ago on a ninety-day paper." He said: "Oh, yes you do." I said: "Well, then, come over to my lawyer's," and we went across the street to Ed Daniels, now master in chancery, and has been a partner of Ferd Winters, who was successor to Harrison. My attorney went to see him and they both said I need not pay till it was due. I knew that. I said: "If your bank is going to fail I will go and get the money, otherwise I will pay it when it is due." When it was due I paid it. Later on Malott protested a check that was issued in Illinois, a thing that was never done to me before, and he knew I was sick in bed at home; I got it in the day between the time others got their money and I made my deposit. I was always late in depositing. I had been overchecked perhaps thirty or fifty thousand dollars between deposits and had been overchecked in other banks probably as much as sixty or seventy-five thousand dollars. He threw the \$1,200 check out, and I got notice by postal of an overcheck of \$2.68. That was the amount that I was short to meet the \$1,200 check. This was the first time in my business career I ever received a notice of an overcheck. This was all done to embarrass me. They went after my credit, a thing that had never been questioned from the day I first commenced business. However, I will finish this point later, and I will take up the King of Ireland, Rauh, the fertilizer Jew, and Malott, the Indianapolis banker, when I am touching on Kingan & Co.



in number six. The fact is, I will have to touch the Pennsylvania Railroad in practically all of them, and when I am touching the Pennsylvania Railroad I will be touching Malott.

Note, several times I had fine steers taken out of a car load passing through Pittsburg and bulls and Jerseys put in their places, and three hundred pound hogs taken out and pigs put in their places, just as Dutcher had permitted. Dutcher is a gentleman beside Allerton and O'Donell. The fact is, Dutcher has always been a clever man, and when I would call Dutcher down on a thing he would say it would not happen again, and would always put it on to the commission man in the yard, which was no doubt true, but Wilson warned me to watch the Turk, for at Pittsburg the King of Ireland would cut out a big one and put in a little one himself—he was educated that way, so Wilson told me. That was his long suit when a boy.

The greatest tearer down known in this country, and perhaps to the world, is the Pennsylvania Railroad. They tore down all the small roads in Indiana. The first road they tore down in this State was the J. M. & I., running from Indianapolis to Madison and Jeffersonville. They tore down the Indianapolis & Vincennes, a road running one hundred miles through a fertile country. They tore down the Vandalia line, running from Terre Haute to South Bend. All these roads had been built by subscriptions and by assessments on the people along the lines of the roads. They first broke down the value of the stock in the markets until the roads were forced into the hands of receivers, and then when sold on mortgage bought them in for practically nothing. Those roads had to have an outlet to



New York and the East, and the Pennsylvania was the only road running East they could connect with, and hence they fell an easy prey to that giant corporation. Products to foreign countries had to go over the Pennsylvania road. And when the other roads went into the receiver's hands, and the Pennsylvania got control of the stock, they soon pushed the stock up to where it paid from 99 to par, and they watered that. I can cite other points similar in other States, but I am only calling attention to that coming under my own observation. Of recent years they have constructed some roads in Pennsylvania and the coal regions—they found they had to, as all other roads were getting in there, such as the Reading, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Lehigh Valley and the Baltimore & Ohio. Their territories are in the iron and coal region. They have commenced constructing some and no doubt will construct many others. Their management at this time is good; in fact, it has always been good after they got control, but before they got control of the Vandalia road north to South Bend you could not get any service on it at all or through Indianapolis to Vincennes. I operated practically all along the lines of these two roads, and took a large per cent. of the live stock I bought over their roads. It would take twenty-four hours to come from Vincennes to Indianapolis before the Pennsylvania got full control, while now the distance is covered in about eight or ten hours. While they were tearing down they always managed not to connect at Indianapolis for the East. They wanted to embarrass everybody connected with the buying of live stock and force them to unload and feed in the Indianapolis yards, in which they were heavy stockholders. They are past masters in

tearing down a road. Now this same thing applies to some other trunk lines, but not to Hill or to Harriman. There is a vast difference between them.

Let me cite one instance of the sharp practices of Chief Priest Allerton and his man Friday, the King of Ireland. Some eight years ago they got up a scheme to work the butchers in New York, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and in fact all the butchers in the East on the line of their road who were accustomed to buying their cattle by the carload. The scheme was to get up a big fat stock show at the Pittsburg East Liberty stock yards, which were owned by the Pennsylvania Company. Some three months before they began advertising the show the Turk went out and bought the very best cattle from the feeders in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, and I think they got a few carloads from Missouri.

At that time the best cattle on the market was selling from five to five and a half cents; possibly the Pinnell kind might have brought six cents. The Turk had the feeder ship the cattle in his own name, but the cattle really belonged to the Pennsylvania road. The road gave the shippers a free pass and paid their hotel bills at the Shenly, the big hotel in Pittsburg. They advertised the stock show very extensively all over the country. When the show opened they ran a free train of sleepers with big streamers on the cars, which were very attractive, and brought all the leading butchers from Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, New Jersey and New York. They leased the hotel and paid all the bills. I was invited and went over. I was at that time operating a new stock yards at Indianapolis. I refused to take a pass but stopped

at their hotel to see what was going on, paying my own bills. I went to the show. They had a hundred cars or more of cattle on exhibition. A few stragglers and farmers got in with some good cattle which the Pennsylvania Railroad did not own.

The market opened up. I had a seat by the side of Richard Webber and George Wilson. The first cattle put up was the Pinnell cattle. I think Pinnell had only five or six carloads in the string. At the start off I think Webber bid seven cents for the choice of the five or six loads of Pinnell cattle. The bidding advanced until the offer reached about eight cents. The managers knew that Webber would get the best load, so they put the Pittsburg Packing and Provision Company, practically their own company, in to do the driving. The bidding went on until the cattle, according to my recollection, brought nine cents. All the Pinnell cattle brought eight and a half to nine cents. Every butcher who went on the free train had to take home a load of the Pennsylvania Company's cattle. Webber said to me that he did not want to crowd the boys and he would only buy a few carloads. The Pittsburg Packing and Provision Company kept bidding, but not buying, as long as the Pennsylvania Company's cattle lasted. Later when they got to selling the cattle of the stragglers and farmers, who had good cattle, in fact, many of them as good as most of the Pennsylvania Company's cattle, except the Pinnell, then the Pittsburg Packing and Provision House dropped out of the bidding, and the cattle went at from five and a half to six and a half cents. Thus the fellows who waited got their cattle worth the money.

Wilson was there and said to me that it was the greatest theft he ever saw; that they ought to be sent to the penitentiary; that the Turk had not paid him any rebate for six months and had been lying to him; that he was going to see Allerton, who had made a big speech at the banquet, and that he would be damned if he did not kill him and the Turk both if they did not settle; that they could not work him. Wilson and I sat together at the banquet, and he followed Allerton out. I saw Wilson after his talk with the High Priest and he told me that Allerton had promised to send him a check for his rebates. This stopped the killing.

SECOND—N. E. HOLLIS & CO., EAST CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

When I first knew this company I think there were three, possibly four brothers, perhaps only one or two of them are living now. I have known them for about thirty-two years, when I first commenced buying hogs on commission to go into New England. Prior to that time I was buying on my own account. I did very little business in New England, selling only at Albany to New England people, such as Squire, Charles North & Co., Niles Brothers, White, Peavy & Dexter and other slaughterers. A large dealer in cattle in New England was Billie Munroe, who is now dead. He came West, and was one of the largest buyers back in the sixties and seventies. Later on Sturtevant & Haley became very large cattle dealers.

After I left the stock yards I turned all my export cattle into New York State, New York City, Philadelphia and Baltimore, yet there were a number of times I sent cattle to be loaded on the boats at Boston.

Note the list of houses that are now operated by what is known as Swift & Co., of which the Hollis Company are the fathers.

## DISTRIBUTING HOUSES OF SWIFT &amp; CO., NEW ENGLAND:

- N. E. Hollis & Co., Boston.
- Skinner & Arnold, Boston.
- Sturtevant & Haley, F. H. Market, Boston.
- Fletcher & Co., Boston.
- Sands & Furber, F. H. Market, Boston, vegetables.
- Arthur Lawrence & Co., Boston.
- Medford Street Market, Somerville.
- New England Produce Co., Boston.
- E. H. Moulton, Haverhill.
- Swing & Co., Lawrence.
- Swift & Bailey, Lowell.
- Lowell Provision Co., Lowell.
- Nashua Beef Co., Nashua, N. H.
- Manchester Provision Co., Manchester, N. H.
- Concord Beef Co., Concord, N. H.
- St. Albans Beef Co., St. Albans, Vt.
- Burlington Beef Co., Burlington, Vt.
- Portland Beef Co., Portland, Me.
- Bath Beef Co., Bath, Me.
- Lewiston Beef Co., Lewiston, Me.
- Augusta Beef Co., Augusta, Me.
- Gardner Beef Co., Gardner, Me.
- Waterville Beef Co., Waterville, Me.
- H. L. Handy Co., Springfield, Mass.
- Geo. Nye Co., Springfield, Mass.
- Meriden Provision Co., Meriden, Ct.



Strong, Barnes & Hart, New Haven.

Bridgeport (2 houses), Bridgeport, Conn.

New Britain (1 house), New Britain, Conn.

And many other towns and cities with whose names, besides those going under the name of Swift & Co., Swift Beef Co., G. F. & E. C. Swift, their houses are connected.

Many names of houses have been changed to Swift & Co., and Swift Beef Co., Swift Provision Co., in all these places and numbers of others not mentioned.

While Armour, Morris & Co. (National Packing Co., Swift), Cudahy, have these distributing houses also, they do no slaughtering and work in unison with the Swifts on prices, so that one price made in Chicago controls all New England, practically a Beef Trust in everything but name.

#### SWIFT SLAUGHTERING & PACKING HOUSES, IN NEW ENGLAND.

North Packing & Provision Co., Somerville, hogs.

John P. Squire & Co., E. Cambridge, hogs.

Sturtevant & Haley Co., E. Cambridge, beef.

New England Dressed Meat and Wool Co., Somerville,  
beef and sheep.

Niles Bros. (dismantled), Belmont, hogs.

Control of Butchers' Slaughtering and Rend. Co.,  
Brighton, beef, hogs, sheep and calves.

White, Peavy & Dexter Co., Worcester, hogs.

Springfield Provision Co., Springfield, hogs.

Meriden Provision Co. (dismantled), Meriden, Conn.,  
hogs.

Merwin Provision Co. (dismantled), now soap works,  
New Haven, Conn., hogs.

Sperry & Barnes, New Haven, Conn., hogs.

G. H. Davis, Norwich, Conn., hogs.

I. B. Mason & Son (dismantled), Providence, R. I.,  
hogs.

Comstock & Co., supposed to be Swift, but no proof of it, work with them; besides owning and operating the foregoing slaughtering houses, they have driven the wholesale distributing houses in the large cities to cover, and where there are 5,000 inhabitants they have a beef house or provision distributing plant, which not only sells beef, but also hog products, sheep, calves, poultry, butter and eggs.

They had the money and they put in business a man who was known back in the '70s as Parson Swift, and who was the Swift who ran the Methodist church at the Chicago stock yards. He commenced about '72 to '74. He is the father of the Swift boys. I do not know any of the boys personally, as I have never had any business with the Swifts in Chicago, but I did know intimately and personally E. C. Swift, who was really the only Swift so far as financing is concerned, from the start to the finish, and who was two years younger than the Parson, and the Hollis Company financed him to start out. At this very time when they bought the Squires' stock at 14 cents on the dollar they reorganized the company with a capital stock of \$5,000,000, under the law of New Jersey, when the plant really cost them only about \$1,000,000; and they reissued, I think, ten or fifteen millions of bonds and stock to pay this one million dollars. One of the Hollis's and I think two of them, told me how they were doing it. Also E. C. Swift at two different times when I was in his private office said: "Do you see those twenty-five or thirty clerks? They are transferring the Squires stock into the Swift stock. This is mak-

ing money pretty fast and pretty easy. The public will buy it at par."

The receivers employed me, and paid me a big salary to operate their thousand cars and buy from the farms to the packing house. The fact is, I was called to Boston—had a conference with the directors in charge of the reorganization at the time the Squires were taken out of the receivers hands. I told them what I could do in the way of furnishing hogs loaded in their cars in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois and Iowa. I made arrangements with them to open an office in Indianapolis at the board of trade. (This was at the time I was put out of my own stock yards at Indianapolis.) I fitted up an office of four rooms, employed my telegraph operators and operated both wires, also operated both phones, and I bought all of the Squires' hogs for something like a year and a half or two years—something like one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty double deck cars a week, both in the market and on the farms to the packing house, going direct

Note: The man whom I have said manipulated Squire's house while it was in the receiver's hands and after it was taken out was E. C. Whitford, a Yale College graduate and a very shrewd attorney. He apparently is the whole thing, or was the last time I was in Boston, of the Squire, North and Niles Brothers packing houses.

Let me cite you the facts as to what called me to Boston at this time. I was buying heavily along the line of the Mississippi River in Illinois. I had bought a load of hogs from C. L. Pietrie. He was a big feeder close to Burlington, Iowa, on the Illinois side. I know that Secretary Wilson must have known him, as he fed thousands

of hogs and hundreds of cattle. He shipped generally a load or two at a time. He sent forward, my recollection is, one load of hogs that weighed about 350 pounds each. They run like eggs, and as I recollect there were fourteen or fifteen of them condemned by the government—all fed on the same feed and all the same kind of hogs. I took the matter up with Secretary Wilson and cited the fact of having eighteen hogs condemned in one or two loads that had been shipped from Pietrie. When the hogs were condemned they would make a barrel of lard out of them. They said it was tuberculosis they had. I had my man there looking after my business. When they would stick a knife into a big hog and it would show a blood shot, and when the inspector would come down and see the blood he would condemn the hog. Of course they may have stood in with the inspector. The sticker is the one that gave them the tuberculosis. Then they would take the hog at a price to me of one and a half cents per pound. He would have to go in the tank for grease, so they said. Hogs at that time, as I recollect it, were selling at six cents per pound, and where they would cost me something like \$25, after being condemned they would get them for about \$5. Of course it was of advantage to the houses to have them condemned. As I have said. I stated all of these facts to Secretary Wilson. He came back at me and said that he would change the inspector. When a hog would only show a blood shot or tuberculosis in the neck they would have the head cut off and the other part would pass.

When I received Secretary Wilson's letter I went on to Boston, stayed around there a few days catching on and then pulled the letter on Whitford, and he said that was

something that they could not get done, and I said: "You don't want it done. You have taken my hogs worth \$25 for \$5." This was after he had taken me in an automobile over to Harvard College for lunch. He wanted to order champagne, and did order it, but I told him that I could not drink champagne and that I never drank anything during business hours. This was at the same time that E. C. Swift and the Hollises were changing the Squires stock into the Swift stock. I found at the same time they were taking off  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. from wet to dry weight, a thing unknown when I sold hogs on dressed weight in Cincinnati and Louisville, where I had sold thousands of them thirty-five or forty years ago. On big hogs they would give me \$1 to kill them and weigh them the next morning. They got all the gut fat and the hearts and livers. This same Squires house got the same on me and still took off  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. from wet to dry weight. In Cincinnati the hogs would be killed in the evening and weighed off of the hooks in the morning. Most of the houses weighed their hogs wet and would take off  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 per cent. and some of them would take off  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in figuring the dry weight. They had been taking off  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. right along on me when I was selling dry meat, but I caught them at it when they started to take off  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. I called Mr. Niles, who was president of the company, and Mr. Crocker, who was vice-president and treasurer, into their private office and said: "Here you are stealing; this is the worst kind of stealing." Both of them threw up their hands and said they did not know it. I called in my man, Mr. Plummer, who had been Niles's bookkeeper in the old house, and he said that he had recently discovered it. I told them that



was the greatest theft that I ever knew. They threw both hands up and said that Whitford did it. I was going to leave the next day. I took it up with Whitford. I had a meeting with Niles and Whitford in Young's Hotel. I had to go home that day. After having a talk with them they both admitted to me that they had only done it for two or three months, and offered me \$2,000 for it. I got very angry and talked very sharp to them. Niles seemed worried to death. I said, "\$2,000, hell!" and left them. We had some correspondence about it and afterwards I sent my attorney over there to settle with them. It was at a time that I did not want to be bothered with any more lawsuits. He wired me that he could get \$3,000, and I wired him that he had better settle and quit them. I never did any more business with them from that time on. This was the greatest theft I ever knew perpetrated on anyone, together with having the hogs stuck so they would show tuberculosis, especially big ones, so that they could get them condemned. In the next book I will be able to show this more fully.

They had their own cars, which were the first double deck private cars ever constructed for the purpose of shipping live hogs and sheep—some twenty-six or twenty-eight years ago. My recollection is the first cars were named Central Vermont. When these cars were constructed they were equipped with water troughs and arranged so that the hogs could be fed in the cars while in transit. All this was done by John P. Squire & Co., so the cars could be sealed at the shipping point, and the seal not broken until they reached the packing house, which prevented any swapping in the stock yards. My recollection is the company owned about twelve to fourteen hundred of them at the time of

Squire's death. A few years later Charles North & Co., who were very strong competitors of the Squires, and Niles Bros., later the Boston Packing and Provision Company (This is the house that is on my letter head and operated by the Swifts now as a fertilizer house, after being wrecked); I. B. Mason & Son, Providence; Comstock & Co., Providence; White, Peavy & Dexter, Worcester; S. E. Mervin & Sons, and Sperry & Barnes, of New Haven, saw that the Squires had made a new move to keep from going into the stock yards; then they all went together and built, to my recollection, about one thousand to twelve hundred cars, calling them Western Livestock Express and St. Paul cars. They got mileage of from \$14 to \$16 from the railroads on a load of hogs from Chicago or Indianapolis, or other points, according to distance, and would make a trip every two weeks. Squires run his cars in train loads, about twenty-five to forty cars in a train, as he bought in Chicago daily one or two trains, and shipped over the Grand Trunk and Central Vermont from Chicago. He would make Boston from Chicago or Indianapolis in about three or four days, and the empty cars would come back, fifty to sixty cars in a train, they having right of way of everything except the fast passenger or express trains, in something like four or five days. They figured they could make about three trips with a car a month. The cost of construction of a car at the time when first built was something like \$500 to \$550. This was very profitable and very soon a number of private parties reached out and went into the private car business, putting the water troughs in the double deckers.

The New York slaughterers began to see that New Eng-

land had them skinned to a frazzle by going through Buffalo and other stock yards without being unloaded, and that the cars would come from the original shipping point to destination without the seal being broken. They saw there could not be any more stealing in the stock yards. My customers in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore commenced using some of Squire's cars at seasons when he was not using all of them. Squire would get the mileage and it was very profitable for them, but they used a great many of the St. Paul and Western Livestock Express cars. Soon the St. Paul car people, under the management of Henry L. Millis, came to Indianapolis, and solicited me to use their cars; said they would give me \$5 a car if I would use them. He brought a letter from Ed Peavy, of the firm of White, Peavy & Dexter (the house for which I bought nearly everything they killed for nearly twenty years. I always bought for them white hogs when I could get them) who was a personal friend, saying that he was a large stockholder in the cars and that he had retired and sold out their packing house to Swift & Co., but did not sell the cars. I also received a letter from Mr. Mason, I think. I told Mr. Millis that I would like to please Mr. Peavy, also Mr. Mason, that they had both been my customers and many of the other car stockholders were at that time. He said the place I could help him most would be in New York, as he had more cars than there was demand for. In reply, I said to Mr. Millis, "Why, I never could take a rebate. I will give you the names of my customers and you can go down there and see what you can do." I think this was before the Sherman Anti-trust, or Elkins laws went into effect. I gave him a list of my customers and he said he

wanted some one to look after these cars and keep a record of them and report them. He asked me if I would not do it. I told him no, it would not be done by me in anyway, but that I would give him a man that would do it, and I furnished a man. The records were kept in my office by a man, in fact two of them worked at it, and had to make up the reports every day of how many cars went out and how many came in. I learned in New York shortly afterwards while there that Millis gave my customers quite a rebate, but I told them I did not want to know what they were doing in the rebate business. He soon got to pushing some of his cars on the Pennsylvania Road. First the Pennsylvania Road did not want to take them; they had no cars with seals and none with water troughs in them. They insisted all the stock brought over their road would have to be unloaded at Pittsburg for feed. At first they only let Millis' cars go as far as Pittsburg and there put the stock in their own cars to go to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond, as they did not want to pay mileage on any cars, but wanted the mileage for their own cars. I think possibly later they unloaded and reloaded them in the same cars, then the Turk would have a whack at them while in the pen, getting a big one out, and a little one in.

About this time the Pennsylvania Railroad changed practically all their stock cars, double and single deck, and called them private cars, and named them the Keystone Livestock cars. In this way they could give a rebate by going to the shipper, who was using the Millis cars, or any other shipper, and get them to use their cars under the pretense that they could give them a rebate without violating the Elkins law. This was some two years or more after

Millis came to me. O'Donnell, the Turk, King of Ireland, came from Chicago to see me, and wanted to know if I would use the Keystone cars, saying he would give me \$5 per car. I said no. I told him as I did Millis that I would give him a list of my customers. He said he did not want to give a rebate to all, but only to the big shippers. However, he went to see some of my customers and persuaded them to use their cars. He made out the vouchers in my name and sent them to me for \$5 a car and some \$6, and I forwarded the vouchers to the customers. In making my trips East my customers commenced inquiring if there were not some rebates. I frankly told them that O'Donell had given some rebates, and that I had forwarded the vouchers to those entitled to them. I tipped it off to all, and O'Donell came rushing over from Chicago to see me, and said, "You are playing hell. Every little fellow shipping from one to five cars a week wants a rebate. You even tipped it off to F. Schenk & Sons, of Wheeling, and they are demanding \$5 a car on Wheeling shipments, and their haul is only half the distance from Chicago to New York." Schenk had been a very heavy regular customer of mine for as much as twenty years. In fact, I bought nearly all they killed. They bought a close sort of the best grades of 200 to 250-pound hogs, the best in the market. O'Donell got in a fuss with the Schenks and they quit him and began shipping via the Wheeling & Lake Erie and Baltimore & Ohio roads. Neither of these roads came into Indianapolis, and my shipments to them had to go out on the Big Four or the C., H. & D. from Indianapolis to connect with the B. & O. or the Wheeling & Lake Erie. They made shipments over these roads for awhile, and in a few months the Penn-



sylvania got nervous about losing the business and walked up to the Schenk's office and I understand gave them the \$5 rebate on the short haul.

THIRD—NELSON MORRIS & CO., CHICAGO.

I first became acquainted with Nelson Morris I think in 1865 or '66 when he came West to pick up a few cattle. He soon drifted into Chicago and commenced buying dead hogs in the stock yards and went into the fertilizer business. You understand the fertilizer and junk business is a favorite one for Jews, for they will not work on a farm. He also commenced buying cripples. What are known as cripples in the stock yards are those that cannot walk from the cars to the pen. He went to the front fast in a short time. He was industrious and a hard worker, and would work all night if necessary. He was one of the sure "early to bed and early to rise." Some nights he never went to bed. He got a little place to kill his cripples and render his deads, and soon expanded into a packing house, and he finally got to dividing the white grease he got out of the dead hogs and the black grease after rendering them, later on called tanking them. He put the good dead hogs in one tank and the bad ones, that is, those that were nearly gone, in another tank. As I recollect it, in about '72 to '74 he commenced the refining of lard. He was one of the first refiners, yet probably Washington Butcher Sons, of Baltimore, got to be one of the largest refiners and dealers in lard. They were one of the oldest and strongest houses dealing in provisions and lard in the United States back forty or seventy-five years ago. As fast as the older ones died the younger ones came along and took up the business, and soon

they went into the business of refining and making imperfect lard so extensively that they killed off their trade, as Great Britain or any other place would not take it. The younger set of Washington Butcher Sons failed about 1880, possibly as late as '81. At that time I had speculated somewhat on the Chicago Board of Trade, buying largely provisions. I spent considerable time going back and forth to Chicago, and I commenced buying what was known as clear ribbed sides, and at the time of their failure I owned one million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds of it. The report of Washington Butcher Sons' failure caused me to lose \$22,000 in one hour trying to get out at this time. I quit the speculating and have not had a deal in Chicago since. At that time Old Hutch was the whole thing in Chicago. He was the cuckoo on the Board in his time. He could give Patten cards and spades.

I bought for Nelson Morris as much as sixty or seventy car loads of cattle in one day, and in fact there were times when I contracted for him for as much as three or ten thousand head in May or June—sometimes earlier and sometimes later, with an option to take them in July, August or September from the large feeders in Indiana, men that fed from one hundred to fifteen hundred cattle, such as the Morgans, Blue Jeans Williams and Lockridge; also Sam Cutsinger, who always fed from 1,000 to 1,500 head on starch slop in Edinburg and Columbus, Ind., who was the best feeder I ever knew. His cattle always sold for half a dollar to a dollar more per 100 than any other cattle, especially in Great Britain. Everybody wanted Cutsinger cattle.

Nelson got so he knew all the best feeders. The cattle

I bought for Nelse at that time were largely for export—he always exported good ones. Later on when he got to putting so many on slop I bought thousands of feeders for him every year. He had fifteen to twenty years ago, and up to the time of his death, practically control of all the slop of all the stillhouses in the United States. Afterward the trusts made certain arrangements and divided the territory of the country. That gave Nelse all the slop in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Pennsylvania. None of the others could get in on it except the “High Priest,” Allerton. He had some stillhouses. Nelse always put bulls, when he could get enough of them, where he could feed them on slop. He has had as many as ten thousand at a time in Peoria, Ill. I often shipped to Peoria, also to Terre Haute, practically all the bulls. I also often shipped to Kentucky and also to Pennsylvania for Nelse.

I received many telegrams from Nelse. He always signed them Nelson Morris, and I knew he sent them himself. “Buy everything in the yards; don’t let anything get away. Send exporters to Newport News (or some other place where he had boats), the feeders to Peoria (or to Kentucky or somewhere else), the butchers and canners that have big calves in them to Chicago. Answer quick what you have done.”

He knew me and knew he could not drive me, and yet he knew that I would buy some. He was a very nervous man. He kept as much as a half a cord of red cedar sticks about ten inches long and one and a half inches wide stacked up in his office and a sharp knife near by, where he could whittle until he had piled up shavings all around. He had four or five stenographers to take his telegrams for him, and

possibly he wired everybody who was buying for him at the same time he wired me to purchase stock, and in a short time the answers commenced coming in. He got so many that possibly by nine or ten o'clock I would get a telegram from him reading, "What have you got? Report. Don't buy anything for me—overstocked." I replied, "Too late. Got a good many but did not get them off."

The best thing about Nelse was whenever you bought them for him he would stand hitched. He never turned down a trade, and I bought thousands of cattle for him that I had not paid a cent on, although the rule was to pay \$5 a head on cattle and \$1 on hogs, and he had not paid a cent on, and when the cattle market would break or did not go to his expectations then his contract cattle would be big losers, sometimes \$1 to \$1.50 per hundred. Of course everybody knew that I was buying for Nelson Morris, and they knew that Nelson was good and they knew that I was good, and that we both would stand hitched. Nelse would order the cattle in. He would say, "They will ruin me, but I will have to take them." He never turned a trade down. This was the longest suit he had in business.

Now I could go further with Nelse, but I will have to take him up later with some others. He was in a way about as smart as any of them at times, but at times he was a big loser. He would have been worth five hundred millions if he had not been a big loser by buying too many gold bricks.

Let me cite when he bought Arthur Jordan's chicken houses in Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Illinois—some sixty to one hundred plants, paying something like six to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for them. I happened to be in Chicago some time afterwards and met Nelse and

he said: "Rhody, that Jordan has ruined me; he sold me a gold brick; I cannot can any more chickens. I cannot use my calves out of the canners; nobody can can chicken unless they can can calves." He bought a good many gold bricks. He once had to go behind Parson Swift, as he called him. You understand that one of Nelson's sons married Parson Swift's daughter, and one of Parson Swift's sons married Nelson's daughter. Swift ran the Methodist church at the Chicago stock yards and Nelse ran the Jewish tabernaecle. Swift worked the church all the time, but Nelse only a part of the time, but was a good producer.

I understand that Parson Swift was finally in trouble during the year 1893 and Nelson stood by him. That was generally understood in the trade. It was before E. C. Swift had gotten so strong and his New England banks were in a good deal of trouble, the same as Fletcher's bank was, referred to in my Jimtown speech. They were largely conservative, same as Fletcher's.

#### FOURTH—SWIFT & CO., CHICAGO.

Swift & Company is only a myth or a name. The Parson Swift was supposed to be the whole thing, but the fact is the Hollis Company originally started him, the same as Morris, in the fertilizer business. Then they drifted into hides, handling about all the hides. Hides are classed with fertilizer, as they take a great deal of fertilizer off in dressing hides. They soon went into the wool business, then soon got to buying sheep and lambs, and were among the first exporters. They got in with the money powers and they saw that they were money makers; in fact, they could not lose in that kind of business, making five hundred per



cent. out of dead hogs. The white grease comes from dead hogs. All stock yards now sell dead hogs at half a cent or a cent a pound. Thirty years ago we had three men in Indianapolis buying dead hogs on these prices. One hog might bring two or three dollars per hundred according to size and how long dead.

They went into the little town of Providence, R. I., one of the richest in the early ages, and probably so now for its size, money loaners and money schemers. This is the little town where the Czar comes from.

I never knew the Parson and never knew any of his sons; in fact, I did not deal with such little fellows as he was when he went West, but I did know E. C. Swift and knew him well after he absorbed my old friend Charlie North, a man for whom I had bought as many as thirty double deck car loads of hogs in a day without an order. Charlie served as president of the company the first year after they bought control of the company. The next year they chopped his head off and elected E. C. Swift, who became the whole thing. The next year he sold out all his stock and went South and bought North Carolina railroads and African diamond and gold mines, and in less than five or eight years he was broke. I was in Boston just before he died. He was in debt. He had a little office and had on a seedy suit of clothes that he had worn for some time, and when I got up to go he said: "Rhody, could you loan me \$50?" I told him yes, and willingly did it. He was a grand good man and somewhat nervous like Nelson Morris. He was about as large a dealer as John Squire, yet they were very jealous of each other and very strong competitors. I would buy for both of them, and sometimes John

would take me inside of his private room and shut the door and try to get me to figure out how many pigs there were in the West, and he would say: "What is Charlie North doing?" I would tell him I did not know, and maybe within an hour Charlie would take me into his private office and go through about the same as John had. They were both friends of mine and both large customers. I always tried to tell them about the prospects of the number of pigs there would be and that would be marketed that fall or spring. They had confidence in my judgment as to the possibility of the crop. John was the farthest seeing man I ever knew, and he would have all the new repairs made before Charlie would find out what he was going to do, and then Charlie would make the same repairs the next year or two afterwards. They started in business practically about the same time and were the first people that ever slaughtered a hog in the United States for the purpose of selling fresh pork in the spring or summer. I think possibly the first time fresh pork sold in the summer was in 1864 or '65.

The first lot ever bought in Hamilton county or in Madison county, and in fact in western Indiana, was a car load of hogs I bought that spring or summer. I bought at Elwood at that time—about half in Hamilton county and the other half in Tipton county—and shipped over the Pennsylvania and Junction road to Cincinnati in September when I got home from the army in '65. I sold them to Fort, Sadler & Company, at that time practically the first firm that went into the commission business in Cincinnati during the war. They did their business at the Brighton yards, the only yards there were at the time. They were

practically in the center of Cincinnati. I went there in the morning about sun-up and met Sadler and Fort. I had bought the hogs at 5 cents per pound; I did not know what they would sell for. John Rule fed twenty in Hamilton county and W. H. Harmon fed thirty-two in Tipton county. When I got out to the yards they tried to buy the hogs from me. I did not know what they were worth until I read the Enquirer. I told them I would take the top of the market in the Enquirer. They baffled me. It was the first time I was ever in Cincinnati, and I was hanging on to the cars to keep from getting lost or run over. I had some boys driving them a mile through the city to the Brighton yards. Those boys said those pigs would bring 9 cents a pound, and one little fellow said they would bring  $9\frac{1}{4}$  cents. I got the Enquirer and found the top of the market was 9 cents. I soon caught on and I asked  $9\frac{1}{4}$  cents a pound. They got mad, and I said I would just keep them, and in a few minutes they took the hogs. I made \$192 on that load of hogs. That gave me confidence in myself, and from then on I was the whole thing in central Indiana.

I met Si Mull, who was one of the grandest men I ever knew, and whose son has a letter in the brief. He was one of the biggest feeders of hogs on slop—had thousands of them. Also Isaac Loder; he was a great man, and Train Caldwell was another. These were all Rush county, Indiana men, the grandest county in Indiana, and had more big moneyed men than any five counties in the State at that time. They said there were a lot of stock hogs in Northern Indiana, and asked me if I would not go up there and buy them, as there was a failure of corn this year in the north. I asked them how many they wanted and they said twenty

or thirty thousand to put on stillhouse slop feed. It dazed me at the time and I told them I did not have any money. I had only about \$1,000. Si Mull pulls out a package of \$5,000 and hands it to me and says: "You take this money and buy those hogs." This was the first time I had ever seen him. I told him he had better not give me all that money, that I would run away with it, and he said: "I will risk you. You won't run; you look good to me and I will take the chance." When I came back home with the \$5,000 package Mull had given me with which to buy hogs I showed it to my mother. I suppose she had never seen \$5,000 at one time before in her life. She put both arms around me and kissed me and said: "God speed you. Don't ever betray this or any other man." I bought thousands of hogs for them. There was never any question after this about my credit in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, or anywhere else where I did business. The action of Mr. Mull and my success in buying for him gave me confidence in myself and established my credit with all the Cincinnati packers. I could get any amount of money anywhere with which to ship stock in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and parts of Kentucky. It was just like getting money from home where you have a liberal father. My credit never was questioned anywhere until the Swift people tied themselves up with the High Priest of the Pennsylvania Railroad and divided the country.

Enough on that, as I will have to take them up in connection with other men.

## FIFTH—HAMMOND &amp; CO., DETROIT, MICH.

I will not dwell long with Hammond & Co. Back in the '70's I used to buy as much as eight, ten, twelve or fifteen cars of hogs a day for Hammond, Standish & Co., of Detroit. Both the members of the firm were my personal friends and were elegant gentlemen—no better in the trade. Some time about twenty-three to twenty-six years ago Hammond & Co. got to shipping provisions to Providence, R. I. They got also to exporting largely. They got in with Comstock and the money powers of Providence. In the little town of Hammond, Indiana, on the line of Indiana and Illinois, they organized a company to slaughter cattle for the New England and export trade. They were among the first to handle dressed cattle for export. There was no one doing this at that time except Tim Eastman. They bought the ground and built what is known as the Hammond packing house at Hammond for the purpose of slaughtering cattle. They slaughtered only high-grade cattle. They shipped their stuff into New England and to Europe, and that trade took nothing but high grade cattle at that time. Some time after that Hammond died and Comstock, one of the rich men of Providence, became the president of the company. The Czar is no doubt more familiar with this deal than I am. I want to be fair with him, and ask if he is not a large stockholder in this and other companies. Eighteen or twenty years ago an English syndicate bought the Chicago stock yards for about fifteen or twenty million dollars. Then what was known as the "Big Four" bought five or six thousand acres of land now covered by the city of Gary. Nelson Morris was really one of the promoters.



He told me all about it at the time. Armour, Swift, Cudahy, and in fact all of the big ones at that time agreed to move out and build new plants and a new stock yard where Gary is now, near Hammond. In that case Hammond would not have to move, and the English syndicate would have the Chicago stock yards and no business. The English syndicate which had bought the stock yards took fright and the deal was not made. Nelson told me, I think, the English syndicate gave them seven million dollars not to move, and they were to keep all the land.

Nelson used to tell me everything when I would go to Chicago and get confidential with him, but in the deal Hammond was to abandon the town named for him and move into Chicago with his slaughter houses, which he did.

#### SIXTH—SCHWARZCHILD & SULZBERGER.

I will not dwell much on S. & S. I never did any business with them. They were elegant gentlemen, so far as I knew, in the early days. They were the only slaughter house at the east foot of 35th street, in fact, the only slaughter house at the east foot of any street so far as I know. They killed high grade cattle and bought very largely from Buffalo, Ohio and Chicago, but they never bought any cattle in Indiana until after the Indianapolis Stock Exchange put me out. They sent a young man to Attica, Indiana, by the name of Joseph, and he forwarded cattle to them from western Indiana and eastern Illinois (in Joseph Cannon's district). Later he married the daughter of one of the firm and became the whole thing so far as buying the cattle in the West was concerned, and when they put me out of business in Indianapolis that fertilizer, Rauh, took

my man Abe Kahn away from me, whom I picked up after he had failed twice. I thought he was going to commit suicide. I built him a house and put him to buying cattle for me. He was a man of fair judgment. He had been a wholesale dealer in cattle. He prospered and expanded so I had him build him a good house. His four boys worked for me at different times. He had one of the best wives I ever knew—there never was a better one. I was a pall-bearer at her funeral, and was at the church at the confirmation of their boys, a very solemn service. She was always grateful to me for it. To my utter astonishment when Rauh became president of the stock yards Kahn came to me and said: "I have been with you a long time. I think I had better go into business myself. The boys want to go into business." I said, "All right, Mr. Kahn." Rauh sent them East and arranged with S. & S. to become the buyers for them in the Indianapolis yards. In dividing up the territory at that time Nelson Morris was not to buy any more cattle in Indianapolis yards and S. & S. was to take eastern Indiana, Ohio and parts of Kentucky. This was done to take away from me some of my good customers.

They went along and bought there until I left, and I presume are still buying there, but finally Swift worked in and got control of S. & S., as I understand it, and discharged Joseph. He brought suit in the United States court and obtained judgment for about \$250,000, which has recently been affirmed by the Supreme Court.

While in South America I found that S. & S. had gone down there and put in cold storage and refrigerators, and arranged to ship dressed beef from South America to Great Britain. It is now really Swift. They had never slaugh-

tered a hog until about fifteen years ago, and do not slaughter very many now except the kind of stuff that Flagler is making you use in all his big hotels. While in Florida I stopped at five or six of his hotels, paying from \$8 to \$10 per day, which are his rates at Miami, Palm Beach, Daytona and St. Augustine.

I took special pains to see what kind of stuff he was supplying to his guests, as during my travels in the South and in Cuba I found none of the hotels that were a corporation but what was buying with a contract from some house of the beef trust. I found also that Flagler was getting all his meat, eggs and poultry from S. & S. I did not see an egg in his hotels that was not a storage egg, and that did not have a spot like a chicken's eye in the center of it, and looked like it had been in storage for a year or more. He was feeding at some of his hotels also what are known as California hams, which are in reality shoulders. No one could eat the bacon he served, as it was all quick chemically cured and came out of hogs known as "roughs" and "culls" at all stock yards, the kind Kingan had to take at Indianapolis when I was buying all the good ones. Enough of S. & S. at this time.

SEVENTH—KINGAN & CO., INDIANA, AND ST. CLAIR & CO.,  
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

I must start with this firm when I first knew them. During the war the firm was, to my best recollection, called Reid & Kingan, of Cincinnati, Ohio. I am not sure whether they came here before the war or during the war, but certainly about that period. While in Cincinnati they failed—I cannot say just whether it was in '66, '67 or '68. Reid

took sick and I think died in Cincinnati, yet he may have gone back to Belfast with his four boys. The boys, as I recollect it, were named Sammy, Willie, Robert and Jimmie. Jimmie always lived in Belfast. As I understand it, their mother used to live in Belfast. Samuel, who is probably ninety years old, is still living, and, as I now recall it, is bossing the job in Belfast. Thomas, whom I boarded with in the same hotel for twenty years, after he broke went to Joseph Patterson, of Rush county, Indiana. There was where most of the big men were at that time.

I do not know how many of the Kingans were interested in the Cincinnati house, but when they failed in Cincinnati, Jos. Patterson, who lived in Rush county, Ind., and a great friend of the firm of Caldwell & Loder, and, in fact, a friend of all the packers in Cincinnati and connected with the Cincinnati houses and with plenty of money, went behind Thomas Kingan, who, I think, was the oldest of the Kingan brothers, which were Thomas, James and Samuel. Samuel is still living in Belfast. James was killed by walking off of a train of cars between Boston and New York, something like thirty years ago. It was said he got up in his sleep and walked off the car. At any rate, his mangled body was found beside the track. He was a very pushing man and a big speculator in provisions in New York. There had been a break in the provision market at New York and there were many comments as to the real circumstances surrounding his death.

Samuel Kingan was not often in America, but always lived in Belfast and is still living there at the age of about ninety years. He was regarded as the real balance wheel of the firm all the time, and I understand still has his hand

on the button. Thomas was a very careful man; he died some eight or ten years ago at his castle near London. He and I boarded at the Grand Hotel at Indianapolis about twenty-five years ago, and married about the same time. He was a very fine man and confidential with me, we always took breakfast together, about five o'clock in the morning. We continued living in the same hotel after our marriage. Two of my children were born in the hotel. Kingan never had any children. When he died his large estate went to one of the Reid boys. The elder Reid, so I understand, married the only sister of the three Kingan boys. Patterson and Kingan bought a small plant at Indianapolis, as I recollect it, and that was sometime about the time when the Kingans left Cincinnati. They made money practically from the start, but Patterson was old and was known in the trade as "Uncle Joe." He soon drew out and the other Kingans took his place. My information was, the St. Clairs were very rich people in Belfast and they went behind them and they prospered from that time on. Some time in the early '70s, I think about '75 or '77, the St. Clairs built a small house in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, known as St. Clair and Company. I understand the house has always been controlled and manipulated by the Belfast house. They are both, I think, incorporated under the Belfast laws and pay their taxes mostly in Ireland.

When the stock yards opened here thirty-two years ago, Thomas Kingan, himself, was doing practically all the business here. He had a bookkeeper he brought here in about '70, known as John Moore. He was one of the best I ever saw. Moore did all the bookkeeping and Thomas Kingan did all the shipping and buying and looking after the weigh-



ing, and even watching the packing. Later an elegant gentleman from Belfast came over. He was called a dude at that time, because he dressed in English style. His name was John St. Clair. He became a buyer at the stock yards at the time the stock yards opened, and was a main competitor of mine. We got along all right, as he was a gentleman. About a year afterwards, as he was going between his office and the packing house, he got killed between two freight cars. After that, his cousin, Thomas St. Clair, came over. He was a fine man and we got along together all right. Soon they sent a man by the name of James Cunning, who was skilled in buying hogs in the Belfast market, having begun when he was a boy. He did everything quickly and caught onto the market readily. I could not always tell what he was going to do by his actions. The fact is he is worth a half a million a year more to the house than the man that is bossing the job now, but they had to take him back to manage the house. Some twenty or twenty-three years ago they put a man by the name of John M. Shaw there to superintend the buying. He had a nephew whose father was one of the professors in one of the big colleges at Belfast, Ireland, and was educated in his father's college, but was sent to America to buy hogs. As I understand it, it was John's sister's only son. John put him first to carrying the telegrams and keeping the weights in the yards. Here is where all the friction began. I had four, five or six men watching what was going on and watching every move the Kingans made, as they were strong competitors of mine. These men of mine did all the inspection and buying for me. I did not have a ten-year-old boy doing an errand for me that was not smarter than this nephew, Spears, was—in

fact my little colored boy was. They would get a telegram and when John would come into the yards, and he usually came late, they would report the same, and as John was bossing the job he had that Spears running around like a chicken with his head cut off. When he would walk slow after reading his telegram, we knew we could go slow, but if he walked fast we knew he wanted them. I would simply throw up a stick and give my men the signal. We changed our signs every day, so they could not catch on, and in two to ten minutes we would have all the good ones in the yards and they would not have any. They would get mad and have to go and buy hogs elsewhere or else do without them, and generally all the good hogs were sold in the other markets by that time, as the others opened at six and seven o'clock, and our market at eight, consequently they could only get "culls" in any market. I never could tell in the morning within fifteen or twenty cents what I was going to pay. I always bought to the best advantage, which of course everybody should do. This is the time when they organized the exchange to put me out. Spears got to be the whole thing. He was not in the United States two years, or perhaps three, before he was lecturing in Purdue University, telling what he knew about hogs and what he knew about meats. To get any good hogs the Kingans had to go to Iowa, and they located five stock yards they could control, at Oskaloosa, Perry, Burlington and Des Moines, and then they got good hogs. They soon had my man Johnson operating these yards under the name of John P. Squire & Co., but they were really Swift & Co. I made this deal for E. C. Swift.

I never spoke to Spears, but he was the whole thing, and

his uncle knew there was something in the air; he would tell him how I was doing business, and for him to watch the signs. This is where the friction got strong between the Kingans and myself. Kingan had practically three-fourths the commission men and the men of the stock yard company in Indianapolis, instructing them that if they sold me this good stock the Kingans would not buy their hogs.

There was a great deal of stealing by bookkeepers and all of the commission men had been robbed by them but two firms. Note one case—a firm which was very friendly to me came around to my office and told me that their bookkeeper had gone in the closet to commit suicide, and wanted me to run in there and save him. I went and found him. He had worked for me at one time. I went over the matter with him and told him to tell me what the amount was. He said \$3,800 would make him good in the bank. I told him that I would give him a check for \$3,800 and make him good, but I found it was about \$6,000. I had to go into the bank and endorse for this man, a Jew, to bridge the time over.

There was scarcely any day that two or three firms did not come to me to get my check for a day or two as "kites" to deposit to make their bank account good until such a time as they would get checks floating in the country. All of them were heavy speculators in option among one or two bucket shops in the stock yards.

Let me cite one case in reference to W. M. Johnson, who was an honest man and a brother to ex-Congressman Jim Johnson, a well-known man. He was one of the most conservative and honest and best dealers in the yards. He reported robbing was going on all the time and he kept watch-

ing to keep from losing himself; he had three bookkeepers who had robbed him, and he said one James Dick, who had been buying hogs for Kingan & Co., had been robbing him and everybody else. He set a trap and a big heavy bull came in, weighing 1,800 pounds. Johnson, himself, went and told Dick that he was buying that bull, and for him to keep away. He bought the bull and then turned around and sold him to Dick for \$1 a hundred more than he paid, making the entry on his books just as the transaction occurred, showing that one-half of the profit went to Jim Dick. A few days later they had a trial in Johnson's office, with the other commission men present who had been complaining about the corruption. John M. Shaw called in Dick and when Johnson threw the books down on Dick, Dick had to admit the corruption. Then John said: "Dick, why did you do this?" In a few days they let Dick out of the yards and they all promised not to let the circumstance get to the public. A number of other men, bookkeepers and commission men, had been whitewashed in the same way by the Kingans. I understood that Dick went to Kansas City and did business with the Reid Brothers, who were really the Kingans. These are the Reids who were indicted by the grand jury for irregularities in the yard and for shipping out overloaded cars, and ran away to Europe and stayed there two years. This is a matter of court record and newspaper record at the time. These are the chief conspirators who helped to put me out of business. This is the young set who do not do business as their fathers did. They have all got their four-in-hands and automobiles, while I have to work.

Once Dick Serf had been working for the yards. Every-



body knew Dick. There was so much talk of corruption going on in the wards the city sent some detectives out there. They caught him stealing three big hogs and hauling them out in the night. The detectives had Dick arrested. When Rauh heard of the arrest he told the detectives to bring him to the Grand Hotel and not to put him in jail, saying, "I will come around and see him." They took him to the Grand Hotel. Dick and Rauh went into consultation. Dick related all of this to me afterwards. Rauh said: "Dick, why did you steal those hogs?" Dick says: "Why, I been a-stealing ten to twenty hogs for you every day, almost, during the twenty years I have been working for the yard company, and I thought it wouldn't hurt for me to take three for myself." Rauh says: "Hush, hush, don't say anything. You have got to go; you cannot keep at it any longer." I think I can substantiate the above. They would often cut the big ones out of my large droves and put the big ones in their own places.

Now I want to deal with the real actor, the boss actor, whose name was T. Smith Graves. Some twenty-six or twenty-eight years ago T. Smith Graves was attending college at Greencastle, Indiana. He came from a big farm in Kentucky. He married the daughter of Michael Sells, who ran a big commission house. At that time they paid two and three cents for old hogs and cripples. Graves commenced buying these cripples and speculated on them. He was accused of stealing two hogs and he came to me and wanted to hand me \$2, and wanted me to let him have the cripples for \$5.00 less than the cripples were worth. Finally he was caught dead to rights, and they were going to have him arrested, but he ran away to Kentucky, and took



his wife with him, also two children. His father-in-law told me afterwards that he went down there to see him and he found him and his daughter living in a nigger shanty on his fathers farm. He said his daughter wanted to come home, and he asked me if I would not let Graves come back. I told him to let him come and he fixed it up with the others. Then he got along all right; he went to work, and finally he went into the firm with Sells and got to be the whole thing. They were making \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year.

After they put me out of the yards I brought a suit for \$200,000 damage against the stock company and the Combine, also including the Indiana National Bank and the Malott Bank, for conspiracy. They had all the lawyers they could get, some ten in number, headed by W. H. H. Miller and Morris & Newberger, a Jew firm. The case was taken to Lebanon, where they had a judge with a glass eye and a wig. I was a little suspicious of the wig, and I told my attorneys that we had better have a jury, but they advised me to try the case before the judge. John W. Kern was my chief attorney. The judge ruled with me for several days, but I learned that the Jew lawyers had taken the judge on a twenty-mile automobile ride and to a supper at Frankfort after night. When I found that out I told Kern that I felt like I wanted to dismiss the case. This T. Smith Graves did not go on the witness stand—no one went on the witness stand except Rauh. The judge in handing down his decision said he did not see how the bank could be a conspirator; could not see where Kingan, my competitors, had not a right to do so; that the commission men had a right to organize and resolve not to do any more business with me. He said it seemed that Graves had been robbing me, but it

also seemed that he had settled with me every time I caught him.

It was a cuckoo of an explanation for the defendants. I found out at the time that Rauh and the judge had been together, that Rauh was a friend of the judge while he was Speaker of the Indiana House some years before. The Stock Yards Company always knew how to handle the Speakers of the Indiana Legislature. They are the best lobbyists there are. They always get things in hand early and look over the committees. The Speaker of course makes the committees, and they find their men long before. No doubt this applies to every State where there is a stock yard. Enough of this.

We are told in the Bible that the innocent shall suffer for the guilty and you will find this illustrated almost every day in the lives of some of those we know. I have referred in the preceding pages to Graves, who was one of the chief conspirators against me. His wife was a grand, noble and good woman, and was burned to death in her own home. I have also several times referred to the Turk, the King of Ireland, and his wrong-doings in the stock yards and with those who were competitors. Three of his grand-children were burned to death in the Iroquois Theater in Chicago, which broke his good wife's heart and she died. The Jew lawyer who took the judge out riding after night had a partner by the name of Morris. Morris lived with his brother-in-law, who was also a Jew, my comrade in the army and one of the best men I ever knew. His house took fire and Morris was burned to death, with two of the children of his brother-in-law, Dr. Haas. The father never recovered from the blow. The man Malott, president of the Indiana

National Bank, and chief conspirator and the tool of the High Priest against me, has a son Macy, who, according to recent newspaper record, was locked up in the station house for whipping his wife. He is really a much better man than his father. Note this particularly: When McKee, Vice-President of Malott's bank, was on the witness stand for about two hours in my suit before the judge who wore a wig, and after he had been well rehearsed by W. H. H. Miller and the Jew lawyer who were the leading attorneys for the conspirators, the only truth he swore to on the stand was that he knew my name was R. R. Shiel, and that I had done business at his bank. He knew nothing about the protesting of my check; nothing about refusing me money at any time; or of Malott refusing to let me make a note for \$3,000 to pay any overcheck that I might have; nothing about Malott's refusing to take a note endorsed by Fitzgerald, who is worth a million, and Bishop Chatard. When Malott was on the stand he admitted all these things. My attorney, John W. Kern, got him tangled. Ed Porter, Secretary of the bank, when Malott got tangled, slipped out the back way.

#### EIGHTH—ARMOUR & COMPANY.

As to Armour & Company, I knew old Phil well, having met him, I think, about '68, not later than '69, in Chicago, on the Board of Trade, and knew him as long as I went to Chicago. Phil was really a very fair dealer. He had in his employ when I first knew him, a number of Cudahys. Mike and Patrick I never knew personally, as they did not come on the Board of Trade at that time, but I did know John. He conducted and maintained a big house well until

the other fellows got to doing everything wrong, and he had to follow suit. After his death they got to playing like the other people. They got to making the same kind of stuff that Nelse and the Parson made, and, as I understand it, even got to canning chicken. I never knew Ogden; they say he is a very clever fellow, trying to keep the money his father left him. Well, enough of this.

#### NINTH—CUDAHY & COMPANY.

They are known as cuckoos, John, especially. John is really the only one I know, and I don't know him well. He is the one that stays in Chicago and does the manipulating, or really what E. C. Swift does for the Swift people. They bought out some years ago, around '80, as I recall it, the Plankinton Packing House of Milwaukee, Wis., which was a large packing house. They prospered fast; they were three very industrious Irishmen. Some years ago they bought a house that was known as the Hughes, Taggart & Co., at Louisville, Ky., and changed it to the Louisville Packing Co. Cudahy bought this house and I bought hogs for them, just the same as I had been buying for Hughes, Taggart & Co. But when the fight came, Cudahy said that he would not pay \$6 commission, and wanted to pay only \$3. I told them I had only one commission, and then he joined in with the others and chopped my head off. While I was buying for Squire, and buying especially from all the good and best farmers, something like one hundred to one thousand head from a farm, Cudahy sent his man Taylor—in fact, sent three men—into Indiana and tried to knock me out of buying the Morgans and the Scotts, who had two or three thousand hogs, and even went right into Indiana,



north of Indianapolis, a thing unknown in the trade at Frankfort, and put Taylor up there, as I had a big territory. They tried to crowd me in buying the hogs. Taylor is still living. A few years ago I went to Chicago and had a conference with John, and I asked him why in the name of sense he didn't keep off of me there. He said he wanted to buy good ones and that I was buying all the good ones. I told him that I would buy some of these good ones and send them down to him if he would pay me the commission. He said they did not pay a commission; that they had their own men. I suppose they have a right to buy there. They are right in the deal and doing the bidding of the Trusts. Well, enough of this.

#### TENTH—NATIONAL PACKING COMPANY.

The National Packing Company is a very far-reaching thing. As I understand it, there was originally a house that had that name in Chicago, and they bought it. This house was to be used for a killer off of smaller houses, and they would go into a small town and give provisions away while they were doing the killing. They have killed off practically all of the good-sized houses in the United States, with the exception of three or four. They were never able to do anything with the Cleveland Provision Co., Cleveland, Ohio. It was an old house and had a high grade established trade in Europe, and were very heavy exporters of pork. Ben Rose, the President, and practically the owner, has just recently died, leaving no heirs. He was reported to be worth five to eight million dollars. He gave a million dollars to the Old Ladies' Home at Cleveland. I think he was a Scotchman and was ninety years old when he died. He



often told me they would never get him, that his house gave honest stuff and the same kind of lard, etc., as he did years ago; that he never went into adulterating food, or using the short process of curing any of their food, or stuff any of their hams with chemicals in order that they might get them off in four or five days. He said he always found that when he sold a customer a good ham that they always came back for others. He was a very fair man. He had considerable to do with the passing of the meat inspection bill.

Once when he was in Washington I took him and his wife to the White House and introduced them to President and Mrs. Harrison. He spent an hour or more with him, and the President had us stay for dinner, and he explained to the President the new process of curing meat quickly and ruining the whole country.

The National Packing Company was organized and the stock prorated among all the members of the Trust, so if there was either loss or profit they would share and share alike. But the same man who made the price in Chicago for the different cuts for all the Trusts, named the price also for the National Packing Company. When the Trust made up its mind to kill off a small house anywhere, the National Packing Company was the club used, and would send its meats into the place and almost give it away until the small house succumbed.

#### CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE PACKERS.

Note the following names of men I commenced doing business with in 1865 and 1866, who were the packers at that time in Cincinnati and Louisville. I dealt only with the large packers.

In Cincinnati: The strongest man at that time and leaving one of the richest estates in Cincinnati, whom the beef trust was unable to break, was Joseph Rawson. He was doing business under the name of Joseph Rawson & Son. He was known by those in the trade as Old Joe. He left his business to his sons, who have conducted it since, only in a smaller way.

The second was Caldwell, Loder & Co. The members of this firm were Rush county, Indiana, men, but doing business in Cincinnati, although living in Rush and Fayette counties, Indiana, in Watson's district. This firm was one of the best known firms that ever did business in Cincinnati. I never had better friends than the members of this firm and the men associated with them. They would have backed me with all the money they could get at every turn of the road.

The third was J. L. Keek & Brother, or Si, as we called him. Si was much younger than Joe, Ike or Train, as we called Caldwell Train and Loder Ike and Rawson Joe, as I have said. Si was young and very progressive. He would be at the yards by daybreak in the morning doing his own buying. Joe, Train and Ike very rarely went to the yards. I did a very heavy business with all of them, but sold Si more than any of the others the first two years. I remember one time during the panic of '73, when nobody could get any money anywhere, I had something more than \$25,000 worth of hogs and shipped them in one train to Cincinnati. I banked at that time with Fletcher and Sharpe at Indianapolis. I never had a better friend, and no better man ever lived or died than Ingram Fletcher. I had bought most of the hogs in Indiana and Illinois on time until I

could get back with the money. Ingram asked me if I could not get the currency at Cincinnati and bring it home. I told him I thought I could get it of Joe, Train, Ike or Si. Si showed up early in the morning after the hogs reached Cincinnati and seemed to be anxious to buy them. We could not at first agree upon a price, but later on we did. Si was to give me the currency, as I wanted it to pay for the hogs. My impression is there were more than 2,000 head of hogs. He said he would get the money if he had to knock a man down for it, and I sold him the hogs. It was some time in the afternoon before we got through weighing the hogs. I had wanted to make the 2 p. m. train for Indianapolis, but found I could not do so and wired Ingram I would be in Indianapolis at 11 o'clock that night with the stuff, and for him to meet me at the depot. When Si and I got to the bank it was closed, but he had sent word that he had to have the money. They let us in the side door about 4 p. m. and the bank handed out the money in packages. I put it in my grip and hung on to the grip until I reached Indianapolis. Ingram met me at the depot and we went immediately to his bank and placed the money in the vault. I regret I have not space to deal more at length with others I did business with in Cincinnati, all of whom were excellent gentlemen and did business in the Missouri way.

Louisville: I think I was fully as strong if not stronger in Louisville as in Cincinnati. Among the first I did business with there in 1865 or '66 was Hughes, Gauzley & Co. Colonel Gauzley, of the firm, was on General Forest's staff during the war. He was as much as ten or fifteen years older than I. The firm had the largest house in Louisville

at that time. Gauzley came up to Indianapolis to see me with Col. Horace Scott, at that time superintendent of the J., M. & I. Railroad. Horace wanted the hogs to go over his road to Louisville and Gauzley wanted them for his packing house. Horace knew me, but I had never met Gauzley, but his Kentucky hospitality soon had me going down the pike. He wanted me to give him all my hogs, but of course I had to take care of Joe and Ike and the other Cincinnati boys. I did finally give him from twenty-five to thirty-five cars a day.

Some two years after this, while waiting for a train at his country residence some twelve or fourteen miles out of Louisville, he was accidentally drawn under the train and killed. I do not believe I ever lost a better friend or felt as sad. After his death the firm became Hughes, Taggart & Co. and continued under that name until they were bought out by Cudahy when he took in Louisville in the division of territories. This house has been able to withstand the beef trust. Note the names of others I did business with in Louisville: Fred Leib & Sons. The beef trust broke him and broke his heart. He never ordered less than 2,500 head at a time. In fact, the Louisville people seldom ever ordered less than 1,500 head at a time, and sometimes as high as 3,000. During the packers' strike about '87, when there were no packing houses operating in Chicago for some weeks, I went to Chicago on Mondays and took out of that city from 15,000 to 20,000 daily, which I sent to Louisville and Cincinnati. In addition I had a number of country people sending their hogs to the packers there. I also sent large shipments of hogs from Chicago to my Eastern customers, as the Chicago market was at that time



lower than any in the country. This was before any meat inspection law was passed and before I was a dead one.

I ask the attention of the reader to the following, which articles appeared in recent issues of the New York papers:

#### THE MEEK CONSUMER.

*To the Editor of The Sun:*

Sir—An editorial paragraph in today's Sun says: "It is almost uncanny, yet it's true. The consumer will not rise."

Wouldn't it be even more remarkable if the consumer should rise, for as it stands now the consumer doesn't know any good reason for rising, and not knowing any he maintains his average calm horizontal position? Since the tariff talk commenced the editors have been wondering why the consumer has not rebelled. Hasn't it occurred to the editors that unquestionably at least 99½ per cent. of the average consumers are at the present moment as densely ignorant of the nature and effect of the proposed tariff schedules as tomorrow's child? The editors feel that they understand the tariff question somewhat (as their jobs require at least a partial knowledge of it), and as the average person believes that the rest of humanity knows something about the things with which he is familiar, the editors naturally assume that the consumer knows something about the tariff. But the average consumer knows as little about the tariff as the average congressman or senator.

We should like to know something about the tariff, but we don't, and we have a faint idea that we never shall, and that is about all there is to it. The consumer has not "been shown" (or if he has he is too dense to perceive the demonstration) that he will be affected inimically by any possible change in the tariff. If it can be bumped into his consciousness that it will cost him more to live this year than last year, then every one over seven will immediately assume a perpendicular attitude.

ADAM LAIRD.

Scranton, Pa., April 22,



## BEEF TRUST ACCUSED.

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MAY ENTER SHOE BUSINESS IF HIDES TAX IS CONTINUED.

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From the New York Press.

Vigorous protest against a duty on hides was made Friday by Charles H. Jones, of Boston, in speaking on "The Boot and Shoe Industry and the Tariff" before the members of the Academy of Political Science in the Hotel Astor. The speaker asserted that the present duty of 15 per cent. is aiding the beef trust gradually to build up a monopoly of the tanning industry of the United States, and the result would be that all independent tanners will be compelled to buy hides from the beef trust or be driven out of business. The only remedy, the speaker said, is to permit the independent tanners to have the entire world as their market.

There were many speakers at the annual meeting of the academy, but Jones was the most striking because of his charges against the beef trust. He went into the history of the tanning business. He said the great packing houses take off one-half the hides produced in this country. "They simply own such hides as come into their possession in their business of supplying the people with meat," he said. "Obviously, neither they nor the farmers produce or own one single hide more or less on account of this or any other tariff. When a duty was levied on hides the packing houses were selling their hides to tanners throughout the country and were naturally one of the chief sources of supply to the tanners. Then the markets of the world were open to all buyers and the world's production controlled the price. The duty, however, increased the price of foreign hides 15 per cent. and enabled the packers to realize a full butcher's profit on the hides and at the same time get the hide for about 15 per cent. less than any tanner could buy it. The packing houses soon realized the importance of their control of the tanners' raw material and naturally undertook to secure this profit as well as their own. To do this they began to learn the tanning business.

"To make their control complete," went on the speaker, "they

have during the past few years bought out large numbers of hide-buying agencies scattered throughout the country, and now collect thousands of hides which are taken off by local butchers. Thus they have so restricted the sources of supply that the independent owner must go to them for his raw material, the price of which they control.

“Under these circumstances, if this duty is continued, nothing can prevent the ultimate monopoly of the leather business by the beef trust. When their control is complete—and it will take only a few years to complete it—nothing can prevent their making all or such parts of the shoes needed in this country as they desire.”

### CONDITIONS IN THE SOUTH.

I want to call your especial attention to Mr. Flagler, practically the owner of the East coast of Florida. He owns all the railroads, all the telegraph offices, all the express companies, all the cars and all the best hotels. You might say it was a fad of his to go into this wilderness and construct all these roads and make such improvements. He has managed his investments very differently from J. J. Hill.

You might say that Florida possesses much, especially in South Florida, as the climate is as good or better than anywhere I have been. Also, it is very easy to get out of Florida by water, much harder to get out by rail. I knew Mr. Flagler in a way in Cleveland thirty-five or forty years ago. I stopped at five or six of his hotels in Florida, in Miami, Palm Beach, Daytona and St. Augustine, paying from \$8 to \$10 a day. They were all managed by different people, and each manager operated his own hotel, and the management of one hotel had to check with that of the others. That was done in a way to get the best results. I

understand the hotel business, having been connected with that business directly or indirectly for more than forty years. I have been stopping at the best hotels for years in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and scores of other places. I never ask the price of a room, but tell them I want a good room, and when I get ready to go I always go and pay for same. I have lived that way ever since I have been in business. Ten dollars a day is the most that I have ever paid at any of the hotels on the American plan. All of his hotels are on the American plan. In '92 I was a guest for something like ten days at the Ponce de Leon, in Florida. I was invited there when Albert J. Porter, Minister to Italy, was traveling with me, and I was looking after Harrison's nomination. There was a large ball there for the Hermitage Institution at Nashville, Tennessee. I had, I think, the same room this time as I had there once before. They charged me \$10. Flagler married his former housekeeper, and I am told that she is now in the insane hospital. She was the best dressed woman at the hotel. She was his second wife. I missed him at Palm Beach, but I saw his residence, and it is said that it cost two or three millions of dollars. The stewards and managers of his hotels told me that he checked up one hotel against another, and the manager that got the best results got the most salary. I asked them where they got all of their meat. They said that S. & S. supplied all Flagler's hotels. Note what I have said elsewhere about the kind of meat that S. & S. furnished, especially in the pork line. This is the kind that you find in all of Flagler's hotels. The oranges and the grape fruit that Flagler used were mostly what are called drops, that is the fruit that drops off the trees and

can be bought for more than a half less than that which is selected and pulled by hand off the trees. I am told that Flagler never had the best oranges or grape fruit on his tables, many of them having fallen four or five days before. A gentleman who owns the largest and best fruit farm I saw while in Florida told me that he had twenty colored people putting up his fruit, and told me that Flagler would take many of the drops off of his hands.

I asked Mr. Ingram, who was Flagler's third vice-president, whom I met at times, about building up the cattle on the lines of the Florida roads, and he said that they principally raised bulls down there to fight in Cuba. I told him that I would give him one hundred bulls, sufficient to change the whole breed of his cattle, if he would pay the freight on them and sterilize all the other bulls within ten miles of his road, and in a few years he would have a fine grade of cattle. He said that he would see me about it, but that he did not think it could be done. I told him if he did that he could get good meat right at home, and Flagler would not have to have his stuff shipped from the North. I found that they were furnishing guests at his hotels nothing but cows, and Jersey beef, and in the pork line nothing but old stags and sows. He told me that he knew nothing about that, as each manager operated his hotel so he could show the best results, and all meat and egg supplies were bought from S. & S., which was contracted for by Flagler. Of course every business man buys so he can show good results, but I told him that it was not right to buy meats that were actually poisonous to people. There is a vast difference between meats. I told him that they ought to feed nothing but high grade meats. He said, "Well, fish is high



grade meat, and we feed fish all the year round. The cost of fish is the same as it was thirty years ago there and all the way along the coast to Boston. Fish sell all along the coast for from ten to twelve cents per pound, and the best kind. Fish and the like are higher in the West than in the East. They will charge three times as much for beef all along the coast as they do for fish, and that of a very poor quality.

Note particularly here what the Trust is doing. I stopped at Helena, Arkansas, as I was going down. I inspected the city. I wanted to find out whether it would be a good investment to put in street cars. This was a town of fifteen to twenty thousand people, and no cars. A friend of mine wanted to get the charter. I wrote him to go there and get the charter, which he did; now they are building the street railway. I stopped there also when I went back. I arranged with him to put in stock yards and a packing house in or near the town. The parties arranged to give me one hundred acres of land and I had all the deeds and everything ready, but the Trust got onto it in some way and then the parties would not let me have the land unless I would go away out in the country, saying that stock yards and a packing house would ruin any city; consequently I did not get the land.

As I was returning from Hot Springs, Ark., I stopped four days at Nashville, Tenn., and got in with some friends there. I had it in my mind to promote and build a stock yard there, as I knew I was in the best part of the South, and could get a large supply of live stock in that section, and close enough to go in the Northwest, knowing if I was short in the Northwest I could get there with my stock in



twenty-four hours. We went over it all very carefully, and I talked it over with some of the moneyed men there, and the thing was arranged to be put in operation. Note what appeared in the Nashville American and which will explain itself. Also note what other papers said about the two and a half million dollars for the purpose of organizing and constructing the stock yards, a cold storage and fertilizer plant in Nashville. This was five or six days afterwards. Of course the Cudahys and their associates, who had had this territory in the South, take after them, got after me and took out a charter for \$2,500,000. They followed me like a serpent everywhere. Years ago I went in with Charles North & Co., to construct stock yards in Sioux City, Iowa, and the Trust went in there after they bought North out.

Niles & Brothers, about twenty-two or three years ago, and some other parties, constructed yards at Yarmouth, Texas, and I said to them that it would be a dead sure winner. Niles wrote to me, asking me if I could not get him a manager to come out there and help him out. I was arranging to go myself and I told them they could get Mitchell, who was at that time superintendent of the Kansas City yards, and who had been superintendent of the Indianapolis yards until Samuel Rauh was elected President. J. W. P. Ijams had been President practically all the time until they brought on the fight against me and Mitchell, superintendent. They protected me and saw I got the strictly higher right and the ones I bought loaded, without stealing. As soon as Ijams quit they got rid of Mitchell and he went to the Kansas City yards. Then the Trust went to Yarmouth and Niles made a deal with them whereby he was to

have a big interest. This is the same Niles who is president of the Squire house in Boston, and the Niles, Boston.

Another damnable thing of the Trust is an agreement whereby nothing that was cured in the old-fashioned way must be sent South. They must keep a dumping place to dump only the process-cured meats in the South. Twenty-five years ago there was only about 40 per cent. of the hogs slaughtered that could be marketed in less than forty days, excepting the lard, the fresh livers and the feet. The bacon, hams and the shoulders, when they were not sold fresh, would take at least fifty or sixty days to be fully cured. Squire, North, the Boston Packing House or any of the Cincinnati or Louisville houses never marketed anything until it was thoroughly cured. Now the Trusts have a process of chemicals by which they can cure hams, shoulders or in fact any part of the hog in eight to ten days, and they can sell all of their products inside of ten days. This was done to save interest on the money invested and to turn their money often; also to save storage and insurance in carrying them.

You understand they are putting nothing but bull meat in the large hotels, North and South, which are practically incorporated and have an interest in the Beef Trust.

The bulls are not fed as they were fifteen years ago, but are fed on cotton seed hulls, cooked with slop. Years ago they had hay for roughness, now they have cotton seed hulls. The cotton seed permeates the beef. They pass the orders down the line to sell the bulls. They go on slop in July and August, and they commence taking off in March, April and May, and by the middle of June they have got to have them all off, for the still houses close down then. They are fat, but they are bull meat just the same, with a cotton seed

flavor. In every large hotel I stopped at in the South I found this condition since the first of March. I recently took a trip West, through Cincinnati, Indiana, St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago and New York, and the bull meat appeared in all of the best hotels I stopped at, and also on the dining cars. While in the South during the winter I found the Jersey cow meat largely predominated. At any rate there was nothing but cow meat put on any of Flagler's tables. Part was Jersey and part was not, and I found the same conditions in every other hotel with the exception of Gulfport, Miss., and Little Rock, Arkansas. The best meal I had while traveling in the South was in East Tennessee in the mountains on the Tennessee River, where we stopped twenty minutes for dinner. The lady had all Tennessee products, evidently—the eggs, the bacon, the pork, etc. I think the meal was 75 cents, and at all the other places I had been paying from \$1 to \$1.50. You understand I traveled in the South all the time in the daytime. This will show you that the conditions of live stock in the South must be changed and improved as was done in Denmark.

To the Southern Senators and members of the House of Representatives, I want to serve notice on you that the same applies to you this coming election as it did to Wadsworth. Your country is an agricultural country, and a great deal depends upon your actions in the Senate and the House, as to how you all should join hands and help build up the South as the Northwest has been built up. In the West there were millions of acres that were barren that are now fertile, the same as your lands prior to the war, but have been abandoned since. Your lands can be made fertile

if you will permit the people to go into your State without interruption, and teach your people "Early to bed and early to rise."

It has been your purpose to keep your colored people in slavery, so that you could hold them in subjugation, but all that is past and there are new generations coming on. The war is all over and there is no use bringing that up. You vote for a revenue bill that won't protect the poorer people in a way of furnishing raw material for the factories and other industries in a small way. You protect your wild timber lands in order that you may be able to sell a few more trees off the land, lands that nothing else will grow on, and poor trees at that. I noticed while traveling in the South a great many turpentine camps and timber in the sandy parts of Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas—practically would travel half a day and see nothing else. Can you afford to vote for a big tariff on lumber to satisfy the already rich lumber dealer and make the poor man pay it when they want to build a house or a barn on a farm in the South, or even in the North or Northwest? Can you afford to vote for tax on refined sugar in the interest of the Sugar Trust because you have a few districts in your section that are able to produce sugar. against the millions that have to consume sugar? I serve notice on you that you will get the same dose that Wadsworth got, and in the very next election. There is no politics with the plain, common people, especially among the farmers. In my four months, traveling in the South I found that part of the country was riper for the move than even the West, that is on the tariff bill. I fully realize that many of you have large interests in the South, that you are



rich and have plenty, and that the poorer people have to help furnish a revenue to support your government and to help pay your taxes.

Now there has been a great deal said in the South about the colored race. The old saying is, "A nigger will steal, and a white man is uncertain." I don't agree with that. Take, for instance, the bank's trusty man is mostly a negro; the man who has charge of the keys in the big hotels is often a colored man, both North and South. The old slave owners had trusty colored men; in fact there are trusted colored men in nearly all business interests. The old colored woman that nursed the white children, she educated them to be honest, as well as educated her own children to be honest. It is true that there is a good per cent. of the colored people that do steal, but not more so than the Dago, the Irish, Jews and others. It has not been over a year since they wanted to disfranchise the colored men in the South, when there are some colored men more able to vote than lots of white ones. These are the Democrats. I have got no politics myself and I don't want to have any—I just want to help the people.

#### PROMINENT MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

Now I want to take up some great men in the light in which I see them; in fact, in the light in which the public sees them, and not as they see themselves. There are a great many handsome men that live on their looks, and think as they are walking down the street or riding in automobiles that everybody is looking at them—in fact that is generally the case, but what are most of the people thinking about them?



Now, first I want to deal with the men I have come in contact with in the last forty years, so I will take up what is a most important class, the business man. One of the greatest men that I have known in the past thirty years in building up the Northwest is Archbishop Ireland, moving forward and preaching Christ and Him crucified.

The second is James J. Hill, building a railroad into the unknown country. It was a very gigantic undertaking to construct the Northern Pacific. After he got it constructed he saw the wild animals, the wild horses, the wild cattle, the wild sheep, the wild hogs and the wild men. So some fifteen or twenty years ago he commenced buying and importing on the main lines West in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana and Washington, something like eight hundred bulls, all of which were thoroughbred Herefords, Shorthorns and Polled Angus of the meat kind. He bought no Jerseys. Those are practically the only meat producers. He gave them to the farmers and compelled them to use them for stock breeding. He bought something like 5,000 male thoroughbred hogs, and something like six or eight thousand thoroughbred bucks, all of which were imported largely from Canada, as they raised the highest grade sheep there. He bought something like six to eight hundred draft horses and gave all of them away, stringing them out on the lines of his roads. In every case where he gave away this imported stock he required the recipient to agree to sterilize all the male stock they owned and in less than two years he had all the hogs and sheep at least half-breeds or thorough-breeds; in less than five years he had all the cattle, and in less than eight years he had all the horses half-breeds or

thoroughbreds. Now no country in the world can excel the section along his line of roads, in its high grade of sheep, hogs, cattle and horses. In my mind he is one of the greatest benefactors I ever knew, along with John P. Squire, Tim Eastman and Richard Webber, an account of whom I have given in the previous pages. There is a vast difference between a builder up and a tearer down. There is another Moses that I think of at this point, and if he lives he will raise other sections of the country out of the wilderness. I have reference to E. H. Harriman, and if he takes up on his lines and duplicates what Hill has done, as I think he will, it will be a big money-maker for him. It will take some time to get good results from this class of investments, yet when the good results come they will continue to be money-makers. He has the foresight to see it, and he will prove to be a great builder up of the South along the line of his roads.

There is a vast difference between the way Hill and the Pennsylvania Company operate their roads. The Pennsylvania practically operates all the lines it controls for the sole use and benefit of the Pennsylvania, and no one else. Thirty-two years ago when we established our stock yards at Indianapolis, we had to give the head officers of the Pennsylvania Company \$100,000 of our \$500,000 worth of stock. In the agreement with the Pennsylvania Company they were to abandon two stock yards, in Indianapolis, which were very good ones, and one at Columbus, Ohio, one of the best locations for a stock yard in the country, and it would have been one of the best for the farmers of Ohio and a part of Indiana, giving them the benefit of a short

haul to market. I understand many of these same high officials are yet holding their stock in the Indianapolis yards. Of course the "High Priest" is still living, and it is my impression he thinks he will live always. He was in the deal at the time, as he was stock agent for the Pennsylvania Road.

I regret that I have not the space to mention in this brief hundreds of others. None come up to Squire, Eastman and Webber. If you are careful in reading this brief through you will see what I have to say about each one. Do not overlook Pinnell and Lockridge. I must also mention William Randolph Hearst. His father went West at an early day and struck it rich in the gold mines, and was sent to the United States Senate by California. In his day he was a great power on the Pacific Coast. William has got his father skinned to a frazzle. I knew the old Senator and I know the young journalist. He is a smarter man than his father was. That is an exception to the general rule. There are not many smarter men in the country. He employs the very best talent and pays the highest salaries on his papers. He puts a good deal of fiction in his papers, which I do not read, but the people want it. He also prints a great deal of solid facts, which I do read. You can not lose him. There is another man you can not lose, that is Thomas Hisgen, late the candidate of the Independent party for President. He is a very able man. He came from Indiana. Tom Lawson is another one of those men you can not lose. I do not know him personally, but I have read with interest what he has written about meats and the Beef Trust. He is a very well-informed man on these subjects, for one who never dealt in meat.

I also want to say there are great men in labor organizations, and in naming the progressive men, no man stands higher on the list than John Mitchell. There is no greater benefactor to labor or the country than John Mitchell, and he will have a crown when he dies.

There is a vast difference between Gompers and Mitchell. There is a Jew and an Irishman in this. I understand that Gompers is a Jew. However, one is a builder up and the other a tearer down.

## RICHARD WEBBER'S SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY.

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HE ARRIVES AT THE AGE OF THREE SCORE YEARS.

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DETAILS OF PROFIT DISTRIBUTION PLAN.

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On the 21st of January Mr. Richard Webber arrived at the sixtieth milestone in his life's journey.

He carries his sixty years lightly, and to a stranger looks more like forty.

It isn't our intention to write a biography of Mr. Webber, but we would like to say a few words appertaining to the success Mr. Webber has made.

We know that Mr. Webber became a master butcher in 1873, when he started in business for his own account in partnership with Mr. James W. Sears at 2194 Third avenue. Mr. Webber withdrew from this partnership in 1876 and continued business at 2134 Third avenue, and in the following year removed to 210 East 120th street, having purchased at a receiver's sale a business that had been previously conducted there.

He took a partner, a Mr. Warwick, and increased the business by taking the shop adjoining, No. 212.

In the early part of 1880 the firm Webber & Warwick was dissolved and the business divided, Mr. Webber taking 212 East 120th street.

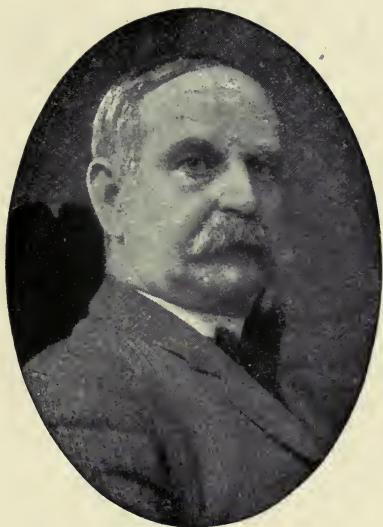
Mr. Warwick put his business into a stock company, which later had financial difficulties. Eventually on the settlement of the affairs of the Warwick company its business was acquired by Mr. Webber, who then, about the beginning of 1882, combined it with his individual business. The Harlem packing house was originally the property of Mr. Warwick, who started in 1873.

We make no mention here of many incidents of Mr. Webber outside of his strictly business life, as we desire to reserve the recording of them until we are able to give a good, full biography, which we feel will interest every member of his large business family, and besides, it would be a very difficult matter to write all one would like, realizing as we do his extreme modesty.

We have secured some photos of our subject which we feel sure will be of interest to our readers. The first shows Mr. Webber when he was about eighteen years old, and is reproduced from a daguerreotype. The next two show him at twenty-six and twenty-nine years. The one taken in 1884 or '85 was used in a set of resolutions which were engrossed and handsomely framed and presented to Mr. Webber by one hundred and ten employes in 1885. The photo taken when he was 48 makes him look older than he appears today. The picture depicting Mr. Webber in 1904 shows him no different than now.

Mr. Webber has a modest family—two sons and one





RICHARD WEBBER.



daughter—and one grandson, the child of Mr. Richard Webber, Jr. We present a picture of Master Richard Webber 3d, who is three years and nine months old and who from all appearances will be “a chip of the old block.”

#### THE PROFIT-SHARING PLAN—EVERYBODY A PARTNER.

By means of signs placed about the establishment on Monday, the 28th inst., Mr. Webber requested the presence of all his employes immediately after the closing of the store, explaining that he desired to speak upon a plan to distribute amongst them a certain percentage of the profits of his business.

The five hundred and odd employes gathered in the Third avenue store after business was over for the day, and then Mr. Webber said: “I called you together this evening with the object of saying something to you, but as my throat is not right I have deputized my son Richard to explain to you a plan which I hope will meet with your approval, as it does with mine.”

After the applause which greeted these remarks had died away Mr. Richard Webber, Jr., addressed the assemblage as follows:

Upon the card which accompanied Mr. Webber's gift to you a short time ago it was intimated that Mr. Webber had a plan of distributing among his employes a portion of the yearly profits instead of the customary week's salary.

With the object of announcing to you this plan this evening Mr. Webber has called you together.

In a large business the supreme head cannot oversee everything. Consequently minor details are not carried out, and that means losses. To prevent these losses it needs

the co-operation of the employes. Now the question is how to secure that co-operation. The co-operation upon the part of the employes means that they should take some interest, and perhaps the best way to secure that interest is to give them something to lose or gain. No one has as much interest in a business as in one's own.

Now, to secure your interest in his business, Mr. Webber is going to make his business your own personal business; in other words, he is going to take you into partnership. It is his intention to divide 20 per cent. of the net profits among his employes. This will take the place of the customary semi-yearly distribution of a week's salary.

This 20 per cent., taking the average profits of the last few years, will materially exceed a week's salary. Some of you may remember in a like distribution a number of years ago that your share of profits was several times the amount of the salary you received each week.

Mr. Webber wishes it to be strictly understood that this sharing of profits is not to be considered as part salary. It is a reward. The amount you will receive will of course vary at one time from another; naturally profits fluctuate, and will be partly accountable to the amount of interest taken by you in the business. Therefore, if an employe does not take any interest in the business he must not expect to share the profits which his interest ought to have helped accrue.

This action upon Mr. Webber's part being done with the idea of getting your help, it will be at his discretion to discontinue the arrangement should it fail of its object.

Now, as Mr. Webber's partners in his business, how can you help to increase the profits? You must prevent waste

by yourself and others in time and material. For instance, you know that many waste time, and time is money. You know that many use more paper than is necessary in wrapping articles. The paper and twine bill of this establishment reaches weekly over \$300.

You must prevent dishonesty and wilful neglect in others. If you feel a man is dishonest or wilfully neglectful do not try to correct the fault personally—he would naturally resent your interference—but report it to your superior. This cannot be considered as an underhand trick; remember you are a partner in the business.

Obeys orders of your superiors. This is one of the strong points of an organization. When you are told to do something do it yourself; do not turn the job over to some one else.

You must save expenses. One of the greatest items of our business is the deliveries. You can save money there. As a salesman you can perhaps get a customer to carry a small package by asking, "Will you take this with you?" That suggests to the customer to take it. When you have waited on a customer ask if there is anything else. If there is, it means the saving of a check, of extra wrapping paper and extra delivery—a saving all around.

If you are one coming in contact with the trade, don't make too many promises. If you do make a promise see that it is kept. The customers must not be disappointed.

If you witness an accident to a customer report it at once to some one in authority. There are people unprincipled enough to take advantage of a slight accident to blackmail. Should you have an accident yourself report it.

Never shirk the blame when you are in the wrong. There



is a sign upstairs which reads to the effect that a prompt acknowledgment of a fault saves time and money, and tends largely to foster good feelings between employer and employes.

You must be loyal to the house. You must always uphold the establishment and those in it. When you "knock" the house you are "knocking" yourself.

You must obey rules and see that others do so. There is an object for every rule made. They are necessary for the success of every business. You see signs about the house prohibiting smoking; why? Because fires are awful. We need look back but a few days to recall the awful calamity of the Cowperthwait fire, and others of even greater magnitude.

You must use discretion. For instance, if you should get a raise in salary it is because you are considered worth it. Don't tell others. Your fellow employe might think he is entitled to it when he is not. He don't know it, and consequently he wants a raise and is dissatisfied when he don't get it. Again, but a few days ago one of the boys on No. 5 counter declined to sell a customer four pounds of breast of mutton because he didn't have just the weight handy. The goods chosen weighed four and a quarter pounds, and the boy could not see his way clear to make it four pounds—very poor discretion! In this case a quarter of a pound of fat cut off would have been no loss. It would have made a difference of a cent, and as fat it would bring that money. It is a different matter in the case of a porterhouse steak or a turkey, where the article must be sold as it is. The chances are that the customer did not have enough money to pay for more than four pounds.

The boy would have sent this customer away, actually losing the sale. Mind you, not intentionally, but because he didn't know better. He has not yet learned discretion.

You have a right to suggest improvements. If your suggestions are not carried out do not feel discouraged. The head of the house is not able perhaps to use them just then.

You must be in harmony with the house and those about you. You are all working for the same head. There may be some rivalry among the salesmen for the highest sales or the drivers for the highest number of deliveries, but let this rivalry be friendly.

As salesmen you must treat your trade right. Don't discriminate. As drivers, treat your customers right. Everybody be polite, courteous and kind.

As superiors, you must show no partiality to those under you. You may be kind, yet positive; otherwise you lose the respect of those of whom you are in charge.

To condense things, whatever your position, do just what you feel is right.

Reverting again to Mr. Webber's plan of distribution of these profits, the idea is that at the end of June and the end of December 20 per cent. of the net profits of the preceding six months will be divided among those who have been in the employ of Mr. Webber for one year or more, the division being based on the amount of salary you receive in that six months. Six months' business cannot be closed up in a few days, and therefore this distribution must not be expected at the immediate conclusion of each six months, but as soon after as is possible.

If there is any point you do not understand say so, so it may be explained. If you have any questions to ask we would be happy to have you ask them.

#### DEATH OF RICHARD WEBBER.

(From the National Provisioner, Oct. 17, 1908.)

Another bulwark of the local meat trade has passed into the great beyond. Following close on the death of Charles Weisbecker, the big Harlem butcher, the trade and the people at large were greatly shocked to learn of the death of Richard Webber, which occurred on October 7 on board the steamer St. Louis, on which he was returning after a tour of Europe. The news was received by wireless and gave the bare facts that Mr. Webber had died of heart disease on that day. On the arrival of the steamer on Saturday it was learned that Mr. Webber had died suddenly at 7:45 p. m. while seemingly the picture of health, having been much benefited by his stay abroad. With his passing the trade loses not only the largest retailer in the world, but a man who has made his personality and business ability felt all over the country. Through his large business, known as the Harlem Packing House, at 120th street and Third avenue, through his membership in the New York Produce Exchange, the Poultry and Game Trade Association, the American Meat Packers' Association, his affiliations with the local meat trade societies, through his poultry and packing house in Sioux City, Ia., and his small stock slaughter house in Buffalo, N. Y., he had met and had dealings with so many people that his name was extremely familiar in the trade.

Mr. Webber was 61 years of age, having been born at Chulmleigh, Devonshire, England, January 21, 1847. It is on record that his father was considered the best judge of cattle in his day in the west of England when beef was bought on the hoof by the head instead of by the pound as nowadays. He left home when 15 years of age and went to Exeter, the nearest big city, remaining there until 1863, when he went to London. In 1868 he emigrated to Canada, and after remaining in Montreal a short while he went to Chicago. In 1870 he came to New York and accepted a position as journeyman butcher and salesman for David Warwick at 118th street and Third avenue. In 1873 he started in business for himself, operating a combined wagon and store pork trade, later entering into partnership with James W. Sears at 2194 Third avenue. Mr. Webber withdrew from this partnership in 1876 and continued business himself at 2134 Third avenue, and the following year removed to 210 East 120th street, the present headquarters.

The history of the growth of Mr. Webber's business is typical of the tireless energy and the foresight of the man. By square dealing he endeared himself to his patrons until he became the largest retail butcher in the world, employing some 500 persons and occupying fifteen city lots with his plant.

Besides his business Mr. Webber devoted considerable of his attention to financial, educational and charitable institutions. He was trustee of the Harlem Savings Bank, and in October, 1907, during the run on that institution guaranteed the accounts of employes and others, thereby preventing a serious panic. He contributed largely in a financial way to the advancement of art and education in

New York city, although seeking no publicity whatever in these donations.

He was a pioneer educator along the lines of teaching housewives the purchasing of and cutting of meats. When the teachers' college opened its domestic science department Mr. Webber and four of his men took possession of one of the college halls at the invitation of the faculty and set up a butcher shop complete in every detail. He taught the girl students all about meats, explaining the mysteries of steaks, chops, chuck steak and stew. Similar lectures were given the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. During the hard times of 1893-94 he established a soup kitchen in his store for the needy. He was also responsible for the foundation of the Richard Webber Mutual Benefit Society, the organization of the employes of the house and the employes' profit sharing plan, which was put into effect in January, 1907. The esteem and reverence with which he was held in the employes' estimation is evidenced by the various gifts and testimonials which have been presented to him.

The funeral was held on Monday morning and was one of the largest held in Harlem in many years. The services were held in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church in East 118th street, of which the deceased was treasurer. The meat trade was represented by a full attendance, who came to pay their last respects to their fellow craftsman. Besides being a member of many societies, which were represented at the funeral, Mr. Webber was a philanthropist, and many of the poor whom he had helped went to the church to pay their last respects. There were also present the employes of Mr. Webber's business establishment, who marched to the residence at 187 Madison avenue and from there to



the church. Each carried a flower, and as he passed the coffin placed it on it. There were four carriages of large floral pieces. The burial was in Mount Kisco Cemetery.

Mr. Webber leaves a widow, a daughter and two sons, Richard, Jr., and William, who were associated with their father in the business.

#### MEAT CUTTING DEMONSTRATION.

On Wednesday, April 28, 1909, at 2 p. m., at our Tremont branch, 177th street and Webster avenue, Bronx, we will give a meat cutting demonstration and short talk similar to those given by us at various times before Teachers' College of New York, Horace Mann School of New York, Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, pure food show, Grand Central Palace (by N. Y. Household Economic Association), etc., etc.

Mr. Theodore Carlewitz, manager of the Tremont branch, a practical meat man of twenty-four years' experience, in addition to giving a great amount of other valuable information will explain the various uses of the different cuts of meat, which knowledge cannot fail to assist the purchaser in the intelligent and economical selection of their meat requirements.

Cards of admission may be had upon application to the Tremont branch either by mail, telephone or in person. In order to avoid confusion each card of admission will be numbered according to the seat.

RICHARD WEBBER, TREMONT BRANCH,  
177th street and Webster avenue, Bronx.

## STATESMEN, POLITICIANS, ETC.

Now I want to turn to another class of men whom I have been closely allied with for the last forty years—that is, those who are known as statesmen, politicians, etc. The best politician and statesman I ever knew in my time was Oliver P. Morton, late Governor of Indiana. He died worth less than \$20,000 after being the Governor of Indiana and senator of the United States. He knew a smart man when he saw one, and would take no one around with him except those who would obey his orders. In any organization, political or business, if one does not obey the orders of the superior you cannot get good results. Note what Richard Webber had to say on this. He was a past master on discipline, the same as Squire and Eastman. Wilson I think was the best I ever knew in making a balance sheet and having it out on time, which is the most important thing in life if you have any anticipation of succeeding. Let me cite you Ham Conner, who educated me politically. His father settled in Hamilton county near Strawtown in 1806, coming from Connersville, Indiana. Morton knew Ham—he was a smart one when a boy. He brought him to Indianapolis and made him postmaster during the war, and made him chairman of the Republican state committee during a critical time when he was dealing with what was known as the Butternuts in Indiana.

Now the next prominent man is Tom Platt. I knew him well. I met him first in the Chicago convention in 1880 when I was helping to hold up the 306 with Fred Grant, Conkling, John C. New and Logan. Fred Grant slept at the headquarters all the time. We were there a

week before the convention and remained until the finish. Tom had the details all right; he knew how to do all right, and he was always able to furnish the price, which was a great thing in the game of politics. He was a sure early to rise man, but some nights he did not go to bed at all unless he had finished all his work. Every year when politics were raging in New York I would probably be there every few months. Tom would go to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, as that was the Republican headquarters and where all the political business was done, and live there until the campaign closed. I would get up and go to breakfast at six o'clock in the morning. I had to see my customers early, but I always found Platt waiting for his breakfast, looking over a big batch of letters which had to be answered. Also during the Harrison term in Washington I would go to breakfast at six, and I would always find Platt there reading his mail. He would say: "Rhody, these are just a few (he would probably have fifty letters) that my secretary has picked out, of importance, that must be answered today, out of four, five or ten baskets full." Tom would always answer all the letters he got from his constituents, keeping up with the little precinct men, as well as the ward men, the county men and the state men, and he never made a promise to anyone that he did not keep. He always wanted honest men around him, and if they were not honest with him he would soon put others in their places. He was a wonderful man in ability, but he always had an eye open to the interest of his big corporation, the express company, of which he was president. This class of men are very dangerous to the plain, common working people, that is, to have them in the United States Senate. There is no ques-

tion but what the interest of their corporation is nearer and dearer to them than the common, plain people when it comes to voting on legislation. I might mention here a great many others in the same class.

There are many mushroom politicians who grow up in a night and come in on the tide, so to speak; such, unfortunately, we have had in Indiana since '96, coming to Washington, who think they can run the government, and that they have a lifetime job on their \$5,000 a year. A congressman cannot live on \$5,000 a year and live honestly. I have not been able to live on \$5,000 a year in forty-five years, although I was forty years old before I married and had a family. There has been a new era in Indiana since '96 with the statesmen. Up to that time, commencing with Morton, Hendricks, McDonald, Voorhees, Turpie and Harrison, no man from Indiana who served in the United States Senate died with accumulated wealth of over \$100,000 at the time of his death, with the possible exception of Harrison. He received \$100,000 after he left the presidential office. Before he went to the President's office he was not worth \$100,000 after practicing law for many years. He was an honest man to his clients. I will never forget, I came on here after Harrison was senator and he made me go home with him for dinner. I told him that there had been twenty lobbyists after me after they had seen us sitting together talking in the cloak room of the Senate—they were all warming up to me. (There was an important bill they were trying to get through—some canal to cut across from Baltimore into the ocean.) "Yes," he said, "there are all kinds of men put up against me on that, and they are feeling all around to know what will be done." I said:

“I think I can handle them. They are warming up to me and they think that they can handle you through me. They think I am a friend of yours.” He said: “I have lived too long for anybody to handle me, and I know you are too smart to be handled.” There were any number of lobbyists—some big ones. They would take me driving, show me the town, take me to the theater, we would go out and have a drink, etc. They were a clever set of men. I realized they were trying to string me, but I could not be strung. Some evenings we would get into a little game of poker. There is nothing that brightens up a man’s wits more than a game of poker and hearts, that is, when he is playing with gentlemen and they can afford to lose the money. I would tell Harrison how they were trying to do the business. He would laugh and say that they would never handle him.

Now there is another class of politicians that get to be United States senators or congressmen on their looks and general appearances. That is a very far-reaching thing in the country. Let me cite to you a case of a man I knew well for more than thirty or thirty-five years—that is, Senator Scott of West Virginia. He weighs about 250 pounds, has a doll baby face, always looking wise. He always attended the Republican national conventions, sometimes as a delegate, and about thirty years ago he became chairman of the national committee from West Virginia. He would come to a national convention with three, four and five suits of clothes, and would change his suits at least three or four times every day. He never went to dinner in the evening without being in full dress, and always picked a time to come in when the dining room was full, so the peo-



ple would look at the big, handsome man with the doll baby face. As I recollect it, he had at one time a plaid suit of clothes. I think it was red and green or green and white. I will never forget what John New told me one time. He said: "There is the greatest lot of shucks with the smallest nubbin in it I ever saw. Why, there is enough shucks on it to make a bed mattress, and there cannot be over three grains of corn on the nubbin."

Scott of course was a delegate, but we would not let him within four rooms of the inside room, because he would be giving it all away, that is, tell what was going on. In fact, he would give it away while he was dressing for dinner.

Another was Conkling. He was always a well dressed man. When he came to the conventions he wore a plain, nice working suit. I never saw Tom Platt at a convention only in working clothes. Warmouth of Louisiana, General Powell Clayton of Arkansas, Mat Quay of Pennsylvania, H. Clay Evans of Tennessee, also Colonel Wills of Nashville, Tennessee, and Tom Platt of New York—all these men came to the conventions with a grip of underclothes and a few shirts to work in. They came to work, evidently, but Scott always brought about two trunks and a valet and a manicurist—he carried them in stock. He is what is said as being "all sound and no sense," looking at himself, but not seeing how other people regarded him. One time I asked him how my friend Schenk was. He said: "Who is Schenk?" I told him Schenk the butcher. I said: Why, he is the greatest man in Wheeling. He is one of the biggest butchers in the South. He built a four-story building covering about 100 feet front and 150 feet deep just

half a square from the Tavern, the old hotel where Scott boarded. Of course when I went to see Schenk I always warmed up to Scott, yet I would have to introduce myself to him every time, tell him who I was and what I was. He does not know anything about the blue grass in West Virginia or the vast progress that has been made in that State in the last thirty years, but he does know all about the big corporations. He is a cuckoo to vote on this tariff bill. He will protect the farmers, as we say in the West, "in a pig's eye." There is another thing I want to call your attention to about him. There was a man near Strawtown who had a spotted stallion. He would bring him in on election days to show him off. That was when I was a boy, and I thought he was the prettiest thing I ever saw. Scott very much reminds me of the spotted stallion at Strawtown that all of us children got stuck on, and comparatively speaking I think all of the senators are attracted by Scott's show.

Chauncey Depew is another senator that is equal to Scott of West Virginia. He even takes more trunks than Scott when he goes to the national conventions. He was once a very handsome man, but he is wearing a little now. He never knew much what was going on, but he did whatever Tom Platt said. At the convention in 1888 Levi P. Morton was a candidate at that time from New York. Obe Wheeler was his delegate from his district. He was five or six years younger than I, yet we were very close friends. Obe Wheeler was a politician in Morton's district, and I felt sure that I could land Obe when we got to a certain point and then we could turn to Harrison. Obe's father was the oldest commission man in Jersey City and New York, and sold stock for me more than forty years ago.

Of course I agreed to turn to Morton if things were going his way; anything to beat John Sherman.

At this time Chauncey Depew did not know anything about Obe and he did not know anything about me. I noticed at the last convention Chauncey had his wife with him, and she was a handsome woman. She wore one of those new fashioned divided skirt dresses, and Chauncey would walk about ten feet in front of her so he could show both himself and her off. I saw him and spoke to him, but he said, "Excuse me please; I will see you later." You see, he was on dress parade, and he was also showing off his wife's dress. I could see from her knee down. After he got through going through all the halls of the Auditorium on this dress parade then he went and changed his clothes and said that he would now talk to me. We had a talk. He is always looking at himself and seeing that everybody saw him, the same as Senator Scott.

Note, an interview which appeared in the Indianapolis Journal under date of October 6, 1896, and which will explain itself. It was at a time when I was making a few speeches. The excitement was very high in Indiana, and nearly all the big orators were called into the State. It applies to a big man in a little town. In my mind it is a very fair application and is applied to a czar, Senator Aldrich, as a big man in a little town. I was once a very big man at Strawtown. In 1867 or 1868 I had within a mile and a half of Strawtown a thousand hogs on feed at one time in one wood pasture. In less than a mile and a half of the same place I had fifteen hundred sheep on feed. I had a playmate by the name of Dave Sperry, who was killed in McCook's raid around Atlanta. He was my bunk mate in the

war. We lived on adjoining farms. John Sperry, elder brother of Dave, served in the 75th Indiana. He came home and went to work on the farm. I knew he was home and that he was an honest man, and I said: "John, go down into Hancock County; they are giving hogs away down there. Buy five hundred or a thousand, and also go up the river and buy three or four thousand bushels of corn." He said: "Rhody, I've got no money." I told him I could get all the money I wanted, and knew he and his family were all honest (four of them served in the war), and if he made anything on them I wanted half the profits, and if not, I would shoulder the loss. John made as much as from \$1,000 to \$2,000 at that time, and made enough to go to Kansas and buy a farm. He owns possibly a thousand acres there now and is president of a bank at Thayer, Kansas. Besides that I had a number of smaller feeders to whom I furnished money. They had two or three hundred hogs each, feeding, and at the same time I was a partner with James Flanders feeding about six hundred mules, besides being a partner with Harmon Minter in a big store in Strawtown. I was a big man in a little town, as I used to go to New York every few weeks, and when I got back after selling a train load or two of stock I was the whole thing at Strawtown.

Providence, R. I., has had a United States senator, Aldrich for something like thirty years. I know him by sight well, but he does not seem to know me. He is the only Republican senator who has been in the Senate for twenty-five years that I don't know personally and intimately. I met him some three or four weeks ago, about inauguration time, in the new office building at the Capitol. I shook hands with



him and he did not seem to know who I was. I asked him how my friend Mason was—was he living or dead? He said, "What Mason?" I said, "I. B. Mason." He said, "I believe I forget him." I said, "O, you know Mason. He has been voting for you for senator; he has been a member of the legislature in Rhode Island several times." He said he believed he was living, and I told him to give him my regards. When Mr. and Mrs. Mason were here in Washington during Harrison's term—I think it might have been the time of the inauguration—I took them and introduced them to President and Mrs. Harrison.

If Aldrich will read this interview and also my speech with Charlie Landis at Jimtown he may have some knowledge of the stock business. Most of the politicians in the West have been stock men in their time; in fact, a great many big men have weighed stock in the yards. In fact, most of the county officers and statesmen holding offices in the West have become acquainted with the farmers while buying stock, and then have run for county offices and also for state offices. "Baby" McKee's father, Robert, weighed stock for something like two years. He was a good weigh-master. Of course everybody knows who "Baby" McKee was. Also Joe Fanning, who is now Belmont's private secretary or New York political manager, and the best Democratic politician Indiana produced in twenty years. Joe has always been my personal friend. He was known in the stock yards as the billing clerk, and has billed out as many as two or three train loads a day for me. Also United States Senator McPherson was a chief lieutenant of the high priest; in fact, he lived in New Jersey and had one commission firm in Jersey City at the time he and the high priest organized the pool in the stock exchange.



As I have stated above, when they got into politics they would buy stock in the country and then run for office. That was my long suit in Indiana in the state conventions. When the people brought their stock into the yards, Democrat or Republican, I had them to vote for my Democratic friend, if a Democrat, and for my Republican friend, if a Republican. Consequently, I had what might be called a strong pull. I don't think I ever had my slate broken either in a Democratic or a Republican state convention.

Later on, in a large book I am going to prepare and have issued in December, I will take this matter up more fully with the individuals connected with the beef trusts. There are more of them living than I thought there were, but in the short time I have had to prepare this—only had four days for the first brief and scarcely three weeks to prepare this—will not permit me to get any more letters to substantiate who I am and what I have done. There are many living now I find in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois that are from seventy-five to ninety-two years old. I refer to those with whom I have done business.

The Czar could not carry a precinct in any ward anywhere in the West. The only long suit he had was he knows the game of politics, he is not afraid, and he has got the price and uses it. That is a strong combination.

I want to call your attention to an Indiana politician, the mushroom politician, Jack Gowdy. The one that fell in the last battle. He has been consul general to Paris for eight years. He has been in politics ever since he left the army. He was very unfortunate in getting wounded in the leg, which made him lame. He has held every office known in Rush county, in fact, he has never been out of

office since the war with the exception of the time he was chairman of the state committee. He was a great pretended friend of General Harrison. In 1900 he was made chairman of the committee. In 1892 he apparently wanted Harrison nominated, but in '96 he betrayed his maker and turned on Harrison and helped to defeat him at a time when he was chairman of the committee. This was a deal made by Senator Fairbanks, who had never been for Harrison. If he had been loyal to Harrison he would probably have received the third nomination and been elected, but when Gowdy betrayed him Harrison wrote a letter declining the nomination. I never spoke to Gowdy after this until he returned from Paris. Up to this time he did not think he would have any trouble in carrying Indiana. This was the time when Gowdy turned on Harrison and beat Nebeker, the United States treasurer, for chairman of the committee. I told Harrison then that the only way to carry Indiana was with the regular number of delegates to elect Nebeker; but as it turned out, three or four of the committeemen betrayed us after we had elected them, all of whom were given fat offices afterwards. Gowdy has been in office until he has become independent. Some say that he is worth a million; he owns a thousand acres of land. He has only one daughter. She is about forty to forty-five years old. She married a consul general to Chile. He has no heirs and no prospect of any. He ought to pay an inheritance tax. This is what brought about the great change in Indiana. There are hundreds of people in Indiana that should have held offices, but as I have said, Gowdy and all his relatives have been in office ever since the war. Later the Landis family came to Indiana, and they

thought there was nobody quite so important as the Landis family. We had four Landises to come from Ohio, all of whom have been in office and all of them are my personal friends, and they have about fifty relatives in office. All this was discussed in the campaign and had all to do with the beating of their friend Watson and made the majority for Taft small. The politicians of the last ten or twelve years have come in with the tide, and they have never realized that the tide ever goes out. They are all out now, and we have only one old Republican now in Congress, and he has been fighting the Beef Trust and in favor of the pure food law, and this shows the difference between his success and the failure of Wadsworth.

Note another thing. I have been stopping in Washington for a month. I get up at six o'clock in the morning, and I can't buy a newspaper or see anybody on the streets until after seven, and not many before seven-thirty. President Roosevelt made a great mistake, to my mind, when he made employes work a half hour longer. He should have taken off half an hour and put the government officials to work at seven and let them quit at three. Then they would have been able to go to all of the baseball games and would have gotten through with all their work in the cool of the day and when they have more vitality. I was generally through with my work by noon and able to go to baseball in the afternoon. Of course the government employes would like to go to baseball, and if you put them to work early then they would have plenty of time. This was established by the Southerners. The slave holders never got up early, but they generally had the slaves up early.

For what I have thus far said, I may fall at the hand of an assassin but I won't fall at the hands of these conspirators. An anarchist is a gentleman beside them.

#### A WORD FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Note, this is another thing that has been very much neglected, that is, service pension. I served four years, and am blind in one eye, and yet I get a pension of only \$12 per month, and this for age. My brother, James K., three years older than I am, just recently died while I was in the South. James K. was one of the best soldiers I ever knew. We both served in the same company and came home with the company after serving four years. He was always in the thickest of the fight and was taken prisoner at Stone River, where our regiment lost over 300 men. He was taken to Libby prison, where he got the smallpox. His eyes were always weak after that, and last year he was practically blind. He went to Red Rock, Iowa, after the close of the war and owned as much as a thousand acres of land there. He prospered there, but he got the Chicago craze, went there and sold one farm after another until all were gone, and died a poor man. He was getting a \$12 pension on his age. Now we had what was known as the Persimmon Brigade through Indiana. It was a three months brigade. They got in and around East Tennessee guarding railroads while Sherman was in Atlanta. They were the whole push for a while so far as army records were concerned. Many of them got a pension of from \$15 to \$30. There are a great many old veterans that served in the war. A veteran, as I understand it, is a soldier that has served a long time. You must remember that these old veterans have a great many sons and sons-in-law, and



you can't spit on the old man without some of them taking it up.

While traveling the other day in Virginia I met an old soldier just my age, born in the same month. He has one wooden leg. I saw he had a Confederate button on and I had on a Grand Army button. We commenced shaking hands, and I asked him where he got that leg torn off, and he said in front of Widow Glenn's house, Chickamauga, about noon. He belonged to Longstreet's corps. I told him I expect I shot it off. He saw that I am blind in one eye, and he says I expect I shot your eye out. I asked him how much pension he was getting. He said \$4. I told him that I was getting \$12, and I was going to see if I could not get him more. I told him he especially ought to have more than that at his age, that he was an old veteran. Joe Billheimer, first cousin of the Indiana state auditor, was shot in the right eye and fell dead. He was my left hand man, and I would do as much for my new Confederate friend as I would have done for Billheimer. President Harrison and I discussed this matter several times, and he said it would come eventually. He did not know whether he was for or against the government then, but he did know he was fighting for a home, and that is why the general government ought to take the burden off the states. I believe that every loyal Union soldier will agree to this. I have property in the South and am taxed to pay the state pension, while the Confederate soldier that has moved North is not taxed for it. There is a general feeling between soldiers, and I feel that he ought to be getting more. The war is over, so why carry on these prejudices any longer. They have been carried on too long now.



## LETTERS ON THE TRUSTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 4, 1906.

*Attorney-General Wm. H. Moody, Washington, D. C.:*

My Dear Sir—I want to congratulate you on your speech before Judge Humphrey in Chicago. While it may be late to do it, I want to say that I think I understand your position, and I think you understand it; against the packers' combination in Chicago, yet there are things that you are not as familiar with, possibly, as I am.

I rode with Nelson Morris, the head of the Nelson Morris firm, through Indiana more than forty years ago, buying stock; I saw the father of the young Chicago Swifts keeping butcher shop in New England thirty years ago, and I know that the real Swift is E. C. Swift, and always has been, in Boston, and that where there were ten to twenty separate packing houses in New England twenty years ago, they are all owned now by the Swifts, while they are all running under their original names.

The Chicago combination is not a marker beside the combination which we have here in Indianapolis. Forty years ago Kingan & Co. started a packing house here, organized later on at Belfast, Ireland, located them about a half mile of a railroad, known as the White River Valley Railroad; crushed out and later took in a packing house known as the Moore Packing Company, located on the stock yards company's ground; crushed out and took in another packing house, known as the Coffin-Fletcher Company, which was a strong competitor thirty or forty years ago, which is now located on the stock yards ground, and is running the two of them under the original names.

The old Fletcher, who is dead, was an uncle of Jesse Overstreet, congressman, and the young Fletcher is a first cousin of his, and is getting \$1,500 a year salary as president of the Coffin-Fletcher Company, in the packing house that his father once owned and operated before it was crushed out.

Overstreet is so busily engaged in other matters that he has no knowledge of these facts; Senator Beveridge is so busily engaged getting his Western territories made into States, and Vice-President Fairbanks is so busily engaged getting the nomination for President, and they have got a district attorney here that is so busily engaged as a political boss, who is a ward-heeler, that none of them know of this combination going on here in Indianapolis. Kingan & Co. owned a few years ago the Reed Bros. Packing Company, in Kansas City, which burned down a few years ago, and two of the Reed brothers ran away after being indicted by the United States grand jury for violation of the interstate commerce law, and stayed in Europe several years to evade the penitentiary. One of them is here now.

Kingans not only control the packing houses here, but they control the stock yards, which sell 20,000 bushels of corn for every 10,000 bushels they buy (and the books will show it) by giving short weights; buy one hundred tons of hay and sell three hundred tons, giving about 30 pounds to the 100. These are facts which I will substantiate by their own books.

There can be a bigger exposure made by showing the manner in which the stock yards company and the Kingan packing house are operating in Indianapolis, taking the products of the farmers from the larger part of Indiana and central Illinois, some from Ohio and some from Ken-

tucky. The stock yards common stock a few years ago was worth 60 cents. It is now worth \$1.70. They have put out a million dollars common and pay the dividends by short weights and exorbitant charges. Kingans bill all of their products out on the White River Valley Railroad, which is only a switch running to their packing house, and issue their own bills of lading, and, if I understand it right, they charge about 15 to 20 per cent. of the seaboard rate as the originating road.

Kingans are probably slaughtering more hogs than any one large house in the country, in their packing house here, in addition to their Moore and Coffin-Fletcher packing houses here. I can see their wagons drive across the street from my office and sell meat to a grocer, and a few minutes later I see the Moore wagon and later the Coffin-Fletcher wagon, all of the stuff coming out of the same refrigerator.

Of course, I am what is known as a dead one. I give you as reference, Chief Justice of the Court of Claims, Stanton J. Peele, Congressman Alexander from Buffalo, W. W. Dudley. They knew me when I was a live one.

The stock yards company charge 7 cents per head, what is known as yardage, for weighing hogs, 5 cents for sheep, and 20 cents for cattle, which is exorbitant. They have nothing but a few sheds and the ground. The original cost was less than \$500,000 for the Belt Railroad and the stock yards, and they have leased the Belt Railroad for a term of 999 years to the Union Railway Company, which Judge Baker holds was a sale.

It would seem that there might be something done in the way of regulating the charges in all of the stock yards. Illinois has two, the largest and the second largest stock

yards in the country. The stock yards here have always been able to lobby the legislature, and the same in Illinois, and they manipulate so that they pay taxes on less than \$150,000, and pay dividends on something like \$3,000,000.

Yours very truly,

R. R. SHIEL.

P. S.—Since dictating this letter some days ago, I see that E. C. Swift has died. He was the financier of the Swift company. Thirty years ago he was a poor man. I see he left only \$10,000,000. Had he lived twenty years longer and had no obstacles put in his way, he would have owned practically the United States.

R. R. SHIEL.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April, 1906.

*Gov. Charles R. Deneen, Springfield, Ill.:*

My Dear Sir—I see that you are calling an extra session of the legislature on a very important matter, a primary election. I have been in politics for more than forty years, and I understand the importance of having an honest primary.

To my mind there is a matter of vast deal more importance to the farmers of Illinois which needs a special legislation, and that is a legislation of the stock yards question. You have the largest stock yards in the world, in Chicago, in your State, and also, almost the second largest in the world, at East St. Louis, in your State. They are collecting 8 cents per head off of the farmers' hogs, 25 cents off of his cattle, 6 cents off of his sheep and 50 cents to \$1 off of his horses. They sell the corn in these yards to the farmers at about 200 per cent. profit, and they sell the hay at more

than 300 per cent. profit. They employ men at very low salaries. Stock yards have nothing but ground, and a few sheds with an exchange building, all cheaply constructed. They pay dividends on millions upon millions of watered stock—yes, thin water, if it is properly looked after by the powers.

You can properly take this up in your State, as you have larger stock yards than any of the other States. If it is not taken up in your State it will be taken up in some other State, and possibly in Washington. A special session of the legislature called on this question would be in keeping with the popular sentiment throughout the country, and there is nothing to my mind which would render greater service to the farmer, and would be as far-reaching—yes, farther reaching than any primary legislation.

You knew me fifteen or twenty years ago, I know you now. I give you as reference Leonard Small, who is treasurer of your state, and I own the stock yards on his farm at Kankakee. I could give you also Senator Cullom, as I have spoken on the same platform with him, time and again, more than twenty years ago. He was once a chief lieutenant of mine at the Minneapolis convention.

I write this letter in confidence. You can take this up with your friend, Len Small, and he will tell you who I am. They are driving me out of your state with the stock yards I have had leased at Kankakee, and the big stock yards are the ones who are doing it. I am responsible for any charge I make. At Kankakee I furnish yardage, commission and feed for less than one-fourth charged at Chicago, giving full measure of corn or hay.

Stock yards can be operated with a big profit on the cost



at 3 cents yardage on hogs, 6 or 8 cents on cattle, 2 cents on sheep, and 20 cents on horses, and the feed can be furnished at 25 to 30 per cent profit. I understand that the Chicago yards are owned largely by an English syndicate. That, however, you can look into and get the desired information. I also think I fully understand how the legislature has been handled in your State, and also in this State, on this stock yards proposition.

Yours very truly,

R. R. SHIEL.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND., June 7, 1906.

*Hon. E. D. Crumpacker, Congressman, Washington, D. C.:*

My Dear Sir—Your letter of the 5th at hand, and the contents of the same noted. I fully agree with you on the importance of the right kind of a bill—one that will hold good against the packers.

There is not one-half of one per cent. of the product in Indiana, or Illinois, but what make wholesome food if they are fed sufficiently. But the old dairies and what is known as canners, picked up over the country, should not be permitted to be sold after they are slaughtered and mixed in, then adulterated to make them taste good, and canned, to break down the price of the honest producers of the medium and high grade stock.

I have, beyond a doubt, handled \$100,000,000 of the farm products for, it is safe to say, one hundred and fifty different butchers, from Portland, Me., to Richmond, Va., in the coast towns; always buying the best grades, never buying what is known as the low grades. I have bought

as high as \$65,000 stock in a day for Nelson Morris. I have bought for practically all of the towns in New England, and all of the packers and butchers, and today there is but one packing house in New England, and that is the Swift house. All have been absorbed, either by killing them off, or by buying them and putting them out of business. The last one, a sausage maker at Springfield, who made high grade sausage, gave them all kinds of trouble, and they gave him an enormous price to get him out of the way, so that he wouldn't be a competitor.

If you make an argument, will you please put the question, "What is refined lard?" Refined lard is the white grease that they get out of the dead animals, afterwards adulterate and fix up to sell, and pass it as a second or even a first grade lard. A very large per cent. of the people think that refined lard is better than kettle rendered lard, that all of the country butchers make. No grades of lard are as high sellers as the kettle rendered.

There is no bigger fraud than the fraud of the adulterated food, and no one is a greater sufferer, as I said before, than the one who raises the medium and high grades, as they never get enough for their stuff. The original cost for a steer at the present prices might be  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 cents per cwt. It will make 62 to 64 pounds dressed to the cwt. The original cost of an old canner that is so poor that it can hardly walk might be  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 cents per pound, and he won't make over 40 to 45 pounds dressed to the hundred, so you readily see there is only about 4 cents difference profit and not over 2 cents when you count the net weight of the original cost of the packer, but when you go to sell it, it undersells the good stuff, and makes a big profit off of

the low grade stuff. It is not fit food for a buzzard to eat. Ten to fifteen years ago they shipped from Pennsylvania and New Jersey the low grade stuff, dairies and canners, that wasn't fit to kill, to Chicago packers to be canned.

I was put out of business here by the combine, an organization of packers and stock yards, because I paid a big price for the good stuff and would not buy the common at all. I bought six months in the year eighty to ninety per cent. of all of the good stock that came to Indianapolis for more than twenty years. The other six months I bought thirty to fifty per cent. Six months in the year the East was supplied by their own productions, largely. The other six months they did not supply them.

I had a customer in every city in the anthracite coal district and they paid the best prices and wanted the very best stock. They have not been able to drive out the local butchers in Pennsylvania up to this time, while they have got them all driven out of Illinois, practically, and very largely in Indiana, by buying a high grade of stock from Benton county, and shipping back the low grade product to sell to the local trade.

I believe that the government ought to pay the inspection; then the government can control it. I read a long letter from Nelson Morris to Leroy Templeton today. Leroy Templeton has, probably, the best farm in the State of Indiana. There is not one-eighth of one per cent. of all the stock he markets that is not high grade. Nelson Morris appeals to him on the ground that this bill will ruin the whole cattle industry. But Templeton does not agree with him; no more than I do. It will ruin the dealer of adulterated product, and surely reduce Nelson Morris' profit. I sup-

pose I have bought five hundred boat loads of cattle for Nelson Morris, also bought canners and butchers.

You might ask the packers what they do with the ones that die in the yards, or what Dutcher of the New York Central does with the lard out of his dead hogs, or O'Donnell of Pittsburg, Sam Allerton's lieutenant, what he does with his dead hogs, or Sam Rauh, president of the stock yards in Indianapolis and fertilizer, what he does with his dead hogs, or the refined lard that may come out of them.

There is no one who will go back to congress this year that is not in favor of the strictest kind of restriction on this greatest fraud the world has ever known—the adulteration of the meat product. Beveridge has stubbed his toe by saying that he is willing to let these men who have poisoned millions of people with their unwholesome food, not be disturbed with their hundreds of millions of dollars that they have accumulated by doing so, call it bygones and whitewash them with asking them to be good hereafter. Pardon me this long letter. Still you couldn't expect me to give my forty years' experience in this short space.

Yours very truly.

R. R. SHIEL.

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June 10th.

*Mr. E. C. Swift, Boston, Mass.:*

Dear Sir—I write to you personally, as I feel that the proper way for me to do, at this time, is to deal directly with the men who are fully in charge.

The matter which I want to particularly call your attention to, is the stock yards I have leased at Kankakee, Illinois, from the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa Railroad, with

the lease running for thirteen years yet. The first six months, before the combination of the railroads came against me and put up my freights five cents per hundred, I did a very, very satisfactory business, showing a profit to myself and also to my customers in the East that took the output and to my country customers who brought the stock in. I had something over one hundred customers from the very best sections of Illinois, all of whom were highly pleased and would have continued and the business increased, had it not been for the discriminations against me. Later the railroad that I had the yards leased from refused to permit me to "mill" anything in transit.

I have it from a very reliable authority that your people want these yards, and have had negotiations with the railroads for them. I have been notified by the railroads that they would cancel my lease and for me to vacate the yards, a thing that you are no doubt aware of and a thing which I do not expect to do. I have got things in shape where I would much prefer not to get into a lawsuit if any adjustment can be made. My attorneys want me to bring suit against the railroad company and get an injunction, compelling them to permit me to "mill" the hogs in transit, the same as they do in Pittsburg and practically everywhere else. This of course will bring up an important question, one which has never been decided by the interstate commerce commission or by the United States courts. The fact is there is no doubt as to getting a decision in my favor, as every kind of product has been milled at all points and my attorneys say there is no court will hold that the hogs cannot be milled the same as the grain. They have refused to let me substitute ten hogs to make up the



weight where ten hogs had died coming in, and have gone so far as to confine me to the actual count; if two hogs died and it showed 100 billed out at the shipping point, I should lose the billing, if I did not have the exact number go out that were billed.

I have some two hundred and fifty clients from the "Farm to the Packing House" at one time, and there are one hundred or one hundred and fifty of them that I could handle now, if I had the cars. They are thoroughly honest, as I know the honest ones and they know me well. When you became owner of the Squire house, the system was changed whereby they saw fit to get rid of me. You kept one man I had, who I knew would render you good service and was competent, that is Johnston. But you must remember that he got all of his ideas from me of the Farm to the Packing House. I doubt not whether you have got twenty out of the two hundred and fifty customers, that you are continuing to do business with.

If you would buy some hogs from me at anywhere near a relative price to what they sell at in Chicago or Indianapolis, I would be able to forward you hogs on a commission basis from Kankakee and also from country points, using your cars. You fully understand the position I am in and it is useless to go over the matter. It may be possible that your people do not want to do any business with me whatever. If you do not then I would be glad if you would say so; then I will go forward and make the necessary arrangements with other parties. I would not want to take on a lot of clients in the East and promise to furnish them regularly when I could make arrangements with houses like yours that use all kinds at anywhere near satisfactory prices.

I have been kicked around from pillar to post by a combination here, and I thought when I leased Kankakee I had a place where I was in full control and was able to know that I was giving honest weights, and that the hogs had not been salted in the country and filled with water in the various stock yards before my clients could get them; you understand I buy the hogs weighed off of the cars without feed or water and give them to my Eastern clients at the weights I get before they are watered and fed, also that the parties East would get the hogs, when they went direct, in the cars I put them in, without having them go through any stock yards where there might be mixes. While I was in New York about a year ago, Mr. Dutcher said that it was impossible for him to get keys to their pens in the stock yards but what the stock yards people would get duplicates of them, and said that they could not help mixes, no matter how closely they were looked after in making transfers in stock yards.

Let me hear from you at as early a date as possible, as I expect to make some change in the program at Kankakee, if I have to ask the court to grant me an injunction, which I can get in fifteen days, to permit the milling in transit. This will bring up the question. Also will ask the court to pass on the railroads for putting up the freights five cents per cwt. in the freight groups tributary to Kankakee while they made no changes anywhere in the country, leaving the freights at Peoria, St. Louis, Chicago and Indianapolis stand where they were. My attorneys say that this is a direct discrimination against my Kankakee stock yards.

Yours very truly.

R. R. SHIEL.

June 18, 1906.

*Hon. Jas. W. Wadsworth, Washington, D. C.:*

My Dear Sir—Pardon me for writing you. I have met you frequently and I feel certain that I knew your father in the war. I note the position you take on the meat inspection bill. I suppose you are aware that several years ago they shipped the canners from New Jersey, and possibly from New York State to Chicago to be canned, and get the calves out of them for canned chicken. I understand later they are canning them in the East.

I have bought probably as much high grade live stock as any man living, in the last forty years. I have never dealt in the low grades. I know that you make your cattle on the farms good, and I assume that the ones off of your ranches in the West are not marketed until they are good.

The producers of the medium, the good, and the prime live stock do not get enough for their product that comes out of their cattle, and the one who markets the canners and low grades gets two prices for his.

This, of course, I think you understand, and that the inspection cannot be too strict for the one who markets the medium and the high grades, which all makes wholesome food. The general public demands that there shall be a strict inspection.

I presume I had as much to do as any one in the country, that wasn't a member of congress during Harrison's administration, in getting the present law through, which is better than no inspection, but is far from being perfect. There can be but two classes of people opposing an inspection bill. One is the producer that wants to put his unwholesome stock

on the market, and the other is the manufacturer, who wants to manufacture and adulterate it. The packer makes five times the profit on the low grade stuff that he does on the high grade.

I presume you are aware that they have never been able to kill off the Pennsylvania farmer as they have the New York farmer, with their dressed beef, yet they have crippled him some. At one time I had as many as twenty-five clients in your State. Today I have got practically none, as most of them have been either absorbed or killed off.

I am unable to account why you and Cannon, who represent districts that raise good stock, and especially Cannon, in whose district they raise nothing but high grade stock, should not be in favor of strict inspection.

I have been an inspector of packing houses for forty years. In fact, every year when I visit the East they all want to show me the improvements they have made. The Eastman house in New York and the Squire house in Boston are two that always killed the high grade stock and killed no low grades. They both have been killed off and absorbed, and are now operated by the Swifts. No house should be permitted after it has been absorbed to manufacture and sell low grade product on the reputation of the house that had always sold the high grade product.

May I ask you what you know of stock yards and their connections with fertilizing establishments, and have you had any of your good cattle swapped for poor ones in the stock yards? A few years ago, while in New York trying to collect claims off of Dutcher, who is the whole thing in the New York Central live stock business and has been for

years, he said there was no such thing as honest stock yards, that he had had thousands of keys made for the stock yards and the next day there would be hundreds of duplicates of them. Stock yards and fertilizers should be separated from packing houses and watched that they do not make the white grease out of dead hogs into refined lard. With kind regards and best wishes,

Your very truly.

R. R. SHIEL.



# Items from my Newspaper Scrapbook.

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## R. R. SHIEL SHUT OUT.

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### TROUBLE AT THE STOCK YARDS OVER PURCHASE OF HOGS.

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LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE MAKES RULES AS TO PURCHASE AND WEIGHING OF HOGS WHICH THE FIRM OF R. R. SHIEL & CO. REFUSE TO ABIDE BY AND IT IS SHUT OUT OF THE MARKET—THE FIRM ISSUES A STATEMENT TO ITS CUSTOMERS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

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A controversy has arisen at the stock yards between the firm of R. R. Shiel & Co., purchasing agents, and the Live Stock Exchange, composed of the other buyers and sellers, which has resulted in the passage of a resolution by the exchange shutting Shiel & Co. out of the market. The trouble has arisen over certain rules laid down by the exchange to its members regarding the purchase and weighing of hogs which R. R. Shiel & Co. refuses to abide by, claiming the exchange is in effect a combination. Similar trouble has been experienced at Kansas City, Chicago and Omaha where the matter was taken into the federal courts.

R. R. Shiel has been in business at the stock yards since they were built, over twenty years ago, and in that time has done business aggregating \$50,000,000. His average yearly business is \$2,500,000. He has been buying on order for eastern packers in fifteen states in the East and frequently his daily purchases are sent to that many states. Mr. Shiel

publishes below a statement to his customers and the public generally concerning the controversy and his future plans. The statement follows:

STATEMENT BY SHIEL & CO.

*To Our Many Customers, Friends, and to Whom It May Concern:*

Dear Sirs—Last week we were in business and today we find ourselves out of business. In June we bought \$200,000 worth of stock, in July \$290,000 and in August \$255,000, and today we are not able to do any business as the salesmen have refused to sell to us. We have been wiped out of business by the resolution of a combine whose demands, were we to meet them, would often compel us to do business at a greater loss than our commissions amounted to.

This is the second time I have been wiped out of business, and practically the same cause that wiped us out the first time wipes us out now; that is, that we would not buy common hogs that shrink 25 per cent. at the same price or within 5 cents per hundred of the best hogs that only shrink 17 to 18 per cent. There ought to be a difference in any market of 15 to 25 cents per hundred, as the good ones will cost that much less dressed off the hooks if they are bought at the same price as the common ones.

Eighteen or twenty years ago I was in the commission business, a third partner in a firm of three. I was superintending the buying department, and my partners superintending the selling, and we had the same contention that we have today; that is that my partner wanted me to buy the common ones of him at the same price I was buying the good ones of him and others. Then we had a market, everything sold on its merits. The feeder that bred and fed the fine hogs got a price for them, and the one who fed them on insane hospital and city slop, which will shrink 5 per cent. more from gross to net, making a difference of 15 to

25 cents per hundred, got that much less for his hogs. That is true today of other markets, but it is not true of ours.

Fourteen years ago last June I was nominated for treasurer of the State of Indiana, and to my utter astonishment my partners met in less than a month afterward without my knowledge or consent and resolved that if I did not stay there and quit politics they would put me out of business, which they did, and in July, 1884, I found myself just where I am today—out of business. Then every man did business as he wished. We used to buy hogs at \$6 per double deck then, and for a number of years the selling charges were \$3 to \$4 per single deck, and \$6 per double deck.

Now what has changed the condition of things? Let me explain. After I was defeated for treasurer in November, I wanted to get back into business if I could, and I took the buying side of the trade, and I have never sold a carload since. I had friends then, which I believe I have now, who put me back into business notwithstanding the resolution that put me out, and in less than two months I had every one of my old customers at the buying end, and more. Not long after this a few commission men got together and organized what is known as the Live Stock Exchange, with the purpose of dictating how one another should do business, and they commenced putting the selling commissions up, and restrictions on every man doing business in the yards, until they resolved that no man should do business at the yards unless he be a member of the exchange, or that they would not do business with a man who was not a member. Then they commenced shaping the market to fit their resolutions, and as we would not accord with their resolutions, they have been shaping to put us out of business ever since, and last Friday they resolved not to sell us anything, and last Saturday they refused to weigh to us after we bought them and refused to sell to us when we were bidding 5 cents more than anyone else was paying. They forced every man doing business

there into the exchange but us, while, in fact, they put us in without our knowledge or consent, and afterward we got out of it.

They have manipulated the paper and market reports going out of here so that it won't cover any purchases we make, for the purpose of breaking us down with our customers East.

#### ONE DAY'S TRANSACTIONS.

We will cite you the facts of last Friday. We bought one deck of fancy light hogs, with eight big heavy hogs out, at \$4.10, of Middlesworth, Benson, Nave & Co., and another load of fancy light from the same firm at 4.07½, and another load at \$4.05. We bought of Clark, Wysong & Voris two loads at \$4.07½. We bought of Tolin, Totten, Tibbs & Co. a full load of heavyweight lights at \$4.05, and of the Capital Live Stock Company a number of mixed loads at \$4.05, and bought of other firms at \$4.05, and they refused to weigh to us. They met that same afternoon and resolved that these prices must not go into the Live Stock Journal, and dictated to this paper until it said the top on hogs was \$4.02½ and showed no account of any sale being over \$4.02½. The fact was we did not get enough fancy light hogs, and would have been glad to have had more at \$4.05 and \$4.07½. This same paper showed there were no assorted hogs of any kind over 130 pounds average sold less than \$4 or over \$4.02½. So you see every hog that day, taking their market report, sold from \$4 to \$4.02½, making only 2½ cents difference between the best and the poorest hogs.

Need we go any further to convince the most ignorant man that it is not an honest market report or an honest market? We have yielded point after point to their demands, but if we were to yield to this demand it would put us out of business entirely. On last Tuesday the writer went with the president of the exchange. He had a number of hogs, between six and ten loads. He priced them



all at one price. In them he had hogs that were bought for speculation by a man working in his employ—what are known as wagon hogs—and he had several loads as good as come to market. He wanted the same price for every load of them, the wagon hogs and the fine-bred hogs. I bid him 5 cents more for three loads of his light hogs than he admitted to me he sold them for, but he said to me he got off all his hogs at the same price; the wagon hogs that the man in his employ bought, that would shrink 25 per cent. from gross to net, sold at the same price that the fine hogs brought in by the customers from Illinois that would not shrink 18 per cent. He invariably asks the same price for his whole string of hogs. I have bought thousands of hogs from him at prices named, and named the price when I bought them, and when I went to my office found the prices were changed on the tickets. This was not an uncommon occurrence. I have said to him time and again this must not occur, changing the prices from what they were bought at, sometimes marking one man up and another down. This same man is president today, dictating, by calling a meeting of the exchange at any time he wishes, to take action on anything that doesn't suit his wishes.

#### WHO THESE MEN ARE.

Who are these men who have put me out of business? Most of them honest men, but poor, weak, ignorant mortals, dictated to by a few. There are about seventy members of the exchange, as I understand, many of whom I have rendered great service. Three of them have been my confidential typewriters for years, another one my bookkeeper for years. They are at liberty to tell any crookedness that I have ever done. Bear with me until I tell you what I have done for a few of them. One of them I took when he was getting \$10 per month and advanced him, and before he was twenty he was getting \$50. Another I took when he was working at a livery stable, advanced him the money



to buy a lot. and made him pay for it and build himself a house in the building and loan association, kept him until he could do better and helped him to do better; an honest man, but deluded by the bosses. Another I took when a boy, paid him a salary for years, put him in business, and he cost me \$1,000 and I paid it; another I gave a check for \$2,500 to buy an interest in a firm, and indorsed him at the bank for the amount until he earned the money and paid it out individually. Another I negotiated a trade for whereby he sold an interest in his business for \$3,000. Another I gave a check for \$3,000 to keep the bank from closing them up and then indorsed them in bank to bridge them over. Another who came to me at a critical time when it looked like they were going to fail and said he was going to put his property in his wife's name, and I plead with him not to do it and indorsed him for \$4,000; and another I negotiated a partnership for with a capitalist when he was a boy and put him in business. A number I have given my check to to bridge them over for a day in bank for from \$500 to \$2,000. All of these men—there were none of them I could say were dishonest or that I believed were dishonest, but I will say they are poor, weak mortals, and they show the ingratitude of man when they turn on me, and many of them will be wanting me to help them again, and I expect I will have to do it.

#### GET MARKETS FROM SHIEL.

In fact, all of them come to me early in the morning to know what the markets are, as I pay for early telegrams from other markets, and have for years. Kingan & Co. are honest competitors of ours, excellent gentlemen and our friends, yet they belong to the exchange. They for some cause buy all their hogs at the same price, scarcely ever making  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 cents' difference between the best and the poorest assorted hogs. We don't know why they do business that way, and it is none of our business why they do. It is a question if we have not bought as many hogs in this

market in the last month as Kingan & Co. did. We have customers that want a fine bacon hog and are willing to pay for it, and have other customers that want fine butcher hogs and are willing to pay for them. The president of this exchange has said to us: "You cannot buy a light hog unless you buy my heavies, and you can't buy my heavies unless you buy my lights and wagon hogs."

We feel that a man in the country who sends in a load of light hogs ought to have them sold separately and on their merits, and the man who sends in grassy, half-fatted or slop-fed hogs ought to have them sold on their merits. The way it is now every man goes into a pool, and the man with the bad ones always gets the best of it, and the man with the good ones gets the worst of it.

#### GOING TO START ANEW.

Now we have to start into business anew, and we ask of the country shippers to either bill their hogs to themselves, and we will buy their hogs of them, or bill them to us, and we will sell them or use them for our orders at \$3 per car, and if we buy them of the shipper we will have them weighed and settle their charges for \$2 per car. We will either buy them and weigh them straight with a dock, or we will assort them, as we have been doing heretofore. We will go back to the good old times when every man did business on his own hook and when the shipper could come in and sell his own goods. We will have a first-class cattle man, and we will sell cattle at just half the commission charged now under the rules of the exchange. Our buying commissions remain just where they are, at \$6 per double-deck, the same as they were twenty years ago. It used to be \$6 for selling and \$6 for buying. The exchange put up the selling and put down the buying, or have members in it who are offering to buy at \$3 and \$4 per double-deck now. It is more work to buy a load of hogs than it is to sell them.

## HOW TO SHIP STOCK.

In billing your hogs and cattle bill them all to New York or Boston on the Big Four system west of here, to unload at Indianapolis, care R. R. Shiel & Co. On the Pennsylvania system west and southwest of here bill them to New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, load in double-decks whenever it is possible to do so. On the Pennsylvania system use Keystone double-decks. On the Big Four system use Western live stock exchange, Central Vermont, Swift's live stock exchange or Mather double-decks. On the I., D. & W. bill to New York and do not route them beyond Indianapolis, as we might want to send them via the Big Four or the Pennsylvania. We will pay all telegrams sent by us, you pay all telegrams sent by you, with the exception of when you ask the market we will send the answer collect, or when we notify parties of shipment we send them collect.

To our customers East, who have done business with us for years, and who know our manner of doing business, we ask you to be patient with us during the next week until such time as our friends in the country, whose hogs we have been buying through other parties, will send enough to supply our Eastern demand or come in themselves and sell them to us.

The hardest demand was made on us a few months ago, when they asked that we should buy just as Kingan's buy them and weigh them all in one draft. The rule had been before that if we bought hogs we could cut out the heaviest and weigh them to one man and the lights to another; that we could weigh 5,000 pounds out of a load to fill a double-deck for one man and weigh the remainder to another man. But they made a rule in the exchange and enforced it, making the penalty a fine of \$25 if they cut hogs out of a load, enabling us to weigh them down to the man we bought them for.

To make it clearer, we bought a load of hogs—lights—

that we wanted to weigh down to a light-hogs man, with two heavy hogs in the lot, and we asked leave to take the two heavy hogs out and weigh them to a different man. The party selling them declined, saying he would be fined if he did it, making us weigh them into our assorting pen to take off the two hogs. We have stood this for several months. We have had a rule for years that all the hogs we bought be weighed at the center scales, as it was next to our assorting pen, unless we bought a load that were uniform and would do to weigh down to the party we were buying for, and then they could be weighed at any scales.

#### AS TO WEIGHING SCALES.

A few weeks ago the president of the stock yard company came to us and wanted us to permit them to weigh at any scales, saying the exchange demanded it. We told him we did not think we could do it, as weighing at the three would get hogs faster than we could assort them, and that we would have 2,000 hogs in our assorting pen at a time, and that hogs weighed to us at 10 o'clock in the morning we would not have assorted by 2 in the afternoon. Weighing at the one scale we could assort them about as fast as they weighed them to us, and in that way our shrink would be lighter, or we could approximate about the difference between what they weighed in and what they weighed out. But, however, to please the president of the stock yard company, we told him we would try it and weighed at all the scales. One day they weighed out 1,680 pounds less than they weighed in. Our commissions were \$60 and our loss on shrinkage about \$65, so we worked hard all day and we had \$5 less money that night than we had in the morning. Another day we had 1,300 pounds shrink, taking nearly all our commissions; another day 1,100 pounds, another 960 pounds and another 700 pounds.

So we found we had either to quit weighing at all the scales or go out of business. No honest man could or would



put out hogs for more than they cost, and when our market report goes out \$4.02 $\frac{1}{2}$  for the top, when in fact the top was \$4.10, it makes it very hard on us. Our customer in the East reads the top price here \$4.02 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and he, getting his hogs at \$4.07 $\frac{1}{2}$  and \$4.10, might think we are dishonest, and we could not blame him. This is enough at this time, and you will no doubt hear from us from time to time. It has been said one man cannot buy and sell at the same time, but it is being done in all markets.

What we will endeavor to do is to give the country shipper with the good goods the market price relatively to other markets and also to this market, and the Eastern customer. that always wants the good ones, the goods at the market, and if we err in doing it it will be an error of judgment and not error of heart.

With kind regards and best wishes, we beg to remain,  
Respectfully yours,

R. R. SHIEL & Co.

Per Shiel.

Indianapolis, Sept. 19.

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## NEW TURN IN HOG WAR.

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IT PROVES TO BE A LIVELY DAY AT THE STOCK YARDS.

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A REPLY IS MADE TO THE STATEMENT OF THE R. R. SHIEL COMPANY BY THE OTHER SHIPPERS IN THE DAILY STOCK YARDS JOURNAL—"RHODY" CLAIMS THE EXISTENCE OF A TRUST HAS BEEN ACKNOWLEDGED.

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The trouble at the stock yards between the firm of R. R. Shiel & Co. and the Live Stock Exchange was given another chapter yesterday when in yesterday's issue of the Indianapolis Daily Live Stock Journal, the official paper of the



Union stock yards and horse market, appeared the following reply to the statement of the firm of R. R. Shiel & Co., printed in yesterday's Sentinel:

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS AND DEALERS IN LIVE STOCK.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 19, 1898.

In view of the fact that the firm of R. R. Shiel & Co. have this day issued a circular to the country shippers of stock, said circular containing statements the material part of which is utterly false, we hereby desire to state the simple truth, and that is that R. R. Shiel & Co. have demanded that their purchases of hogs shall all be weighed on a particular scale, and the one where the shippers reweigh nearly their entire purchases and have a preference. The avowed object of this move on their part is to compel the hogs they buy to lie in the alleys a long time so that (as they expressed it) the country shippers will stand the shrink instead of the buyers. This demand the salesmen refused to concede, and also refused to sell them hogs until they would accept them as the other buyers do, namely, to be weighed on the scale most convenient "of the three scales" provided for that purpose by the stock yards company. This action was taken purely in the interest of the owners of hogs put in our charge, as we feel that it is our duty to see their interest protected in every reasonable way. Respectfully submitted.

H. H. Fletcher & Co.  
Jeffrey, Fuller & Co.  
Helm, Lewis & Co.  
Adin Baber & Co.  
Tolin, Totten, Tibbs & Co.  
Stockton, Gillespie, Clay & Co.  
M. Sells & Co.  
Middlesworth, Benson, Nave & Co.  
Powell, Beasley & Co.  
Clark, Wysong & Voris.

J. C. Kershaw & Co.  
The Capital Live Stock Commission Company.  
Dye, Valodin' & Co.  
W. H. Hoshal & Co.

THE SHIEL COMPANY'S REPLY.

To this statement the firm of R. R. Shiel & Co. makes the following reply in the form of a letter to the editor of The Sentinel:

To the Editor—Sir: Inclosed find admission of the trust. It explains itself. Our reputation is well established and our manner of doing business, and not for marking up one man and marking down another after a bona fide sale.

We do say that we are glad that they have admitted that we take care of our customers, and when our friends from the country intrust us with their business we guarantee they will have no reason to complain. We will take as good care of our country customer as we have with our eastern customer, and deal honestly with both. We will commence weighing at 6 o'clock if the scales will open and will have the bulk of our hogs out of the way before the exchange market opens. We guarantee that every hog at the stock yards that is consigned to us by 7 o'clock will be weighed and account of sale rendered by wire not later than 10 o'clock, and every load we buy from the country shipper we will see that they are weighed in an hour, or not later than an hour and a half, and that he has a check two hours after they are sold. We don't have to wait for a market to weigh our hogs up, as we have our orders by wire the night before, and a standing order from John B. Squire & Co. of Boston, a house that kills about as many hogs per year as Kingan & Co. do, for from three to fifteen double-decks per day if the market is favorable.

Almost half of our hogs are bought on discretionary orders, and we can give a load or two to any of our customers most any day more than they order. They have some confidence in our judgment. Today we bid \$4.10 for

all light hogs here. The hogs we bid \$4.10 for, the market report shows sold at only \$4.02½. This is the honest trust market. Send your hogs to our market and you will be well taken care of.

With kindest regards and best wishes, we beg to remain respectfully yours,

R. R. SHIEL & Co.  
Per Shiel.

Indianapolis, Sept. 19.

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### THE COMBINE BROKEN.

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R. R. SHIEL CO. WIN A VICTORY AT THE STOCK YARDS.

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To the Editor—Sir: We have won a great victory today for the people against the combine. It is clearly demonstrated that the few cannot combine against the many. We bought about half the hogs in the yards. Bought every country shipper's hogs that came in with them but two. They were all consigned, but the shippers took them away from the trust and sold them to us themselves. One of the generals in command of the combine had eight loads consigned to him and we got five of them. The \$3 commission has come to stay. Three dollars saved by the country shipper and have their business done promptly is quite a saving to them. We weighed all of our hogs straight and docked them, and there was not a load of them that was not weighed within twenty minutes after they were bought. We hire plenty of help to do the work, while the combine generally has but one man to a firm. The reason of the slowness of weighing the hogs that they complain so much about, is some of them only have one man to the firm to weigh, and they have cheap men.

We won't have a cheap man or a slow one around us. We will have easy sailing from now on as the country shippers will realize what we are doing for them.

R. R. SHIEL & Co.

Indianapolis, Sept. 20.

The following are the quotations of the Shiel market. R. R. Shiel & Co. against the combine. Bought of the country shippers the following hogs at the following prices, the shippers taking their hogs from the combine, selling as quoted to Shiel & Co.

Shiel wants hogs shipped by shippers in their own name. He will buy all that are so shipped, or if sent to Shiel & Co., will be sold on their merits or taken by him for his eastern trade.

<i>Number.</i>	<i>Ad.</i>	<i>Dock.</i>	<i>Price.</i>
31 hogs.....	137	...	\$4.00
20 hogs.....	171	...	4.10
14 hogs.....	170	...	4.10
2 hogs.....	175	...	4.10
8 hogs.....	136	...	4.10
29 hogs.....	207	...	4.10
20 hogs.....	172	...	4.10
88 hogs.....	141	360	4.10
23 hogs.....	111	...	4.10
88 hogs.....	140	240	4.10
112 hogs.....	151	600	4.05
37 hogs.....	179	...	4.10
35 hogs.....	179	120	4.05
72 hogs.....	185	400	4.05
80 hogs.....	132	...	4.07½
58 hogs.....	210	40	4.07½
43 hogs.....	190	200	4.07½

October 3, 1898.

WANT TO COMPROMISE.

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BUT RHODY SAYS HE IS INDEPENDENT AND WON'T DO IT.

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To the Editor—Sir: Thirteenth act of the great drama. How they are trying to placate us. Sending our friends to us suggesting a way out of the dilemma. A very warm personal friend of mine, whom I believe to be an honest man, met me Friday and admitted that all that I have charged is true as to the thieves and corruption; said he was among the first to advocate the organization of the exchange, and believed it would be of general benefit to the business, and that the exchange would right the wrongs and help wipe out the corruption. He admits that it has not done so much as he thought it would do, but said to me that I had undertaken a great task; that there was no more corruption in these yards than in others; that there was great opportunity in the business for corruption, and a great many corrupt men were in it; that it was a business that tried a man's integrity, and the temptations were so great that men became corrupt in this business that would not without this temptation before them.

He was trying to advise me to let up and effect a compromise. They would let me weigh on the scales I had been weighing on; they want to keep up their exchange and have me join it. That, I told him, was an impossibility, as I would not belong to an organization that had as corrupt men as some of the men in it. He said that they all admitted now that I would get all the stock from the country that I wanted, but their only hope was that I would not be



able to get out all that I would get in. I told him that did not worry me, for I had fifty customers or more for whom I had done business in the last twenty years, more or less, in the East that could use all the stock that came here, with the exception of days of heavy runs. I had no fears but what if we had more than we had orders for our local packers would buy of us at the same price as they would of others, and the commission we charged the country shipper would be at least \$1 a car better off if I sold them at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents less. Our commission would be only one-half of what the combine's commission would be, as we only charge for selling the same as we do for buying. He said to me that I would break down under such a strain. I told him there was no strain on me now, and there had not been much from the start. They only shut me out for two days. While we had not been getting half the amount of stock we had orders for, our customers East did not blame us for it, and are willing to fill their orders elsewhere until we are in shape to serve them. I said we had gone too far now to make any compromise. We had employed a number of men to take charge of the receiving department, and from now on would be better equipped than any firm in the yard to receive the stock that came consigned, and to handle the stock the country shippers sold to us.

There are a few young men, for whom I have great sympathy, that belong to some of the firms that come to me and say that it is going to break them up in business; that when they have to sell at \$3 a single deck and \$6 a double deck their expenses would eat them up. They admit that we can do it cheaper than they can, as we get a double commission.

R. R. SHIEL & Co.

Indianapolis, Oct. 2.

## STOCK YARDS CONTROVERSY.

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MR. SHIEL'S RESPONSE TO THE STATEMENTS MADE BY MR.  
RAUH.

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To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

In your paper of the 13th, Mr. Rauh, president of the Stock Yards Company, publishes a part of the agreement which was written by him in a room selected by him and his committee. My lips were sealed, and now that he has published a part of the agreement I hope that he will publish the letter dictated by me, which was handed to him to submit to his committee as they were going to the room, and also the part of the agreement which I dictated at my house and sent to him. I am glad that he has unsealed my lips.

I have never denied, and do not now deny, that there were negotiations for settlement, and in every case it was solicited by Rauh, his traffic manager and vice-president. The \$100,000 to stop the building of the stock yards was not half the amount claimed by my company, and would not pay us for the damage done us and our customers. This will be settled in court hereafter. Mr. Rauh well knew at the time why he and his associates cut out a small part of the agreement, and did not publish it all. One of the agreements related to the weighing of corn in place of measuring it in a basket. The \$100,000 was largely going to my Eastern customers that I had bought for for fifteen to twenty years. They were all damaged when the resolution was passed against us by the exchange, of which Rauh is a member. There were a number of customers that were associated with me and wanted stock in the new stock yards com-

pany. The way it leaked out that there was to be a new stock yards built was that one of my customers came here and Rauh got hold of him and the customer told it. Rauh had him two hours in his office, and then had him in the Bates House twice and made propositions to him to give his orders to others instead of to me. He took the proposition home, had it submitted to his house; the house turned it down, and he came back here and still wanted to get in the stock yards, which I had in contemplation. I promised him \$10,000 stock and that per cent. of interest in it. He wanted more, and I would not let him have it. So Rauh saw him again, and he has now quit doing business with us. It is a well-known fact that Mr. Rauh and his associates in his exchange notified Mr. Squire's buyer, Mr. Parsons, when he came here to take our place, that if he did any business with us the other commission houses would not sell him anything. I want to ask Mr. Rauh if it is not a fact that he had \$775,000 of the \$1,000,000 water common stock, held in escrow, and went to New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Chicago, and showed that this stock yards paid a dividend on a million bonds, \$500,000 preferred, and a million common water?

I want to state emphatically that Mr. Erwin's name or anyone else's was not mentioned during our negotiations with Mr. Rauh. The fact is no one now interested in the Interstate Stock Yards Company, so far as I know, was interested in the other company that I propose to settle for, with one or two exceptions. Rauh is largely responsible for these gentlemen embarking in this enterprise, while there are a number of them that are our friends and did not want to see us crushed by the combination against us.

There was one of our Eastern customers that complained so much about their treatment here, and censured us for standing the wrong done them and us as long as we had without exposing it. I said that I was afraid of them, and it was not an easy matter to fight such a combination. The reason they are so provoked about the Interstate Stock Yards Company is that the gentlemen associated with it are strong financially, and are all first-class business men.

A settlement was made a few years ago by this stock yards company. I negotiated partly the deal, and at that time there was something like \$150,000 or \$200,000 paid; and we have never heard much about it in the newspapers. These new stock yards will be built and operated, and will furnish everything at prices returning a reasonable profit on the investment. It is silly to talk about stock yards having any special right over any other business.

R. R. SHIEL.

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MR. SHIEL'S LETTER.

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IN WHICH HE PROPOSED TO ACCEPT FOR HIS ASSOCIATES  
\$100,000.

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IT IS MADE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME BY PRESIDENT RAUH OF  
THE BELT RAILROAD AND STOCK YARDS COMPANY—MR.  
SHIEL AGREED FOR THE SUM NAMED NOT TO BUILD OR IN-  
TEREST HIMSELF IN NEW STOCK YARDS IN INDIANA OUT-  
SIDE OF LAKE COUNTY—INTERESTING READING.

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The attention of Mr. Samuel E. Rauh, president of the Union Stock Yards Company, was called yesterday to the published statement of Messrs. D. P. Erwin and R. R. Shiel

in the Sunday editions of The Sentinel and Journal purporting to be in answer to a statement made by him in The Sentinel of the previous day, and he was asked what, if anything, he cared to say in reply thereto. Mr. Rauh said:

I have no desire to carry on a newspaper controversy with either Mr. Erwin or Mr. Shiel, but in justice to my company I deem it proper to say something further at this time.

In his statement in the Journal Mr. Erwin is reported as saying: "The old company wants to buy me out and is attempting to worry us into selling, but we are not to be bought." I wish to state most emphatically that there is not and never was any desire on the part of the Union Stock Yards Company to buy out the new company or the promoters of it, and in view of what has been said by Mr. Erwin and Mr. Shiel on that subject I will now state the facts concerning the proposition made by Mr. R. R. Shiel, acting for himself and associates, to which I referred in the interview with me reported in Saturday's Sentinel. In the Sentinel of February 24 reference was made to a new stock yards company and connecting Messrs. Squire and Humphrey with it. Mr. Fred F. Squire is treasurer and Mr. F. E. Humphrey is traffic manager of John P. Squire & Co. of Boston. On that day a reporter called to see me and asked me about the matter. I told him I knew nothing about it. He then asked me if there wasn't some way of getting information on the subject, and I said to him that if Mr. Squire was interested he could likely get information from him. With a view of advising myself whether there was any foundation for the published statement, and while the reporter was still in my office, I called up by telephone at Chicago Mr. Fred F. Squire of John P. Squire & Co. of Boston and told him of the published statement in the Sentinel, of the reporter's call and asked him whether there was any foundation for the statement. In answer to this he asked me to tell him all there was in the published state-



ment. I told him it was too long to repeat over the telephone at that time. He then asked me to mail him a copy of the Sentinel containing the statement, which I did on that day. I asked him when he would be in Indianapolis, as I would like to have a talk with him. He said that he did not know when he would be here, but would write me. He brought the conversation to an end by saying that he did not care to talk about the matter over the telephone.

## LETTER FROM MR. SQUIRE.

The following morning I received from Mr. Squire, by special delivery, the following letter:

Frank O. Squire, President.                      Fred F. Squire, Treasurer.  
JOHN P. SQUIRE & Co.  
No. 40 N. Market St.  
Transportation Department.  
F. E. Humphrey, Traffic Manager, Boston.

CHICAGO, ILL., February 24, 1899.

*S. Rauh, Esq., President Union Stock Yards, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

My Dear Sir—Referring to our conversation by telephone this morning, as per your request, I would be pleased to meet you at any time or place, preferably at Mr. F. E. Humphrey's Chicago office, 619 Rialto building, next Monday morning.

If, however, your object is to consult with me in regard to Indianapolis matters, I must respectfully decline to enter into any controversy, as both Mr. Humphrey and myself have placed the matter in the hands of Mr. R. R. Shiel.

Kindly wire me at above address if you decide to take the trip.

Yours truly,

FRED F. SQUIRE.

I made no answer to this letter. The same day that it was received Mr. R. R. Shiel advised me that he, too, had

received by special delivery a letter from Mr. Squire authorizing him to act for him.

At this point I may add that Mr. Shiel had some differences with the commission men at the stock yards with which my company had nothing to do, but because of which he (Shiel) brought suit against my company to compel the opening of the scales at the stock yards at 7 o'clock instead of 8 o'clock in the morning. This is the only litigation between Mr. Shiel and my company.

Before this talk with Mr. Squire over the telephone a meeting had been arranged for Saturday, February 25, at the Denison Hotel, between Mr. Shiel and Mr. Hansen, Colonel Downing and myself, with a view on my part of ascertaining and putting in substantial form what Mr. Shiel wanted.

#### MR. SHIEL'S PROPOSITION.

This meeting was held at the Denison Hotel at the time appointed, Mr. Shiel and the other gentlemen named being present. At this meeting, in talking with Mr. Shiel about the matter, he said that there was something more than these differences to be considered, and that there were other parties interested, and he then began to talk about the new stock yards company, and when he was finally asked what he wanted, he made the statement embodied in the following communication to the Belt Railroad and Stock Yards Company signed by him and delivered to me at the time.

"T. J. CULLEN, MANAGER  
THE DENISON.  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Erwin Hotel Co., Proprietors.

February 25, 1899.

*Belt Railroad and Stock Yards Company:*

Gentlemen—In consideration of \$100,000, to be paid by the Belt Railroad and Stock Yards Company, to be paid as follows: \$25,000 cash, \$25,000 in one year, \$25,000 in two years and \$25,000 in three years, all deferred payments to bear 4 per cent. interest, the undersigned, who is empowered for himself and his associates, agree not to build or interest themselves in any stock yards in the State of Indiana, except Lake county, and further agree to use all their efforts in advancing the interests of the Belt Railroad and Stock Yards Company, and further agrees that he will maintain a market at the Belt railroad and stock yards equal to the Chicago stock yards prices on hogs.

This proposition or agreement to hold good and binding until the 15th day of March, 1899.

R. R. SHIEL.

At this meeting Mr. Shiel stated in his very positive way that this proposition was final and that because of the absence of one of his associates, Mr. Erwin, who was then in Europe, there could be no change made in its terms. The proposition, which speaks for itself, was rejected.

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NO CONSPIRACY.

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In his decision in the so-called Indianapolis stock yards conspiracy case, Judge Artman of the Boone Circuit Court, gave both sides a clean bill of health, declaring it to be his

opinion that all involved were honest. It is well for the Indianapolis market that he decided the case as he did, as there is no way of computing the damage that would have occurred to Indianapolis as a live stock receiving point had the judge decided that there was any basis for the claim that the Indianapolis stock yards officials follow the practice of weighing stock light to the commission man and then weighing them heavy to the purchasing representatives of the packers.

The knowledge that a toll was being exacted of every consignor of live stock to Indianapolis would have been a revelation to the trade, and the farmers and breeders of the State would speedily have turned to other markets where they could get what was rightfully coming to them. Indianapolis is growing steadily as a live stock center, but a decision in favor of the plaintiffs in this case would have checked development and set the market back ten years.

However, the decision carries with it one regret—it marks the retirement from active live stock business of “Rhody” Shiel, probably the most widely known live stock man in Indiana. In his brusque and picturesque way he has done much for Indianapolis; taken part in the development of this live stock market from the very first. It was but natural that a man possessing such a powerful will and determination, so emotional and impulsive, should encounter obstacles. He has, for many years, been more or less an Ishmaelite in the trade, his hand against them all and every man’s hand against him, but the conspiracy charge could not be made to hold in the end. It is pleasing to note that he emerges from this unequal contest with some of the fruit of the long years of service in the development of the Indianapolis market still in his possession.

Saturday, September 19, 1896.

SPEECH BY R. R. SHIEL.

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HIS OBSERVATIONS OF THIRTY-ONE YEARS' BUSINESS EXPERIENCE.

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THE PRICES OF LIVE STOCK AND GRAIN DURING THAT PERIOD.  
THE DIFFERENCE IN RAILROAD RATES—EFFECT  
OF THE CRIME OF '73.

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R. R. Shiel was at the Union Station last evening, waiting for a train to Brooklyn. He was going there to make a political speech, based on his thirty-one years' experience as a buyer of live stock in the Indianapolis market. He said that his object included a demonstration that the "crime of '73" had nothing to do with the fluctuation of prices of farm products. He had handled sixty million dollars' worth of the products of the Indiana farmers, and is now handling two millions annually. As he outlined his argument, a crowd assembled about him in the station, and finally he took out his speech and read parts of it. He said, both there, and later at Brooklyn:

The first car of stock that ever I bought and shipped was a load of hogs at Elwood, of W. H. Harmon, in 1865, and I paid 5 cents a pound for them.

The first two loads of cattle I bought, I bought of James Gwinn, still living near Fishersburg, in Madison county, the last of September, 1865. I paid \$4 a hundred for them, and they weighed about fourteen hundred pounds. I shipped the hogs to Cincinnati, and paid \$30 for the car. I could ship the same car today for about \$15. I loaded the two cars of Gwinn cattle at Anderson, and I billed them to



Buffalo. John Pence, now a banker in Anderson, was the railroad agent, and Quincy Van Winkle, who is now general superintendent of the Big Four, west of Buffalo, was an errand boy, learning the telegraph business, and helped load the cattle. The freight on the two cars of cattle was \$150. I can ship two cars today from Anderson to Buffalo for about \$60, less than one-half.

In 1867 I shipped the first two carloads from Mooresville, on the Vincennes road, that were ever shipped on it. I bought two carloads of cattle of Mr. Alexander Conduit, who at that time was your neighbor, and is now a citizen of Indianapolis. I paid him \$4 a hundred for them, and the cattle weighed 1,450 pounds. The same cattle today would be worth \$4.25. I paid \$172 freight to Buffalo, and the freight on the two carloads would be about \$72 today. This was before the "crime of 1873."

#### COMPARISON OF PRICES.

Today I had my bookkeeper take from my books prices that I paid for stock in August and September each year since 1889, when Harrison was inaugurated. They are as follows:

Year.	Hogs.	Cattle.	Sheep.
1889...	\$4 20 to \$4 40	\$4 30 to \$4 50	\$4 20 to \$4 40
1890...	4 70 to 4 80	4 50 to 4 80	4 30 to 4 60
1891...	5 60 to 5 70	5 50 to 5 75	4 20 to 4 50
1892...	5 50 to 5 85	4 50 to 5 00	4 50 to 5 00
1893...	5 75 to 5 90	4 00 to 4 50	3 50 to 4 00
1894...	5 50 to 5 85	4 40 to 5 00	2 00 to 2 50
1895...	4 75 to 5 20	4 75 to 5 25	3 00 to 3 25
1896...	3 10 to 3 40	4 25 to 4 75	2 50 to 3 00

This will show conclusively that the so-called "crime of 1873" has nothing to do with the prices of the farm products. And no one, who wanted to be honest and fair, would claim such a thing.

There has been a gradual decline in the railroad rates ever since the war, while the farm products have varied, which the above figures show, from year to year.

In 1869 I bought thousands of hogs here after the failure of crops here in 1868 and 1869, and paid 10 cents for them, and as high as 7 cents for cattle and 6 cents for sheep; and in 1872, before the great "crime," I bought the same hogs for 4 and 4½ cents, and the same kind of cattle at 4 cents, and sheep at 3 cents; while in 1874 and 1875 I paid 7 cents for hogs, 5 cents for cattle and 5 cents for sheep, three years after the "crime." There is no year, since 1865, with the exception of 1879, that hogs in September were as low as they are now. In fact, there is no year they sold for less than 4 cents in August and September.

Now, as the figures show, we have had high prices for hogs since 1891, both of hogs and corn, which have caused the farmers to turn their attention to producing more hogs, and the large crop of corn in 1895 enabled the farmers to produce hogs in larger quantities than they had for several years back. This, with new competitors that have been opened up in Denmark and Russia the last two years, which are furnishing England and Germany with great quantities of hog products, is the cause of low prices now. There is a packing house in Denmark that kills about three thousand hogs a day, that three years ago only killed a few hundred, and they are great competitors in England and Germany, of Kingan's and all American exporters of hog products.

#### CROPS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

And another cause for the low price of hogs this year is that the South had large crops of corn last year, and the continued high prices since 1888 have caused them to turn their attention to raising more hogs and corn.

This year, contrary to my custom for twenty years, I have not bought a load for Louisville, and some of the best customers I have in New York and Baltimore have supplied

themselves in Louisville and have bought very few here; in fact, Louisville has been shipping hogs here to Kingan & Co. They have never had the receipts there that they have been having all this year. They are raising more corn and less cotton every year. The last few years I have bought as fat cattle as I ever bought, that came from Arkansas and Mississippi, that were fed on cotton seed, where thirty years ago this same cotton seed was burnt up. If Mr. Bryan would post himself he could say to his farmers in Nebraska that the great market, the South, that twenty years ago was the largest consumer of the pork and corn of Nebraska, is today producing corn and hogs of their own, sufficient to supply over half that they consume.

Now, as to the price of wheat and corn. In 1867 I fed a thousand hogs in Hamilton county. I bought the stock hogs at  $3\frac{3}{4}$  and 4 cents in January, and bought the corn at 27 to 33 cents. This was before the "crime of '73."

Now, there has been no year since 1867, until this year and last year, that corn could be bought in Hamilton county for less than I paid for it in 1867; and, in fact, the price has generally run in January and February at from 35 to 40 cents. In 1894 it sold up as high as 55 and 60 cents.

Now, if the "crime of '73" made the corn sell low this year, why didn't it make it sell low in 1893 and 1894?

As to the wheat, it varied in price from 1865 to 1873, from a dollar to \$1.50. Wheat has sold as high as \$1.25 and \$1.30 after the "crime of '73," in 1879 and again in 1882. The low price of wheat is an easy thing accounted for. We have had two of the largest crops ever known in this country, and in 1890 Russia produced 140,000,000 of the surplus, India 30,000,000 of the surplus, Hungary 30,000,000 of the surplus, and in 1895 Russia's surplus was 470,000,000, India's surplus 260,000,000 and Hungary's surplus 130,000,000. Now, all this surplus had to sell in the same market and in competition with ours.

When we had the high price of wheat in the sixties there was no wheat raised in Dakota, very little in Kansas and

the West, and spring wheat sold for 10 and 12 cents less than the winter wheat did. Now, spring wheat sells for the same price as winter wheat. The great wheat country of the United States is the Dakotas, Kansas and the West, when prior to the seventies they did not raise any for market.

If Mr. Bryan would tell you that the large crops in Russia, Hungary, India and the Dakotas are what made your low prices, the American people would have more respect for his judgment and integrity. Why don't he tell you what the price of sheep was in 1892 when they sold at 5 cents under the McKinley bill, while in 1894 under the Wilson bill they sold at 2½? He has not told the little farmer on his little thirty or eighty-acre farm that under the McKinley bill in 1890 and 1892 that he got 12½ and 15 cents per dozen for his eggs; 15 and 20 cents for his butter, and 50 per cent. more for all his poultry than he is getting now.

I have dealt so much with you for the last thirty-one years that I feel that I am almost a farmer. I feel like defending you when I hear the charge on every corner that all the farmers are going to vote for the Populist crusade candidate. I say to them it is an insult to the farmer. The farmer is as intelligent as any other one class of men, and after the election is over I feel sure that there is no one class of people that is more interested in getting an honest dollar for their product than the farmer. And the election will prove that my assertion is true.

I give you facts and figures from my thirty-one years of actual experience in business. Bryan has been advocating a theory. Theory won't stand against facts and actual experience.

## LIGHT ON THE CITY COMPANY.

The Hon. Augustus Lynch Mason, in his interesting report of his administration of the Citizens' Company, intimates in pretty plain language that the City company tried to "hold up" his company for big money—tried to "sell out" its contract to his company at a dizzy figure—tried to be "bought off" to get out of the way—or whatever the right phrase in the language of Wall street or Fifth street may be. It seems also that the Citizens' company was willing to "deal" with the City company until the demand of the latter became too high. It would have been "mighty interestin' readin'" if the Hon. Augustus Lynch Mason had given us the exact amount that his company was willing to pay to the City company and the amount that the City company demanded.

It has been in the air for a long time that a "sell-out" was arranged at one time, but if we mistake not Mr. Mason's statement is the first official confirmation of the truth of the rumor. Vague reports have been circulated as to the amount of money that was to be given, and as to its precise disposition—how many tens of thousands of dollars each investor of his name and of a few tens of dollars in the City company was to receive. These rumors have long been floating about vaguely—doubtless growing somewhat as rumors do grow—but they have been assiduously denied, in part, at least, by the parties in interest. Now it appears that there is ample and substantial basis for them. It is a great pity that Mr. Mason could not have given us the full details. The publication of them—if they are what his intimations imply and what rumor has declared—would, to a



certain extent at least, cause a reaction of sentiment in favor of his company. The people of Indianapolis are not interested in seeing local "financiers" "get a whack" at the Citizens' company.

The people of this city were brought to believe that the organization of the City company was made in entire good faith, and principally from motives of city pride and patriotism. It is for that reason that it has had the support and encouragement of the press and of good citizens generally. Had people supposed that the City company was a Nickel Plate or West Shore enterprise, that it was formed more as a trading enterprise than with a view to the actual carrying out of its ostensible object, there would have been far less confidence in it or expectation from it. But if Mr. Mason's intimations can be taken to mean what they seem to mean, if the rumors that have long been current are really well based in fact, we shall have to modify our opinion of the City company. We shall have to think that the motive inspiring its formation and manipulation was not so much the desire of benefiting the city by seeking to put the street railway business on a sound and rational basis, as it was the hope of using the street railway situation for large personal gain, without incurring any risk of loss—without really making any investment.

It is difficult to believe that some of the men in the City company would lend themselves to a Nickel Plate enterprise. But it has been still more difficult to believe that certain others in the company could be influenced by any but mercenary motives. We must think that those of the first class were not fully conscious of the real purpose of the company, but that they were led to believe that while the enterprise

was designed to make money, money was to be made by legitimate development and in subordination to the permanent interests of the city.

This, you understand, was at a time when agitation was going on before the legislature, when Taggart was mayor and seeking to get a bill through the legislature nine years before the charter would expire, which I will explain later on.

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Noblesville, Ind., Friday, Oct. 2, 1896.

### TO THE FARMERS.

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RHODY SHIEL, THE WELL-KNOWN STOCK DEALER,

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DELIVERS THE BIGGEST SPEECH OF THE CAMPAIGN AT CICERO,  
IND., GIVING FACTS AND FIGURES FROM PERSONAL  
EXPERIENCE REFUTING POPOCRATIC THEORIES.

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Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I have been invited here tonight to talk to my old neighbors and friends on the political issues of the day. I am not going to make a speech to you, but I am going to talk to you as one neighbor should talk to another. My opinion is that the issues today between the two great parties are the most important probably in the history of this country. Thirty-five years ago this last month I answered to the call of Abraham Lincoln for 300,000 men and went forward to battle for the country's flag, enlisting in this very city. I felt sure that after four years of war that it had been settled by the sword, once and for all, that States' rights had been shot to death, but we see a convention assembled recently in Chicago where they assailed the President of the United States

for sending troops to that city to stop riot and bloodshed and destruction of property and to enforce the law, and also criticised the Supreme Court of the United States for the decisions rendered according to the law and the constitution in the light in which they saw it. The Supreme Court is the highest tribunal known to the government, and when it renders a decision any true American must bow his head in submission, as it is the sole judge. I didn't vote for Grover Cleveland and I didn't believe that he ought to have been elected President, but when he received a majority of the votes he was my President just as much as the men who voted for him, and when he sent the troops to stop riot and bloodshed and protect property, I felt as proud of him as if I had voted for him. What has Grover Cleveland not done that he or his party claimed he would do if he were elected? He has carried out all pledges of the platform to the letter of the law. The Republican party believes that the principles of the Democratic party inaugurated into law would not be the best thing for the country, and it has been clearly demonstrated that we were right. When the Democratic convention assembled in Chicago they denounced their own President, and every supporter of the Chicago nominee, and the nominee himself, denounced Cleveland and his entire cabinet for carrying out the pledges of the party as inaugurated in the platform in '92.

Since I have come to your city this evening I have learned that there has been a great crime perpetrated—a wonderful crime—and I find many of your citizens up in arms and excited over the crime. (A voice from the floor, "What is the crime?") The demonetization of silver in '73. (Another voice, "It took you a long time to learn that.") I grant you that is true, but the great crime was perpetrated in '73. A national Democratic convention assembled in '76, another in '80, '84 and '88, and again in '92, and not one of these Democratic conventions had learned it, so you ought not to be astonished that I hadn't learned it. But 23 years elapsed and a convention assem-

bled with a new Moses, and they discovered the great crime that had been perpetrated 23 years before, and the records show that nearly every Democratic Senator and member of the House had voted for the crime. What was the crime? They claim it was the stoppage of the coinage of silver. Let us see if the coinage of silver was stopped. Since 1776, the foundation of the government, up to 1873, there had been something over 8,000,000 standard silver dollars coined in all, and after that time, during the last 23 years, there has been \$442,000,000 coined, or about 57 times as much in the last 23 years as had been coined in 97 years previous, or 57 dollars for every dollar. Now anyone can readily see that the coinage of silver was not stopped and that this great crime was never committed.

They tell me that the farmers are all going to vote for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, but let me show you why I think the farmer will be the last one who will vote for it. The silver miner is a farmer, and there is just one difference between a Colorado farmer and an Indiana farmer. The former employs cheap labor to work his farm and produce silver bullion, while the Indiana farmer labors on the farm himself. Now just go with me seeking the markets of the world for the products of a few States. I see two carloads of silver bullion loaded on a train in Colorado and start East, hunting a market; they come to Nebraska and take on two carloads of corn, then to Iowa and take two cars of cattle, in Illinois two carloads of wheat, and from Indiana two carloads of horses; from Ohio they take two carloads of wool.

Going over the mountains of Pennsylvania the owners of all the products, riding in a car attached to the rear of the train, the bullion owner asks the Ohio man, "Where are you going with your wool?" The Ohio man answers: "To New England. I understand that is the best wool market." Turning to the Indiana man, he asks: "Where are you going with your horses?" Indiana answered: "To Glasgow, Scotland; that is the best horse market at present." Of the Illinois man he asks: "Where are you going with



your wheat?" The answer was: "Paris, France." Then he asked the Iowa man, "Where are you going with your cattle?" "To London, England, as I understand it is the best cattle market," replied the Iowa man. Of the Nebraska man he questions: "Where are you going with your corn?" "To Germany," said he; "it is the best corn market at present." Then the Indiana man addresses the Western man and says: "Mr. Colorado, where are you going with your silver?" The answer came: "I will leave you at Harrisburg; I am going to Washington. Bryan has been elected President, there has been a populist congress and a populist senate elected and you have all voted for them and they have had a special law passed for me; every 53 cents' worth of my product is going to be coined into a dollar under the new law. You have to hunt the markets of the world for your product and you have to labor with your hands producing your product, but I employ cheap labor and produce mine, and gulled you folks into voting for Bryan to enable me to get a special law passed. How do you like it?"

Then the farmers began to see what a great mistake they had made. After the Colorado man gets his 53 cents coined into a dollar it is still his dollar and you can't get any of it. I see Mr. Bryan, in his Madison Square speech, said that the farm products had gradually declined since the "crime of '73," and in fact everything else but railroad rates. Now, he was either ignorant of the facts or he wilfully lied."

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Thursday, October 15, 1896.

### ORATORY AT NOON-DAY.

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GROWTH OF THE MID-DAY MEETINGS IN MERIDIAN STREET.

The noon meetings at the Sound Money League Hall, in North Meridian street, have grown in attendance, and the hall is crowded daily. George W. Julian will speak at noon



tomorrow, and many old friends are arranging to give him a pleasant reception.

If, for any reason, the appointed sound money speaker fails to appear, there are orators in abundance. Rhody Shiel was one of today's speakers. "I have believed from the start," he said, "that this campaign should be carried on, not as a Republican campaign, not as a Democratic campaign, but as an American campaign.

"The first meeting I attended this year, and, in fact, the first time I learned of the danger of this crusade, I went to a meeting at English's Opera House, and heard my long-time friend, John Kern, say that free silver would bring ruin, and a panic such as the country had never witnessed, and, of course, I believed John. Then, I listened to my friend, Greene Smith, and he strengthened me in the belief. And last, but not least, if I had had any doubt in my mind, it would have been removed after I heard my old friend and comrade, Captain Meyers, who convinced me beyond a doubt that it was a crusade of the worst kind, and that no honest man could be a party to such a crusade. But, later, I find that my friends, Kern, Smith and Meyers, were poor, weak mortals; that their love of a party discipline was far more important to them than national honor, sound money or love of country. I could not have believed it possible that my old, beloved comrade, Meyers, could have deserted Hancock, Sigel, Sickles, Black and Palmer—in fact, every captain and colonel who had fought in the war for the old flag and glory, are all joined hand-in-hand following their leaders. Our own captains, Madden and McHugh, and Cols. McLean and Havens, who will follow me here, have joined in the support of Palmer or McKinley and an honest dollar. Indeed, I don't know an officer above a corporal's rank in the State, who served in the last army, with the exception of Meyers, who has deserted and enlisted under Coxe, Bryan, Tillman and Altgeld's army."

## MASSES AND CLASSES.

Rhody Shiel spoke yesterday at Carthage in the afternoon and in Rushville at night. At the latter place he said: "I can't find out where the masses end or where the classes begin. I do not know which one I belong to, and if I belong to the classes, when I got to be a member. What must a man be worth to belong to the classes? Must he have 1,000 acres of land, 300 acres, 100 acres, 50 acres, 20 acres or 10 acres? Must he be worth \$4 or \$2? Here, take Farmer Ellis out here, whom you all know. He's worth 600 acres of land. Say his daughter marries one of his hired hands, and the father gives with his daughter's hand 100 acres of the land to his new son-in-law. Is the son-in-law transported all in one night from the masses to the classes? Thank God, the truth of the matter is there are no masses and classes.

"Who are the anarchists?" said Rhody, again; "who were they in the Chicago troubles? They were not the men who struck for better pay. They were not the honest rail-rovers. They were the men whom Governor Altgeld let out of the penitentiary. They were the disciples of Tillman. I am against these anarchists. They kill my fellow-countrymen—the policemen. You know nearly all policemen are Irish." Rhody says the silver question has been talked to death, and that patriotism will be the keynote of the remaining days of the campaign.

Shiel shows a letter to himself from the Republican national headquarters, thanking him for the good work he is doing, and informing him that the best parts of his speeches have been selected and printed in pamphlet form. to be distributed to 3,000,000 readers.

The Indianapolis Sentinel, October 29, 1896.

### THE LAST CARD.

The Republican managers are in a state of desperation. They realize that they are completely whipped on the money question. The people have seen through their fallacies and inconsistencies offered in support of gold monometallism, and are determined that they will have no more of it. The effort now is to turn the issue back to the Civil War, and by a vigorous waving of the bloody shirt bring back if possible the silver Republicans who have become disgusted with Republican slavery to the money power. The following is a copy of a letter now being sent out to all parts of the State by one of the most prominent Republican leaders in this campaign:

My Dear Friend and Old Neighbor—You no doubt will be surprised to receive this letter from me, but I have learnt that you have been talking of voting for the silver craze.

Now I am not going to argue with you as to the right or wrong of the money question, as you or I don't know much about the government finances; I am sure that I know but very little about it, and don't suppose you know much more than I do. I do know the so-called demonetization of silver in '73 has no more to do with the low price of products this year than it has to do with the hog cholera, in one neighborhood and another, but it has got beyond the money, tariff or any other question now: it has got to the question, Have we a government, a President and a Supreme Court, or are we going to have State's rights that I had fought for for four years, and thought we had shot it to death, and have it inaugurated again, and the exiles and scum of foreign countries come here and run this government under the form of anarchy led by Altgeld, Tillman and Coxey, and this wild man, Bryan, whose only recommendation is his big mouth and lots of wind? God forbid that we

should ever have such a man elected President. He never did a day's work in his life, like you and I have done. He undertakes to win with false and lying representations, and appealing to the passions of the ignorant. God forbid that such an intelligent man as you are, and one who came loyally to the flag in time of trouble, and now thirty-one years after the war, would be a party to dissectional strife, as to arraying the masses against the classes. God knows we have no masses or classes. You knew me in my humble log cabin home, and if my position in life has been changed, I have changed it myself, and the same avenue is open to every American boy. I spent thirty-five years of my life in fighting for what I thought was right, four years in the war and the rest in the Republican party, and to my mind there never was in the history of the country such an important election as this one for the perpetuation of the government. I hope you, as the honest boy I knew you, and as still the honest man, will weigh this matter, and weigh it seriously before casting your vote. Think of the hundreds of thousands of lives and the four years of suffering in the late bloody war, and you will be a party to help blot it all out. I appeal to you in the name of everything that is sacred, your wife, your children and the children who will come after you, to help stay the hand of the President, the court and the government, and let us settle the question of money at some other election. Yours,

R. R. SHIEL.

Mr. Shiel has been rated as one of the most efficient of the Republican speakers on the money question. He has made dozens of speeches on that subject, many of which have been printed in the Journal. Many Republicans have said that he understood the money question better than any speaker they had except Beveridge. Now he confesses that he "knows very little about it," and probably in confidential conversation would admit that he knows nothing at all.

Still more striking is his closing sentence: "Let us settle the question of money at some other election." What does this mean? As plainly as words can say, it means: "We are wrong on the money question. I know we are wrong. But for heaven's sake stay with the party and we will get straight hereafter." And why does he ask his friend to stay with the party? For the memories of the Civil War. He objects to "dissectional strife," but waves the bloody shirt and tries to rouse the feelings of sectional strife of thirty years ago. And he does it in a false issue. Gen. Harrison and Mr. Shiel have entered into an effort in the last hours of the campaign to save the Republican party from deserved defeat. Harrison with his tongue and Shiel with his pen make a strong team. Their arguments are identical. Their thought flows along the same lines. But they will not succeed in deceiving the people. The money question will be settled at this election, not "some other election."

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#### "RHODY" SHIEL'S TALK.

Following is a verbatim report of the speech of Rhody Shiel:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens—I ask your forbearance for a few moments, as a citizen of Indianapolis, and I trust that tonight there is no disturbing element in this meeting that will keep the most humble citizen from expressing his honest opinion. No doubt there are many that expect me to enter into a personal abuse of individuals and the press which has vilified me, but that I am not going to enter into. Whatever success I have had in life or in my business I have gained by not seeking to build myself up by tearing others down. Permit me now to state my views on



the question that is agitating the people of Indianapolis. I believe, and am willing to stake my reputation as a business man, that in 1901 if the honest people of all parties, who have the best interest of the city at heart, will stand firm they can let a franchise then at 2 cents straight fare and 3 cents for a transfer and the company that gets the franchise can make more money at 2 and 3 cents than the Johnsons did ten or twenty years ago under their mule system. I believe the people ought to have some benefit of this grand invention of electricity, and not let a few wealthy men, who can organize themselves into a great corporation for the purpose of controlling the public press, and also the State and city legislatures, and they get all the benefits, to make themselves still richer, while the poor man with his tin bucket going to his work will have to pay the same fare, 5 cents, in 1930, as he did under Johnson's mule system thirty years ago.

Is the poor man to have no advantage of all the great discoveries that have been made since 1865, when the Citizens' franchise was let, until 1931? I think I see the one and two-cent street car fare in twenty years from now, as common a thing as the five-cent fare is now. The workingman today, starts to work with ten cents in his pocket, and pays it out for street car fare; if they all stand together, and see to it that no one is elected mayor of this city or to the council in any ward from now until 1901 who is not but a true friend to the laboring man, and one who has been an advocate for low fares, I will stake every dollar that I have, and my reputation, that the workingman in 1902 can start to work in the morning with ten cents in his pocket, and pay four of it out for street car fare, and return in the evening with three loaves of bread, for the six cents he has saved by the reduction of the fare, and the street car company will make almost as much money under the low fare, as by the high, as twice as many will ride, and they will run cars twice as often as they do now; they will have to do it to accommodate the people.

Why let a franchise in "93" that could not go into effect until 1901. There is certainly not an intelligent man, that wants to be honest, but what knows that we can get a better franchise today than we got in "93" under the midnight council, and knows that we can still get a better one in 1901, than we can today. Might as well buy a dress for your wife, and have it made in "93" for her to wear in 1901, it would be clear out of style; the five-cent fare will be out of style in 1901, everything is tending to lower prices and why not street car fare? It don't matter to me, who owns the street car tracks, whether they live in Philadelphia or here, and don't think it matters much to any other citizen, only the few stockholders and their friends. I am sick of this howl of stop thieves, when the stealing has probably been as bad on one side as another, and the people holding the sack for both sides.

I feel it due to myself and the community that I make some reference to myself being howled down the other night in a mob. It is the second time in my life that I have been suppressed, and I have been in some very close places. I was shot down at Chickamauga, by Longstreet's corps and had to succumb. I attacked a mob in the streets here a few years ago, during the street car strike, of about 20,000 and succeeded in getting a hearing, but this mob of a few hundred under the charge of the city officials at the English Opera House, succeeded in suppressing me, when if they would have permitted me to talk, I was only going to ask them a few questions and that was on a point where I had a right to talk. As a member of the Board of Trade since 1867, I was going to raise the point that there never had been a meeting called of the Board of Trade, which consists of 500 members, or of the Board of Governors, which consists of forty, and that that resolution was only gotten up by four members of the Board of Trade, and was not the expression of the Board of Trade.

The Indianapolis Sentinel, April 22, 1898.

### PATRIOTIC RHODY SHIEL.

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HE URGES MEN TO VOLUNTEER—SCENES AT RECRUITING ROOMS.

Last night was an eventful night at the recruiting station of the "First Volunteer Indiana Regiment" on N. Pennsylvania street. Patriotic oratory was the feature of the evening and the room, which holds several hundred people, was jammed full most of the time. The speakers stood on the table, where the recruiting rolls are signed. Col. B. C. Shaw, a veteran of the last war, and G. W. Warmoth and Charles Korbly, jr., of the younger generation made patriotic speeches and were enthusiastically received.

There was a stir when Rhody Shiel was introduced by Vic Backus, the colonel to be of the volunteer regiment. "Rhody" was a private in the last war. "I enlisted on the day I was eighteen years old," he said. "We have got war on us right now and I tell you if you don't want to fight you'd better not join this regiment under Vic Backus. Let me tell you this: It's no matter now whether this war was brought on rightfully or wrongfully. That's something you don't have anything to do with now, but right or wrong your duty now is to stand by your country."

Great cheers followed this outburst. Mr. Shiel continued: "I have said that I wouldn't enlist in this war, but, at the age of fifty-eight, I will go before I will see this flag dishonored."

Mr. Backus talked briefly, saying that it was the purpose to organize a regiment that would be ready to leave in fifteen minutes after permission was granted. He spoke of the great honor that it would be to belong to the first regi-

ment of Indiana volunteers. Enlistments were made rapidly. In order to incite the crowd John Murphy stood two young boys, who had enlisted, on the table and told the crowd of older men to imitate the example.

There were some interesting incidents at the recruiting station yesterday. One man, seventy-eight years old with gray hair and drooping form, walked up to enlist, and when Mr. Backus told him he was too old the tears rained down his cheeks. He acknowledged that he was forty-five years old when he was mustered out of the union army in 1865.

A deaf mute walked up and handed in a carefully written application, giving his name as H. C. Anderson. In this petition he said: "The crucial test of valor is on the battlefield and not by loud mouthings or vain vaporings. You are well aware I am deaf, but I beg you will leave this out of your consideration, for I have eyes to see and hands for action which I assure you I will endeavor to use to the best advantage within my power."

He seemed greatly disappointed when told by the recruiting officers that his services could not be accepted.

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(October 6, 1896.)

### MR. SHIEL'S NEW SPEECH.

---

ONE OF THE UNIQUE STUMP EFFORTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

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SHOWS WHY FINANCIERING SHOULD BE DONE BY MEN WHO  
HAVE A TRAINING FOR IT.

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There was a large crowd of people sitting in the headquarters of the Citizens' Sound Money League last night.

and as they were there to hear politics discussed R. R. Shiel volunteered to entertain them for a while, and he did it royally, too. He showed the folly of men who have never studied the question of finance attempting to put their views above those of men who have done nothing all their lives but study these matters. For the purpose of his illustration he spoke figuratively.

“Now, say I am a free silver man,” he said. “I am not, but then for the present you can imagine I am, and then we can understand each other. Well, in 1897 I was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Voorhees—that’s a fact and you needn’t smile about it—but I resigned soon after when I found I knew nothing about financiering for the government and went to buying hogs again. You know I am a good hog buyer. I stand as high as a hog buyer as John Sherman does as a financier, and any stock man in the country will tell you so.

“Well, that part is settled. I was elected in 1897 and went down to Washington with an idea that I knew all about this thing of financiering for the government. I was just going to turn things over and see that laws were passed that would give every man plenty of money. Sure enough, I was appointed on the finance committee to take Mr. Voorhees’s place. Well, it took me about four days to find the committee room in that big building down there they call the Capitol, but what more would you expect of a first-class hog buyer who had turned government financier? At last I found it and stumbled into the room one day. There was John Sherman, who has been in the financiering business for forty years, and Senator Hoar and Senator Allison, who have served almost as long financiering for the govern-



ment. Then I saw General Morgan, of Alabama; he's been financiering for the government for a long time, too. To make it short, there they all were—men who had been doing the government financiering for a long time—longer than I have been buying hogs.

“Pretty soon there came a rap, rap, rap, and John Sherman said the committee would proceed to do the government financiering. Then old Senator Hoar got up and said something. Senator Allison had his say. General Morgan got in a few words and then I arose with all the dignity I had and John Sherman said:

“‘Mr. Shiel, the new senator from Indiana, has the floor.’

“‘I knew that. Then I told them that they were all wrong; that they did not know what they had been talking about; that for all these years they had been financiering for the government in the wrong way, and that what they needed was a little advice from an Indiana hog buyer. Then I proceeded to tell them how much more money the people would have under free coinage of silver, and you bet I told them at the same time how they had committed the crime of 1873 and that stuff. About this time ‘I am a Democrat’ jumped to his feet.

“‘Mr. Chairman,’ he said, ‘I rise to a point of personal privilege.’

“‘State your point, sir.’

“‘This man is crazy, and I move that we have a commission set on his sanity.’

“‘Well, the commission was appointed and it sat on me, and it sat hard, too. The next thing I knew I was in an insane asylum, and when I was told why I was there I got

to thinking, and I did some tall thinking, too. 'Now, Rhody,' I thought, 'you've got no business here. You were making money buying hogs in Indiana and you were known as one of the most reliable hog buyers in the country. You know nothing about doing the government's financiering and you had better go back and buy some more hogs.' I sent for John Sherman and I apologized to him and told him that I was a good hog buyer, but that I didn't know much about financiering for the government. When he let me out I resigned and came home, but I thought that would teach me a lesson.

"Things went all right for a year, then one morning my little colored messenger boy came rushing into my office at the stock yards and said:

"'Mr. Shiel, yo' bettah git out heah. Dey's some strange men down theah and dey's jest buyin' evahthing in sight and yo' won't get nothin' ef yo' don' hurry.'

"I jumped up and rushed out to the pens and there was old John Sherman in the cattle pens buying everything offered and paying 50 cents more than the market price. And there was Senator Allison just paying anything asked for sheep; and hogs! Well, Senator Hoar was paying \$12 a hundred pounds. That beat me. I knew they couldn't sell them and come out even, and so I walked up to John Sherman and asked him what he meant by this. He said he had found that the farmer was not getting enough for his stock and he was going to teach us stock buyers something. Well, us stock buyers then got together and we had a sanity commission appointed, and those men were sent out here across the river where they keep such people. Why, my little ten-year-old messenger boy knew more about hog

buying than those big senators who had been doing the financiering of the country for more than a generation. After they had been locked up a short time they concluded that they did not know much about hog buying and they apologized and were turned loose.

“Now, that is just how the matter stands today. Here are a lot of little two-by-four politicians and hog buyers who want to do the financiering for this government, and they don't know any more about it than John Sherman knows about buying hogs, and that is precious little, I can tell you. I am not a senator any more and John Sherman has quit buying hogs.”

Throughout the peculiar speech there was the closest attention, but Mr. Shiel's remarks were broken a number of times by the laughter of his listeners at the odd manner of treating the subject. When Mr. Shiel closed with the remark that he was no longer a senator and that John Sherman had quit buying hogs there was a long and loud applause, and many were the remarks that, odd as the talk was, it was a good illustration of the point made.

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September 24, 1896.

### A LESSON IN CONFIDENCE.

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R. R. SHIEL MAKES A PRACTICAL ARGUMENT AT JAMESTOWN.

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Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

JAMESTOWN, Ind., Sept. 23.—Hon. Charles B. Landis and Roger R. Shiel spoke at a big meeting here this afternoon. The speech of Mr. Shiel was something novel and

interesting in the line of a political argument. He said in part:

“I have been invited here to make a speech to you today. I don't expect to make a speech, but I come to talk business to you. Thirty years ago I made my first visit to your place. At that time this part of Boone county was a wilderness compared to what it is now; in fact, they talked of it as a frog pond or swamp of Boone county. I came here on horseback and bought about three hundred hogs of Mr. Van Ausdel, then your neighbor, living about a mile and a half east of here. Permit me to occupy your time a few minutes to show you the difference in the manner of doing business then and now. At that time, when a trader went to the country to buy farmers' stock, he had to carry with him the money to pay for the stock at the scales, and I brought with me about \$7,000 in currency. The hogs were driven by Mr. Van Ausdel to Indianapolis for me after I purchased and paid for them in currency, the price being \$4.60 a hundred. My next visit was in the fall of 1868, when I purchased two carloads of Van Ausdel & Lowry, then living in Lizton, the first two carloads ever shipped on your road, then the I., B. & W. We loaded them at Mr. Van Ausdel's farm and used a wagon bed for a chute to load them, as the railroad had provided no loading pens. There has been no year since that I haven't been buying your stock. I continued to come here and bring the currency up until about 1874 or 1875, when the trade changed. I have often carried \$25,000 to this and Hendricks county to pay for stock, but since 1875 my checks have been going all over your county and Hendricks and Montgomery, and when I purchase stock from any farmer

I have given my check for it, and he has usually carried the check home and deposited it in his bank, and I understand that all local buyers now give their checks to the farmers when they buy and very little, if any, money is paid out at the scales where the stock is delivered. I remember, two years ago, that I purchased \$28,000 worth of cattle of your neighbor, Crit Clay, who lives a few miles south of here in Hendricks county, and I gave him my check for it; he carried the check home, and it was a week before he deposited it in his bank at Danville. At the time I gave the check for \$28,000 I didn't have a thousand dollars in the bank where I did business, but the same day I deposited a draft in my bank on Tim Eastman, payable in five days in New York, and I don't suppose Eastman had any money to meet the draft. I happened to be in New York when the Clay cattle arrived there; saw Eastman killing the cattle and loading them on a vessel to ship them to Liverpool. Mr. Eastman called me up to the desk and said, 'You see my bookkeeper is making a thirty-day draft on Liverpool to take up your draft that is due today.'

"When the thirty days rolled around and the draft was due in Liverpool Eastman had sold the cattle in his butcher shops that he had in Ireland, England and Scotland, and collected the gold for them from all classes of people in those countries. So you see it does not take the actual cash to be paid down at the scales to carry on business as it used to thirty years ago. Clay had confidence in me when he took my check home. Fletcher had confidence in me when he allowed me to draw the Eastman draft and gave me credit for it; and the bank in New York had confidence in Eastman when it allowed him to draw on Liverpool and



give him credit for it. In fact, I do two millions of business in a year and don't handle \$500 in currency, while thirty years ago I had to pay out currency for all the stock I bought.

"I can remember one time carrying home from Pittsburg \$46,000 in currency—this was in 1869—and in 1872 a number of times carried \$25,000 and \$30,000 from Cincinnati and came to this and adjoining counties and paid it out for stock at the scales.

"Now, I am not going to talk to you about government finances, but I can see readily that it don't take as much money to do business now as it did thirty years ago, yet from what I know of government finances there is as much or more money per capita than there was thirty years ago. We hear it every day that there isn't enough money to do the business of the country. That is not what is the trouble. It isn't more money; it is more confidence we want.

"I was in Fletcher's bank the other day when Mr. Fletcher threw down his balance sheet and showed me that he had \$3,600,000 on deposit, and he said that he had something near six thousand depositors. I asked him how much he had loaned out of that deposit; he said he had 81½ per cent. of it in bank. I asked him if he thought that was good banking; he said it wasn't profitable banking to the bank, but the \$3,600,000 belonged to the depositors and not to him, and while this agitation was going on he wasn't going to loan another man's money when the man might come in any day and call for it. He said: 'Some of it is yours; you are liable to call for it at any hour, and I have it here for you. If this agitation wasn't going on we could loan our deposits safely down to within 30 or 40 per cent.

Years ago the manufacturer used to borrow money and manufacture in the fall for the spring and in the spring for the fall, but now our best manufacturers only manufacture to fill orders and don't carry any stock, and they don't need the money they used to; there is not the demand for it from the manufacturers and we are glad of it, because we prefer to keep the money, in these kind of times, in our vaults. When an individual leaves the money on deposit he leaves it here for safe keeping and wants it when he calls for it, and these kind of times we are prepared to pay it out to him when he comes. Many of our customers have deposited gold and they expect gold when they come for their money.' "

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### SILVERITES EXPOSED.

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R. R. SHIEL SHOWS UP THE HYPOCRISY OF THEIR CLAIMS.

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Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

LEBANON, Ind., Oct. 7.—The soldiers and sons of soldiers of Boone county held a big meeting here last night, with R. R. Shiel, of Indianapolis, as the speaker. Mr. Shiel said in part:

"I am informed, since coming to your city, that the Populist orator has been telling you that your county has been growing poorer since the great 'crime of '73'; that you have been going backward instead of forward. Now, there is just about as much truth in that as there is in anything else that these Populist campaigners tell, from Bryan down to the government financier on the street corner, who has his wife keeping boarding house and has not done a

day's work for five years. I asked your auditor to give me the appraised value for taxes of all the property in Boone county in 1870 and also in 1896, in order that I might see whether or not you had been going backwards. I find, according to his figures, the appraised value in 1870 was \$4,772,980, and in 1896 \$14,706,695, a gain of \$9,933,715 in twenty-six years. Now, you see you have not been getting poorer, and that looks like a wonderful increase in the appraised value, but it is nothing compared with the increase of the silver miners. I see that Senator Stewart, of Nevada, has made from his silver mines, \$40,000,000, and Senator Jones \$25,000,000. Senator Stewart making over four times as much as all the increase in value in your whole county, and Senator Jones more than twice as much. Certainly you can see why they are for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and I have no doubt if Senator Jones or Senator Stewart were to come to Boone county to make a speech, or their emissaries, Mr. Harvey or Mr. Bryan, they would tell you that you have been getting poorer all the time. I saw an account in the New York World (a Democratic paper) the other day stating that there were thirty silver mine owners who had made \$681,000,000. Now, while the farmers of Boone county have made wonderful progress, it is nothing to compare with the progress made by the silver mine owners. If Bryan were to tell the farmers of Indiana the truth he would say that the silver section was the enemy's country instead of the East. Every carload of corn, wheat, cattle, sheep or hogs, the products of Boone county, goes to the enemy's country for consumption. Every engine pulling a trainload of the products of Boone county is turned East, hauling the same for consumption into what Bryan terms

the enemy's country. Who ever heard of a carload or a trainload of the products of Boone county, or any other county in Indiana, being shipped for consumption into the silver-producing territory? When I first came to your county in 1867, before the 'crime of '73,' you had but five miles of gravel road running out of this city, and but ten miles in the entire county. I understand that you now have something near 200 miles. You then rode horseback over corduroy roads; you now ride in carriages over gravel roads. This readily proves how you have been going backwards. If Bryan, Stewart, Jones and Harvey can gull you farmers into voting for Bryan and electing him president they will make \$100,000,000 in the next twenty years, while you will be in great luck if you remain where you are. What you want is a home market for your product, and the silver bullion producer doesn't furnish it."

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### BRIGHT OUTLOOK FOR TENNESSEE.

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INDIANA MAN THINKS STATE BEST IN UNION IN MANY RESPECTS

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HILLS AND MOUNTAINS WILL BE COVERED WITH SHEEP IN TEN YEARS.

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[Nashville, Tenn., Banner. Feb. 23, 1909.]

Col. Roger R. Shiel, of Indianapolis, a multi-millionaire, and at one time one of the largest stock dealers in the United States, stopped over in Nashville Friday, Saturday and a part of Sunday on his way from Little Rock, Ark., to Washington. Col. Shiel is one of the fathers of meat inspection and the pure food law, first under President Harrison. In

1888 he had practical charge of the Palmer House and was selected by President Harrison to conduct the convention at Minneapolis in 1892. He is also the author of "Commission on Country Life," a brief referring to farm and farm products, which has a wide circulation. Colonel Shiel thinks there is no place like the South, and speaks optimistically of the future of the South, and especially of Tennessee.

"There is no place," he said, "in the Union that can come nearer diversifying its industries than Tennessee. You can raise anything on a farm here from a grapevine to an apple tree, and do it better than anywhere else. The fact is, the hen in Tennessee will lay two eggs where the hen in Iowa or New York will lay one, and with eggs selling at thirty cents a dozen will pay for herself at the most in thirty days.

"Middle Tennessee is far advanced in the raising of cattle and hogs, and is the only state in the South that is, in this respect, with the exception of parts of Kentucky and Northern Missouri. This section of the state can develop these resources still further by proper breeding.

"Tennessee has a great interest in the building up of the waterways, coal and iron industries, and there is no state in the union that can develop the farm industry better than Tennessee. The South is, however, somewhat behind in the use of scientific agricultural methods. In my travels through this section and also in Cuba, I saw the farmers still plowing with wooden mould board as they did in Indiana sixty or seventy years ago.

"Mississippi has got possibly a larger and better body of land in the Yazoo valley, one-half of which is uncultivated, than any other State. Arkansas, too, has a large body



of uncultivated land, but Little Rock is one of the liveliest towns I have been in and has one of the best hotels I have visited during my travels.

“Tennessee is fast getting away from her slow, ultra-conservative methods, and in the near future she will be inviting people to come here from all over the world to help diversify her industries. The grape, apple and fruit peasants of France will be covering the mountains of East Tennessee with their fruits. The greatest possibility in Tennessee is the sheep, and it is also true that as much bluegrass can be raised in Tennessee as in any other State in the Union. Bermuda grass can also be grown with success in the northern portion of the State and alfalfa in any part of it.

“It is my prediction that in less than ten years the hills and mountains of Tennessee will be covered with sheep, the same as in West Virginia, where twenty years ago they had none, and they will be of the highest grade. Montana is a great sheep State today, but twenty or thirty years ago she had very few, and Tennessee is as well adapted to sheep growing as Montana. You can breed earlier lambs in Tennessee than in any Northern State, and as you can therefore get them to market earlier you can obtain better prices for them. The lamb can be marketed at least two months earlier from Tennessee than from Montana, Dakota, Ohio or West Virginia, as there are only a few months in the year too severe for the young lambs, and the grass will grow practically the whole winter if it is protected from shade and properly drained.

“The main trouble with Tennessee has been that she has been unable to get away from her politics, but has permitted

a few selfish politicians to stunt her growth. I am not a prohibitionist, but I am against brewery rule, and if we must have prohibition to control the breweries, godspeed it."

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### RHODY SHIEL'S CHOICE.

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HE IS FOR PERRY S. HEATH FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR.

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Rhody Shiel has entered the senatorial race. No, he is not a candidate, but he has expressed his choice. He has named his man. It is Perry S. Heath, first assistant post-master-general.

"Perry Heath is a man," said Mr. Shiel last night, "who, when you write a letter to him asking for something, sits down and tells you in reply that the matter will be attended to at once. And it is attended to. You get results, and it is results you want.

"Now with your man Fairbanks and some others you have there, when you write to them for anything you get a nice little note telling you that yours of a certain date has been received and contents noted and the matter will receive attention in due time, and that is the last you hear of it. No results. Now, which kind of a man do you want—one you can get results from or one that tells you 'yours received and contents noted?' For my part I want results. That's why I am for Heath."

R. A. Brown, clerk of the supreme court, was standing near, and with some warmth he replied:

"We don't want any more Ohio domineering of Indiana politics. We have too much of that already."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Shiel.

“Why, Heath represents the administration and he would be nothing but an administration candidate. The trouble with you is, Rhody, that you are looking after the pie counter, and nothing else.”

“You don’t, though, do you?” retorted Mr. Shiel. “Why, you have had your mouth full of teats for fifteen years. One hasn’t satisfied you. You have to have a whole mouthful at the same time.” Bob admitted the joke was on him.

The talk of Heath is beginning to be commented upon as being significant. It is recalled that for several days a well-known Republican who is probably nearer to Senator Fairbanks than any other man, not excepting A. W. Wishard, has been throwing out hints of a coming dark horse. This talk taken in connection with Rhody Shiel’s position is being regarded as possibly significant. It is generally believed by the friends of Mr. Shiel that he gets inspiration from some source and hence his talk for Heath is received with more than amusement by the more thoughtful. Rhody assures his hearers (and they are always many) that his man will cut a considerable figure in the fight.

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The Indianapolis Sentinel, Thursday, May 5, 1898.

Ex-President Harrison’s speech at Camp Mount on Tuesday was a gem. The American case has not, to our knowledge, been stated more concisely or more strongly than in the following:

We could not escape the compact. Spanish rule had become effete. We dare not say that we have God’s commission to deliver the oppressed the world around. To the distant Armenians we could send only the succor of a faith that overcomes death, and the alleviations which the

nurse and the commissary can give. But the oppressed Cubans and their starving women and children are knocking at our doors; their cries penetrate our slumbers. They are closely within what we have defined to be the sphere of American influence. We have said, "Look to us, not to Europe," and we cannot shrink from the responsibility and the dangers of this old and settled American policy. We have, as a nation, toward Cuba the same high commission which every brave-hearted man has to strike down the ruffian who in his presence beats a woman or child and will not desist. For what if not for this does God make a man or a nation strong?

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From the Louisville Times.

### "RHODY" SHIEL IN LOUISVILLE.

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GIVEN MUCH ATTENTION DURING HIS STAY IN THE BIG KENTUCKY CITY.

The Hon. R. R. Shiel, a leading cattle and hog dealer of Indianapolis, is in the city. He came down Saturday night and spent Sunday with Mr. Charles Byrne and other leading stockmen. He will return home this evening.

Mr. Shiel, who is better known as "Rhody," was for many years a leading politician at the Indiana capital, and is one of the best-known men in the State. At present he is fighting what is termed the "trust," and is buying hogs for Boston packers. He is meeting with great success, and most of the Indiana farmers ship to him.

Mr. Shiel is well pleased with his trip to Louisville, and he was given much attention during his stay. The visit may have an important bearing on the hog market, as Mr. Shiel is probably now the largest buyer in the West, outside of Chicago.



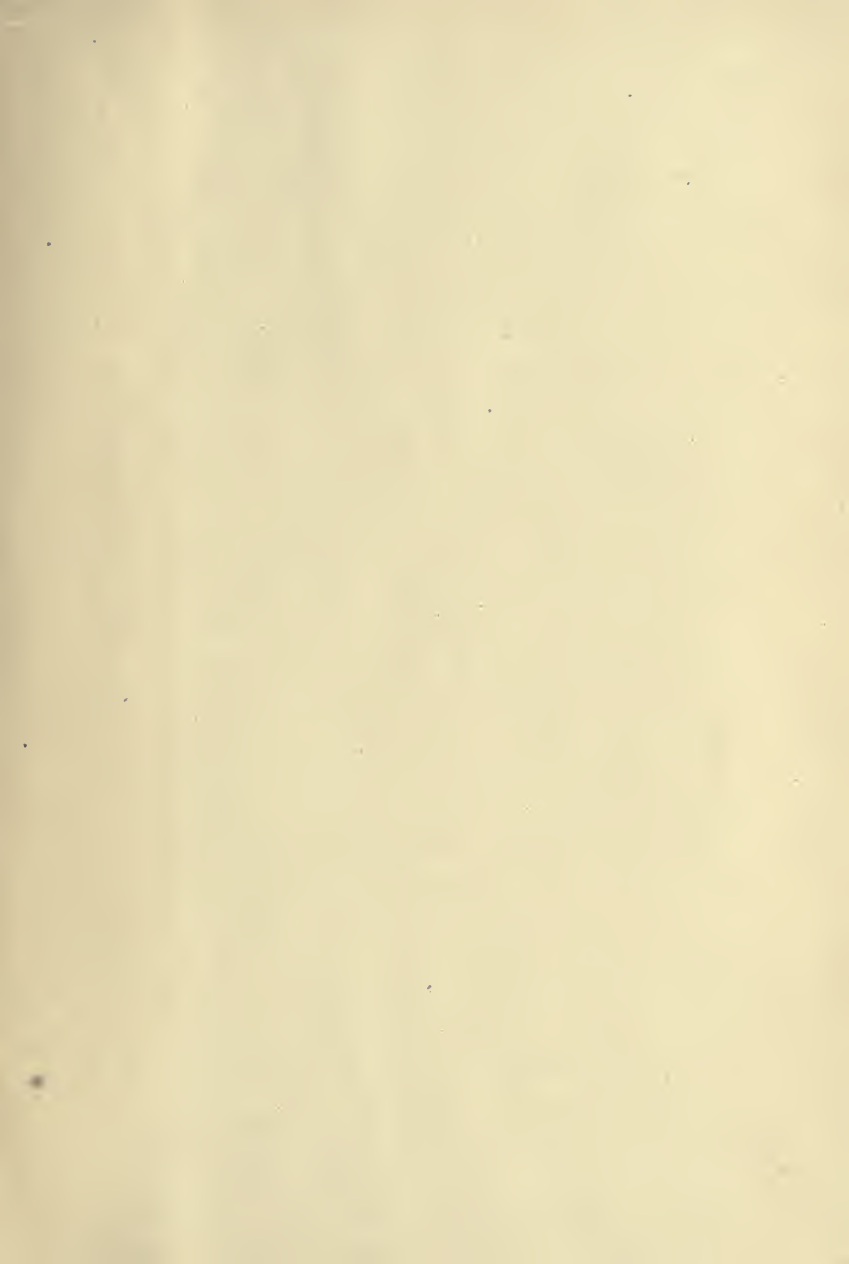


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